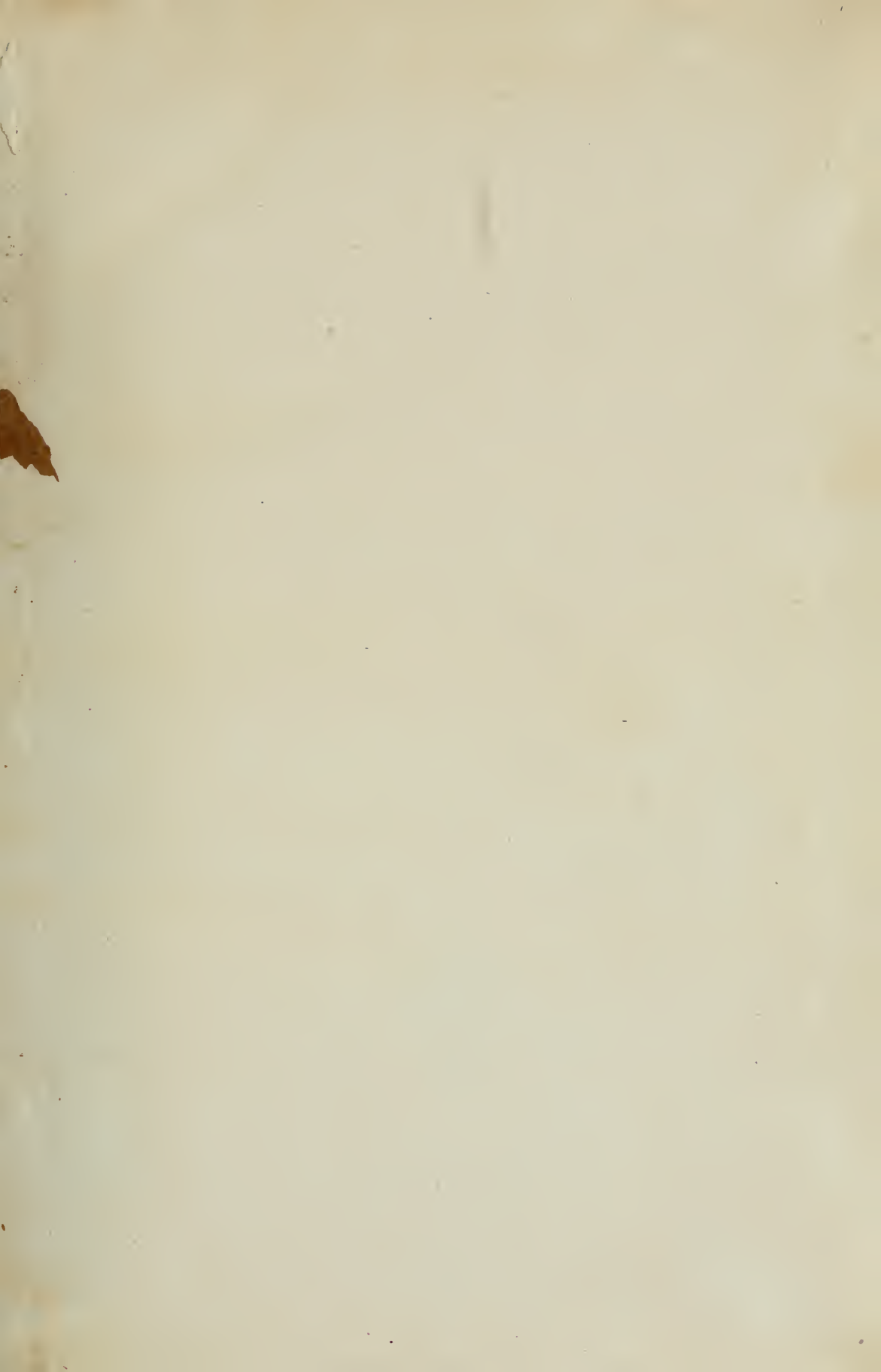




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CARMELITE REVIEW,

A MONTHLY CATHOLIC JOURNAL DEVOTED TO

Our Blessed Lady of Mount
Carmel.

PUBLISHED BY THE CARMELITE FATHERS OF NORTH AMERICA
WITH THE HIGHEST ECCLESIASTICAL APPROBATION.



VOL. IV.

FALLS VIEW, ONTARIO,
1896.



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“ Jesus ! be my heart’s sweet sighing,
Jesus ! be my life when dying
And in thine eternity.”

Carmelite



Review.

VOL. IV.

FALLS VIEW, ONT., JANUARY, 1896.

NO. 1

JESUS.

BY ENFANT DE MARIE.

I.

NAME of Jesus o'er me stealing
With thy eloquence appealing
Music of the soul thou art!
Now in tones of joy and gladness,
Now in those of tender sadness,
Breathing of the Sacred Heart.

II.

Life divine and human blending
In a union far transcending
All our spirit's imagery.
Name of light and peace and healing,
Balm of every wounded feeling,
Hope and rest are found in thee.

III.

Jesus! be my heart's sweet sighing,
Jesus! be my life when dying
And in thine eternity.
May the shades thy face concealing
Fade before its light—revealing
All my Saviour's love to me.

LIFE AND CATHOLIC JOURNALISM

—OF THE LATE—

JAMES A. McMASTER,

EDITOR OF THE NEW YORK FREEMAN'S JOURNAL AND CATHOLIC REGISTER.

EDITED BY VERY REV. MARK S. GROSS.

CHAPTER VIII.—CONTINUED.

ST. Thomas asks the question: "Should Christ have preached to the Jews without offending them?" And he answers: "The salvation of the people is preferable to the caprice and bigotry of individuals. If their perversity and fanaticism is huffed at what the true minister of God preaches, he must not be daunted and troubled on that account, for the Word of God is free, in spite of tongue and sword. If the truth scandalizes the wicked, says St. Gregory, it is better to suffer their scandal than to discontinue the doctrine of grace and truth. Who were those who took offence at our Saviour's doctrine? A small number of fanatic Scribes and Pharisees, full of hypocrisy and wickedness, who, through malice and jealousy, opposed the divine doctrine, which alone could save and sanctify the people. "Let them alone," said our divine Saviour, "they are blind, and if the blind leads the blind, they shall both fall into the pit." (Matt. xv. 14.)

Our journalist was but an humble and lowly follower of the Lord, even a sinful man. And all comparison is out of place when question of one and the other. But a lowly disciple may be commended for copying after a divine master in the cause of truth.

"You have not known my Father," said Jesus Christ to the Jews, "but I know Him, and if I should say that I know Him not, I should be like to you, a liar." (John viii. 55.) Here our Lord calls the Jews liars. Had our journalist called any one by that epithet, some people would have said that he was not a gentleman, that the use of such expressions shows lack of good breeding. And what names did our Lord give to the Pharisees?

"O generation of vipers!" He said, "how can you speak good things, whereas you are evil?" (Matt. xii. 34.) Again He says: "Woe to you Pharisees, hypocrites; you serpents, generation of vipers, whited sepulchres." (Matt. xxiii. 29, 27, 33.) In this chapter of St. Matthew, Christ calls the Pharisees *hypocrites* not less than six times, and He very often told the people to beware of their hypocrisy and false doctrines, And was this language of our Lord vulgar? Who would dare say so? The Pharisees are not as yet all dead. If McMaster has, on similar occasions, given hard names to such people, he meant it for their correction. What wrong is there in calling a thing by the right name? Our journalist had to expose many false principles and break down the unsound reasoning given in support of them. Could any sensible man expect him to use soft words and to say of such false teachers what our dear Lord said of Nathaniel. "Behold an Israelite indeed, in whom there is no guile." (John i. 47.) If he had written in such a style, every sensible reader of the *Freeman* would have taken him for a time-server rather than for an uncompromising journalist. St. John the Baptist also used cutting words when he spoke to the Pharisees. He called them "*ye brood of vipers.*" (Matt. iii. 7.) Was he no gentleman? Did he lose his temper? Did he show lack of good breeding for calling such people by the right name?

St. John the Evangelist was not afraid to call false teachers by the right name—calling them *liars*!!

The Church in her Office approvingly speaks of the great St. Jerome as follows: "*Acerbissime hereticos expugnavit.*"

When St. Paul was standing before the Jewish Council, the high priest, Ananias, commanded those who stood by him, to strike him on the mouth. "Then Paul

said to him: God shall strike thee, *thou whited wall.*" (Acts xxiii. 2, 3.)

When SS. Paul and Barnabas came to Paphos, they found a certain man, a magician, a false prophet, whose name was Bar-jesu, who was with the Proconsul Sergius Paulus, a prudent man. This man, sending for Barnabas and Saul, desired to hear the Word of God. But the magician withstood them, seeking to turn away the proconsul from the faith. Then Paul, filled with the Holy Ghost, looking upon him, said: *O thou full of ail guile and of all deceit, son of the devil, enemy of all justice, thou dost not cease to pervert the right ways of the Lord. And now behold the hand of the Lord upon thee, and thou shalt be blind, not seeing the sun for a time, and immediately there fell upon him a mist and a darkness, and going about, he sought some one to lead him by the hand.*" (Acts xiii. 6-12.)

St. Polycarp was ordained Bishop of Smyrna by St. John the Apostle. When in Rome, he met Marcion, a heretic, who perverted many Catholics by his false teaching. Being asked by Marcion: "Do you know me?" St. Polycarp answered: "Yes, I know you, *the first born of the devil.*" St. John did not use the expression, "my separated brother," or my brethren differing on religious views of faith.

We doubt whether McMaster ever used expressions so harsh and cutting as those of the Gospel. But if he did, he was justified by the holy cause of truth he was defending, and its divine Author's example, and that of the Apostles and Fathers of the Church. Just as we are writing this, we remember one occasion on which he used the Gospel term for a hypocrite and heretic. One day McMaster was walking up Broadway in New York. He encountered a short, stout man whom he took for a priest. He shook hands with him, and asked him his name. The gentleman said: "I am Bishop McNamara," (the apostate priest.) "Oh! devil, devil," exclaimed McMaster, quickly withdrawing his hand.

We read in Holy Scripture that our dear Saviour made, as it were, a scourge of little cords, and drove out of the Temple all those who were selling and buying oxen and sheep and doves, and the changers of money, and overthrew the tables of the money-changers, and the chairs of them

that sold doves, saying to them: "My house shall be called the house of prayer; but you have made it a den of thieves." (Matt. xxi. 12, 13; John ii. 15.)

Now, it would be blasphemy to say that our Lord did all this, because He lost His temper and was no gentleman. He gave to all the pastors of His Church, and, I may add, to all Catholic editors, and even to every Catholic layman, an example which they should imitate. If our dear Saviour was so much displeased with those who sold innocent things in the Temple, how greatly must he not be displeased with those who sell, as it were, the foul cuttle-fishes and poisonous serpents of heretical doctrine. They must be unmercifully driven by a good whip out of the Temple of God. "But if any man violate the Temple of God, him shall God destroy. For the Temple of God is holy, which you are." (I. Cor. iii. 17.) Every soul that lives in sanctifying grace is the Temple of the Holy Ghost. But the Holy Ghost is the Spirit of Truth, and therefore bears the greatest hatred to false doctrines. To teach false doctrines is to be a great enemy of the Holy Ghost, and of the souls of the just as well as of sinners, of Catholics as well as of non-Catholics, it is to be a gentleman like the devil. Such men are called thieves and robbers by our Lord, and every pastor who is not a hireling, and every Catholic editor, and even every Catholic who loves his religion, will do all he can to keep such thieves and robbers at a respectful distance, and if, for this purpose, a good whipping is necessary, he is obliged to give it, no matter whether some people may say of him that he loses his temper and is no gentleman. We must please God rather than men. The Fathers of the Church call attention to the fact that, when our dear Saviour with a whip drove out of the Temple so many people, not one of the Jews opposed Him; and we may rest assured that none of them said to Him that He lost His temper and was no gentleman. And will any sensible Catholic or honest non-Catholic show himself displeased with McMaster for having used the whip of sharp expression to drive away ravenous wolves from Christ's flock, whom Pius IX. calls "impious wretches," "the enemies of the Church," "the destroyers of religion." McMaster was called to do the

work of rough times, and he succeeded in doing it, where polished caution would have failed. If his zeal in the cause of faith seemed at times excessive, who shall honestly say that it was a fault? In all ages, the Fathers of the Church have passionately asserted those dogmas which the world most denied. And, in an age of perfunctory religion and positive unbelief, he met unfaith with all the strength of a mighty nature. Above all things, he abhorred a Laodicean. "neither hot nor cold." His whole nature was hot with the love of God and the desire for His service. He had no enemies but those whom he conceived to be the enemies of some great and essential principle. He respected all men who were in earnest, but he did not spare them when they were wrong. But, the battle over—the blows given and taken—he was ready to hold out the hand of friendship.

If, in his writings, even some of his friends found some strong expressions which seemed to them better omitted, it must be remembered that they were *obiter dicta*—flashes in the amber of principle. "To know all," as Montaigne said, "is to pardon all." And the men who were hurt by them were, after a time, ready to acknowledge the nobility of soul that Mr. McMaster possessed, the greatness of his genius, the extent of his sacrifices, and the loftiness of his aims. He who understands the physical obstacles which Mr. McMaster had to overcome during the last ten years, in order to work at all, and the intense irritability induced by a physical state in which he could eat almost nothing, and scarcely sleep, can forgive these *obiter dicta*.

Even the saints had to pray: "Forgive us our trespasses."

In a letter which McMaster wrote to Mother Louise, Prioress of the Carmelite convent in Baltimore, he plainly states why he uses sharp language, when in his opinion it seemed necessary. We here reproduce his letter:

"NEW YORK, May 7th, 1884.

"REV. MOTHER LOUISE, Prioress.

"*My very dear friend*:—I sent off to you this afternoon two copies of my *first* article on the new Scapular discussion. It is *rough*. Maturely thinking it over, I concluded that was the right way to deal with

the enemy. To have been more *gentle*, would have been to treat the Dictionary matter as a question of *opinion*. Next week I propose to give an article,—not of controversy,—but setting forth what the Church teaches for the *practical good of the faithful* in the Scapular. God has given me a facility for writing clearly, and sharply. As in this case, of impudent assailants of the Holy Scapular, it is right to confound them, that the simple faithful be not misled. But an intellectual triumph over error is a barren thing, if it be not promotive of the *living exercise* of the truth indicated. For this higher aim, I need *help* and *grace*. I am a miserable, indecent *worldling*. I can handle all the *words* necessary, but the *unction* that can make them tell, must come from on high. So 'I lift my eyes to the mountain, whence help can come to me.' I turn to your 'Carmel,' to propitiate Our Lady of Carmel for me. That my zeal may not be bitter, and the wisdom that will guide me may be as my Patron St. James prescribes,—first modest, then peaceable, and finally, full of good fruits. I do assure you, and with no mock humility, which I detest, I stand greatly in need of these sweet graces. And, for the love of our dear Lady of Carmel, ask for me these graces, and do not make the mistake of thinking I am a pious man. I wish to be,—but I am not,—and do not work to become such, though I so well know I ought to do so. 'He that knows to do good, and does it not, makes himself guilty.' I ask, then, the help of your Carmel. For I hope, out of this dirty controversy about the Dictionary, to awaken, for the glory of Our Lady of Carmel, and for the good of souls, to arouse a fresh devotion among many of the faithful, to the *perpetual miracle* of the most sacred Scapular. I intend writing several, perhaps a good many articles, with this purpose. Now, very dear Mother, having finished with the above, I ask to enclose to you eight dollars, to cover the cost of binding the new Breviary. I will, also, send you the *odd* copy of the *Horæ Divinæ* I spoke about. As I am the one Father of the community, give my love to all the dear Daughters. As to the *little one*, that I miss every day, from my poor, New York domicile, tell her, once more, that *I rejoice* that she is where she is. What is this life, but a moment. How

short the time, however many years or ages—in comparison with eternity, till the day of the Grand Resurrection—then Eternity!

“Devotedly in the Sacred Hearts,
“JAS. A. MCMASTER.”

CHAPTER IX.

THE MARRIAGE OF MR. JAS. A. MCMASTER.—HE SEEKS A PARTNER IN LIFE FROM THE HANDS OF GOD.—NUPTIAL MASS!—MISS GERTRUDE FETTERMAN, THE BRIDE.—MCMASTER'S FAMILY.—HIS LOVE AND DEVOTEDNESS.—ITS PIETY.—DEATH OF HIS WIFE.

There is an important truth which many at the present day are apt to forget. It is extremely difficult, aye, morally speaking, impossible, for us to be saved, unless we choose that state of life to which God has called us. For, in order to be saved, we must fulfil the obligations of our state of life, and avoid all the dangers which are naturally attached to such a state. The duties of a priest, for instance, are different from those of a layman; the duties of a religious are different from those of a secular; the duties of the married life are different from those of the single life, and so on.

Now, each of these states has its duties, its difficulties, and its dangers. Upon the fulfilment of these duties depends our whole eternity. To fulfil the duties of our state, we need not only the ordinary graces which God gives to all men, but we need, beside, the particular graces belonging to that state; and without these particular graces, it is morally impossible for us to fulfil our obligations.

Now, to whom does God give these particular graces? Only to those who have chosen that state of life for which God created them. As for those who enter a state of life to which they are not called, they cannot expect to receive those particular graces: consequently, they will not be able to fulfil the duties of that state. There is, therefore, every reason to fear that they will be unhappy in this life, and forever miserable in the next.

Mr. McMaster had been assured by Father Ottmann, his confessor in Belgium, that he had no vocation for the priesthood. So he remained single for several years. One day he felt a kind of a desire

for a partner in life. He did not heed it much in the beginning. But gradually this desire grew stronger upon him, and he began to think that it might be the will of God for him to marry. Not being sure, however, of his vocation to this state of life, he often prayed for light to know the will of God in this regard. With St. Paul he said: “Lord, what wilt thou have me to do?” Thus he prayed daily, especially at Mass. For this intention, he also often received Holy Communion and performed other good works. As he had always walked in sincerity before God, the Lord heard his prayer in the way He had heard it when he prayed to ascertain for certain whether he was called to the priesthood. He spoke to Him again through his confessor, to whom McMaster had communicated his reasons for judging that God had called him to the married state of life. His confessor, a prudent and enlightened priest, advised him to enter the marriage state. But, he added, you must pray very much, in order that you may have for a partner in life that person whom God has already chosen to be your wife; for you must remember that the Holy Ghost says in the Scripture: “A good, virtuous wife, is a great treasure, her worth is beyond compare. But better dwell in a desert than with a woman who is ill-tempered and quarrelsome.” (Prov. xxi., 19.) Mr. McMaster followed the counsel of his director. He besought the Lord in heartfelt prayer to lead him to acquaintance with that person whom he had destined for his wife. His prayer was heard and soon answered.

In the spring of 1856, McMaster was invited to lecture for the benefit of the St. Vincent de Paul's Society, in the city of Pittsburg, Pa., by the president of the society, Gilbert Lafayette Fetterman, eldest son of the deceased Wilfred Washington Fetterman and Sarah B. Fetterman. The next evening he dined at the house of Mrs. Fetterman, and Miss Gertrude, as eldest daughter, was placed at his side.

This was their first meeting, although Miss Fetterman had a long acquaintance with the editor of the *Freeman* through the columns of his journal.

Mr. McMaster also knew of her by reputation, some lady in New York having told him about her, remarking that she

would be just the wife for him. However, he had paid little attention to her well meant interest, thinking that a man was the best judge for himself in such a case.

Miss Fetterman awakened within him at once a lively interest and admiration, and after only three interviews with her during his short stay in Pittsburg, he felt that she was indeed the one destined for him by the wonderful Providence of God.

On his return to New York, he wrote to Mrs. Fetterman, asking her permission to address her daughter Gertrude, begging her at the same time to allow him to be the first to make known his intentions to the latter. Mrs. Fetterman assured him of her good will towards him, and how glad she would be to have him for a son, but that she feared her daughter had resolved never to marry.

In the month of July of the same year, McMaster visited Mrs. Fetterman, then at her country residence at Valley Falls, West Virginia. He had obtained the mother's willing consent, but her fears proved to be not without foundation. Miss Fetterman told him very frankly that she had admired and esteemed him as editor of the *Freeman* for some years, but that she did not intend to marry any one. McMaster, finding that he could not win her over by affection, accosted her on the side of duty. He had a special vocation. He felt strongly that it was the Will of God she should help him to fulfil it. He pleaded with her long and earnestly, and she parted with him to give his proposal prayer and reflection, in order to discover the Holy Will of God. During these days she became convinced that this was indeed her mission in life. They were accordingly engaged, and the day of their marriage being appointed, they prepared themselves for the great Sacrament of Matrimony in a truly Christian manner.

Marriage, even among the heathens, is a natural and lawful union, sacred in the eyes of God. Catholic marriage, however, is something different from the marriage of heathens, of Jews, of heretics. Among Catholics, marriage is something far higher, far nobler; it is a Sacrament, a means of grace, and a holy state. It is as far above mere natural marriage as the religion of Christ is above mere natural religion. Among Catholics, marriage may

be said to be next to the priesthood. The Sacrament of the priesthood consecrates those who receive it, and separates them from the rest of the world by solemn and perpetual vows. At the same time, it confers on those that receive it worthily, distinct and especial graces. The priest is espoused to the Church, and bound by solemn vows to fulfil the duties of his state, to accept all its cares and sacrifices, even until death.

In like manner, the married couple are espoused to each other by the most solemn vows; they promise solemnly to fulfil all the duties, and accept all the cares and sacrifices of their holy state, till death shall part them. The priest is consecrated; so are married people also consecrated to their state of life. There is drawn around them a mysterious circle, which it would be a sacrilege to cross.

Now, the Holy Church has appointed the proper *manner* of receiving this great Sacrament. It is the wish of the Church that the Sacrament of Matrimony should be received in the house of God. The house of God alone is the proper place in which to receive so great a Sacrament, and to perform so high and solemn a religious function. Marriage, as we have said, is next to the priesthood. Now, where should the priest be ordained? In his own house—in his own parlor—at the convenience of friends and relations? Common-sense revolts at the bare thought of such a sacrilege. Even heretics have more reverence for their preachers than to ordain them in a parlor. And is there nothing unbecoming in the celebration of a marriage in some hotel or parlor? Marriage is a Sacrament. Therefore it should, if possible, be received on consecrated ground, in God's Church, before God's altar. 'We are children of the saints, and we must not be joined together like heathens who know not God.' (Tob. viii, 4.)

Mr. McMaster and Miss Fetterman, knowing this spirit of the Church, fully complied with it. On the morning of the 13th of November, 1856, the day of their wedding, they made their Confession and received Holy Communion, by which they were united in truly Christian love of God. Then they were married by the Rt. Rev. Bishop Michael O'Connor, in his

private Chapel, in the presence of the family and intimate friends of the bride and to the disappointment of the numerous acquaintances, and others, who were gathered in the Cathedral to witness the ceremony.

To call down a more abundant blessing on the married couple, the divine sacrifice of a Nuptial Mass was celebrated. The sacred blood of the Lamb without spot cemented their union. After the consecration and the Lord's Prayer, the married pair went up again to the altar, and the Bishop turned toward them and prayed over them: "O God, who, by the might of thy power, didst create all things out of nothing; who, when the beginnings of the universe were set in order, and man was made to the image of God, didst ordain the inseparable assistance of woman, in such wise that thou gavest beginning to her body out of the flesh of man, teaching thereby that, what it had pleased thee should be formed of one, it should never be lawful to put asunder! O God, who has consecrated the bond of matrimony by such an excellent mystery, that, in the covenant of marriage, thou wouldst signify the Sacrament of Christ and His Church! O God, by whom woman is joined to man, and society, as ordained from the beginning, is furnished with a blessing, which alone was not removed, either in punishment of original sin, or by the sentence of the deluge! look mercifully upon this thy handmaid, who, being now to be joined in wedlock, earnestly desires to be fortified with thy protection. May it be to her a yoke of love and peace; may she marry in Christ, faithful and chaste, and be an imitator of holy women. May she be amiable to her husband, like Rachel; wise, like Rebecca; long-lived and faithful, like Sara. May the author of sin have no share in any of her actions. May she remain constant to the faith and commandments; united to one spouse, may she fly all unlawful approaches; may she protect her weakness by the strength of

discipline. May she be grave in bashfulness, venerable in modesty, learned in heavenly doctrine. May she be fruitful in offspring, approved and innocent; and may she arrive at the repose of the blessed in the heavenly kingdom; and may they both see their children's children, even to the third and fourth generation, and arrive at their desired old age. Through the same Jesus Christ our Lord."

This newly married couple left the altar with the blessing of God upon them. Mrs. McMaster was to her husband all he could desire. From the very beginning of their married life, McMaster and his wife endeavored to increase in true Christian love one for the other. She was not only mistress of the house, but queen over her husband's heart. She had the key not only to every cupboard, but she had also even the one to her husband's affections. Her husband was, indeed, very kind and respectful to her, but what is of greater importance, he looked upon her as his second self. The affection which they entertained for each other was true and strong, and therefore their interests were identical. Mrs. McMaster was in every way qualified to be not only the wife of such a husband, but also at the same time a most helpful and congenial companion. She possessed a fine intellect and a well cultivated mind, but her childlike simplicity of heart gave her so youthful an appearance, that when McMaster took her to New York after their marriage, his friends teased him, asking him why, after waiting so long, he had married a "little girl." But the "little girl" proved herself a valiant woman, holding the heart of her husband under her gentle control throughout the varying scenes of his stormy career; governing her household with prudence and discretion, and taking upon herself the burden of her children's education, and this not at intervals, but at fixed hours, day by day.

TO BE CONTINUED.

THE GRADUATES.

BY MARY ANGELA SPELLISSY.

THE GRADUATES is a collection of composite photographs, and has been prompted by my disinterested love for young people. They attract me as do the flower buds. The canker worm of passion early manifests itself. It is with real concern I see a fine character marred by folly, which usually ends in vice and desolation. I entertain the hope that my story shall be not only pleasant, but profitable to The Graduates of to-day. THE AUTHOR.

CHAPTER I.

"Lady Mother, here is an invitation from somebody to something. I hope I am included. This letter is from Aunt Fanny. Bless her heart. This one looks like an advertisement. May I open your envelopes?"

"Yes, dear, if it is any pleasure to you, but I think we should not keep breakfast waiting."

"Oh! we can eat that any time."

"Oh! we can read these any time," said Mrs. Redmond, laughing, and turning into the dining-room.

Mr. Redmond entered from the library at the same moment, and Kathleen regretfully resigned herself to await the unfolding of the mysteries, that she had brought from the table in the hall.

The room in which they sat faced the west. From its lofty windows could be seen the Blue Ridge mountains, now white with snow.

A small stream ran past the house. It was silent this morning, hushed by the frost. Without, the scene was exquisitely beautiful. The trees incased in crystal, their branches bowed by the pendant icicles which shone resplendent in the January sun. Over all, the dome of blue. In mid-air an occasional cloud, floating serenely. Everything combined to form a picture especially impressive.

"Is not this a glorious morning, my dear," said Mr. Redmond, as he concluded "the grace."

"It is truly beautiful, thanks be to

God. There will be fine sleighing for those who enjoy it."

"I hope the Sargents will call for me," exclaimed Kathleen. "Jennie said they expected to go to Doubling Gap to-night, and she thinks they will have a dance."

"Will you be much disappointed if you cannot go?" said her father.

"Well, to bare my heart to you, I think I shall."

"You had better wait until you're invited," he answered, teasingly.

"Did the mail bring you anything, John?"

"Yes, a fat letter, as Kathleen calls it." After the fruit and oatmeal had been disposed of, Mr. Redmond having finished carving, began his "serious attack" on the substantial of the morning meal.

Commiserating Kathleen's impatience, Mrs. Redmond opened her letters. She gave first attention to the invitation. It read:

"Mr. and Mrs. Daniel Murphy.

"The Misses Murphy.

"Tea

"Wednesday

"January 27,

"4 until 7.

"600 South 40th St."

"Shall we go, mother? I hope you will take me."

"Bless my soul, Kathleen, what a 'going' creature you are."

"No, father, you did some 'going' yourself, I am told, when you were my age."

"Don't believe all you hear, daughter, or your capacity will be exhausted."

"Who is the other letter from, Elizabeth?"

"From Fannie. It is too closely written to read now, but I see they expect a visit from brother Edward."

"I suppose he had good luck with his sheep last year, and is giving himself a treat. But finish your breakfast, woman alive, I never saw the beat of woman for curiosity."

"I think some one, not a woman,

prompted my investigation of this very letter."

"Oh! you are dreaming, woman."

"Mebbe so, mebbe so," as Nelly says.

"By the way, Kathleen, I wish you to call at Nellie's this morning, and tell her I wish to see her."

"Your will shall be my pleasure, noble *madame*," replied her daughter, as with a mock heroic courtesy she swung herself out of the room.

"Don't leave the house until I see you," called her mother, as she followed her husband into the library.

"Before you begin your paper, John, I wish to talk this letter over with you. I see that Fanny wishes us to make them a visit about the time of 'The Tea.' It would certainly be delightful to be there while Edward is with them. Fannie says, very truly, that Kathleen should see something of life in the city, and this reunion furnishes a very agreeable opportunity."

"Well, my dear, do as you please."

"It is not my pleasure, but my duty I am seeking. Can you go with us?"

"Not immediately, but have no anxiety for me. My 'fat letter' has brought me occupation for a long time ahead."

"I am thinking of the evenings. You will be lonely here."

"I lonely? Don't be too sure of it. I shall have a chance to take my revenge on Father Taylor in chess. The boys asked me last night to give them a lecture in the hall on Washington's birthday. I will devote my evenings to the preparation of my matter. Although a common subject, I do not wish to treat it in a common-place manner. Of course I shall miss you both sadly, but I quite agree with you in thinking it will be of service to Kathleen, and I think you will also find pleasure in meeting our friends."

"Well, you must promise me to have young Martin stay at night. Nellie can keep Sallie company. I will find work that shall keep them both busy while I am gone."

Wrapped in a long, blue ulster, whose grey fur collar matched the band of her toque, Kathleen awaited her mother in the sitting-room. The exhilaration of the frosty morning had made her eager, and restless to be off. She looked ready for any

sled or sleigh to which she might be invited. Such opportunities were quite probable, for Kathleen was a favorite in her native town.

"Sit down a moment, daughter, throw off your collar. I wish to say, dear, that the night trip to Doubling-Gap is a scheme I cannot favor, and should you receive an invitation, it will be discreet to postpone your acceptance."

"Why, mother, I did not think you would object to my going. The Sargents and their friends are the nicest people in the neighborhood."

"If you will consider a moment, I think you will remember that their standards are not ours. Mrs. Sargent is a very amiable woman, and an agreeable neighbor, but I cannot allow you to be one of the party. Such gatherings are usually promiscuous, and for many reasons I must decline all such invitations for my precious daughter."

"But, don't you think, mother, it is very hard that I have to stay out of so many of the frolics here? You know I could not go last summer when the folks spent a week at the grove."

"I can understand, my dear, that you feel these occasional privations, but have you no compensations? As a Catholic, you will have to make sacrifices all your life. The Lord you serve gave His life for you. If you are truly a Christian, you will model your life according to His spirit. Learn to look for approval to the Sacred Heart of our Divine Redeemer. Suppose I were from home, and this invitation came, could you with a good conscience accept it?"

"I suppose I could not, but I thought only of the fun they will have. I remember now that the Episcopal minister said, when he met me in town, camping out week, that he knew there was one mother in town on whose good sense he could rely."

"I appreciate Mr. Padgett's good opinion, not only is he a learned man, but he is of a distinguished Baltimore family; for many years he moved in the best society in Washington. In that city the ministers of foreign nations, and the representatives from our own numerous states, unite in making social life quite exceptional. I often regret, my daughter, that you are deprived

of friends of our faith, and have concluded to accept your Aunt Fanny's loving invitation to spend a fortnight with her. At her house you will meet girls of your own age, some of your convent friends are her neighbors."

"Oh! Mother Redmond, you are just the loveliest woman I know. You would rather stay at home, but I acknowledge, this trip promises so much pleasure that I want to be selfish. Will father go?"

"He cannot accompany us, but I think he may find time to bring us home. Run away, now, for Nelly. I have some preparations to make, and need her help."

Off went Kathleen, her eyes sparkling with pleasant anticipation. She was a happy, wholesome girl, in all the glow of seventeen.

Her school days had been passed at Emmittsburg, the remainder of her life she had known as presented by circumstances in Sargentsville. Many handsome residences had been built in the neighborhood in the last few years. Mr. Redmond was an architect, and found pleasure and profit in the improvements of the beautiful town.

Rapidly sped the days of preparation, and, at last, Mrs. Redmond and Kathleen found themselves in Philadelphia. They were met at the station by Aunt Fannie and her husband, and in half an hour they were cordially welcomed by Mary and Margaret. The cousins had not met since their childhood. Mrs. Murphy believed in home education, and, as the convent was within walking distance, her daughters were able to attend school without separation from the beloved home circle. They had been graduated the summer before our story opens, and had gone into society on a few occasions. They were of fair complexion, and Kathleen thought them very elegant, as they moved gracefully about, helping her mother and herself to lay aside their wrappings, and showing them the convenient appointments of their sleeping room.

The bell rang for supper, and the travelers declared themselves quite ready to appreciate the bountiful meal set for them. They adjourned afterward to the large sitting-room, and Kathleen found the same custom observed as in her home. The

servants came in and were introduced to the visitors.

When all were seated Mr. Murphy read the meditation for the following day; one decade of the Rosary was then recited, and the *De Profundis*, after which the servants left the room.

Her cousins drew Kathleen away to the parlor, leaving their elders to a family talk. Merrily the young girl chattered away, as freely as if she were at home.

It was with surprise the sisters learned that Sargentsville contained no Catholic Church, although boasting of nine houses of religious worship.

"That was the reason mother sent me to Emmittsburg," said Kathleen. "She wished me to have not only religious instruction, but companions whose lives were formed on Catholic principles. At home we drive two miles to Church, at the factory village. After grandma's death mother did not send me back to school, I think she needs my company."

"And very good company you must be dear," said Margaret, fondly.

Long before the eventful day Kathleen had become quite one of the family, and was therefore prepared to enjoy the occasion.

The spacious parlors were separated from the dining room by portieres. Looped back they displayed a charming view. The furniture was simple, selected for comfort rather than display. A few good pictures on the walls, chosen for their subjects, as well as for artistic merit, gave a home-like tone and a sense of companionship. Growing palms, and other foliage plants, made a harmonious back ground for the toilets of the ladies receiving. Here and there, on mantelpiece and tables, bright tulips, varied by vases of roses, and other cut flowers, gave color and perfume to the scene.

Kathleen thought Aunt Fanny appeared very handsome this evening. The heliotrope tint of her dress, relieved by some fine old lace of creamy hue, emphasized her clear olive complexion. Her figure, a little more erect than usual, owing to the unwonted excitement, added something to her usual height. Her smile, so cordial and gracious, gave to each visitor an assurance of loving welcome. Mary's tall, girlish

figure detracted from her twenty-one years. Her complexion had all the delicious freshness of a rosy baby. Golden hair, with the glint of the sun in it, eyes large, and beautifully blue. She looked the impersonation of innocence. Impulsive in movement, her friends had christened her the "humming-bird." She was devoted to little children, and usually had a borrowed darling visiting her. With the young men of her acquaintance she was a great favorite, and was ever an interested listener to their talk, whether of sports or studies. They were unanimous in declaring her the most "all around" girl of their friends. Her gown, of pale green, *diaphanous* material, was very becoming. Lilies of the valley nestled at her belt. The Promotor's badge fastened her bodice.

The yellow daffodils in Margaret's hand shone out gloriously from the silken folds of her white dress. She had chosen her colors in compliment to the golden jubilee of our Holy Father. Although a blonde, Margaret differed from Mary in type. Her manner was serene, her air thoughtful. She reminded one of a study of Julien's, called "Meditation."

Mrs. Redmond, in black lace, from which her diamonds scintillated, acted as a ministering fairy in the dining-room. With the old friends she was familiar, and her exquisite tact put her at ease with all. Kathleen was the Mercury, and kept busy, with those numberless attentions, that go far to make such an event a success. Her pink gown rivalled the hue in her cheeks, her eyes shone like stars, her mouth seemed made for laughing. Mr. Murphy always called her "Cherry Ripe." There were early arrivals and many happy meetings of mutual friends. In a vast city like Philadelphia occasions like "The Tea" bring together those, whom the magnificent distances prevent from frequent intercourse. A delightful presentation of social life appeared, as, during the reception, the guests came and went. There were representatives of various classes of society, and of the successive eras in the family experience. It was said of Mrs. Murphy that she never lost a friend, and the gathering this afternoon endorsed the statement. With the old friends, whose loyalty forty years had tested, were inter-

mingled the acquaintances formed during the girls' recent entrance into society.

Greatly as Kathleen enjoyed the excitement, she was quite happy when 7 o'clock brought them to the usual family life. She had many questions to ask, and, after supper, seized the first opportunity to secure her Aunt Fanny's attention.

"Please tell me, who was the pretty lady in the green dress?"

"Do you mean Cousin Mary?" inquired Mrs. Redmond, smiling quizzically.

"Oh! No, mamma, but another pretty lady, in a dark green street dress, who invited me to go and see her children."

"You show excellent taste, Kathleen, in admiring Mrs. O'Donnel, her personal beauty is ennobled by her goodness. She is amiable and womanly. Her parents died when she was a little girl, and she was placed in a convent considered excellent, not only in the method of instruction, but very conservative in discipline. In that house the pupils were brought to the standard. It never occurred to those ladies to lower the standard to the pupils. Soon after your 'pretty lady' graduated she won the heart of an eminent man of this city. He is an honor to the Church, a model citizen, and a worthy scion of the race from which he sprang."

"And who was the lovely girl in the grey dress, who had the face of an ingenious child, and the pose of noble womanhood, I should say that her mind never harbors an unworthy thought?"

"Why, Aunt Elizabeth," cried Mary, "you and Kathleen select my favorites. Edith is one of my admirations. She is a convert, and although the idol of her family, and reared in luxury, lives but to do good. The rare combination of spiritual beauty with personal loveliness accounts for her charm. Some day I must tell you her history. She has tasted unusual degrees of joy and sorrow. Indeed, the greater number of our visitors this afternoon are leading earnest, useful lives."

"Yes," said her father, joining them at the moment, "I tell Mary, that her geese are all swans."

"Now, father, you are just teasing. You know you are very fond of Edith."

"I think Edith is a very fine girl, but some of your friends are not so admirable,

and unload on you the burdens which they should themselves carry."

"Oh! well, I don't consider such burdens onerous, they are my pleasures. In this case Esther's illness is the reason for my assuming double duty. Father has reference to a promise I made this afternoon to play at a concert to-morrow evening."

"Why, Cousin Mary, you speak as if it were an everyday experience."

"I anticipate a very indulgent audience, Kathleen. These entertainments are given by a charitable society called 'Our Neighbors.' It is for the amusement of the very poor people, in a part of the city where there is much sin and suffering. A reading-room has been opened, in which short lectures are given, in familiar style, on subjects useful to 'Our Neighbors.' Cooking and nursing are remembered in the course. The women are taught to prepare good meals for their families at small expense. The members of the committee visit from house to house, and become acquainted with the necessities of each family. You would enjoy some of the results. The tidy maids, whose neatness and handiness you admired in the dining-room this afternoon, came from 'Our Neighbors.'"

"Who trained them, Cousin Mary?"

"I will spare Mary's modesty," replied Mrs. Murphy. "She induced me to allow them to come when we needed extra help. She thought it a good work to teach them, and I am often grateful to her for the comfort they bring the family, when sickness or company make their presence necessary."

"What will you wear at the concert, Cousin Mary?"

"The plainest dress I have, dear. You know it would not be in good taste to sport my finery among the poor."

While she was speaking the door bell was rung very gently:

"That is an unusual ring. I think it must be some poor fellow in search of a meal."

"Right you are, Dan, every time," cried a manly voice in the hall. "I hope you have one ready for me."

"It's brother Edward," exclaimed Mrs. Redmond.

"All that's left of him," said the traveler, affectionately embracing her.

The remainder of the group, rallying from their surprise, welcomed the new arrival in characteristic fashion.

Fondly the traveler gazed upon them, noting the development of the girls and the happiness of their parents.

"I declare," said he, "I think I'll go back to the ranch. I came to see the children, and lo! they've vanished, and left fine ladies in their places, I have nothing to say to such."

"Never mind, Uncle Edward, you will find we are—'Not too fine nor good for human nature's daily—'" replied Mary.

"Give me your overcoat, Edward," said Mrs. Murphy. "You must be ready for supper."

"What delayed you, uncle?" asked Margaret. "We were quite disappointed when you did not appear at 'The Tea.'"

"I came near giving you a funeral," he whispered, "but mum's the word now."

How much there was to tell and to hear. Five years had passed since Mr. Dillon left Philadelphia for Montana. The bashfulness he alluded to was not altogether feigned.

From the lonely life at the ranch, where he was his own cook, and without companionship, save that of the men who cared for the sheep, to this scene of comfort, which appeared magnificence, by contrast, was indeed an abrupt transition. The accident that wrecked his train had brought death to some of his fellow-passengers: his own escape filled his soul with grateful awe. The loving hearts that welcomed him appeared newly created for his express delight. To hide his emotion he drew Margaret from the parlor, saying, the others would give him no chance to talk or eat. "Daisy always did give me a hearing, and she's not her mother's daughter, if she does not know how to administer the commissary department."

After they were seated in the dining-room, he said: "When I rang the bell, in a whisper, I thought I should gain admittance without informing the whole family. The truth is, I am somewhat shaken up by an unpleasant experience I had on the way."

"What's that?" asked Mr. Murphy, who had entered unperceived.

"Well, Dan, I have just passed through an ordeal worse than war days. I will not go into detail now," said he, glancing at Margaret. "The papers will give you the gruesome particulars soon enough."

CHAPTER II.

After supper, and a hasty toilet, Mr. Dilloa rejoined the family. Mary hastened to decorate his button-hole with red carnations. Like Mrs. Redmond, he had that rare combination, met in the people of Galway, eyes of tender blue, raven hair, and skin delicately white. He was very tall, but so shapely, that there was no suggestion of awkwardness. His smile was at once kind and discriminating, as if he saw his neighbor's follies, but viewed them comically. An acute observer would pronounce him a staunch friend, and a formidable antagonist. Eloquent the pauses that occur, when friends, long parted, meet again. Apprehensive that a question may be unwelcome, keeps it unspoken. In such a silence, Mrs. Murphy asked the girls for some music. Kathleen sang very sweetly, her voice, a mezzo soprano, was very sympathetic, well suited to the old-fashioned selections of her repertoire. The "Robin's Good-Bye to Summer" was encored. She asked her cousins to join her in some of the College songs, to which Mary's banjo accompaniment formed a fitting back ground. Mr. Dillon and Mr. Murphy had been boys together at old St. Joseph's. Mr. Newland had been very proud of them as choir members. Devotion supplied, in some degree, the deficiencies of a

musical education. It is an incontrovertible fact that true piety inspires the soul of art, and gives to the painter or musician an eloquence impossible to mere technique. Many of the melodies in the collection were familiar to the elders of the party. Mary's pure soprano, Margaret's fervent contralto, were well supported by the men's voices, which gave volume to the harmony, and resulted in a concert that would have gratified many a critical audience. Mary made a mental note to inform the committee, that available talent could be secured for next week's concert at "Our Neighbors."

After breakfast next day, the men went into town. Mrs. Redmond and Margaret set off on a shopping expedition. Mary directed the maids in the restoration of the house to its usual condition. Mrs. Murphy needed rest, and proposed to Kathleen to share her retirement and occupation. This invitation was very agreeable to the maiden, on whom the unusual exertions of the past week were beginning to tell. She was very fond of her Aunt Fanny, whose vivacity frequently reminded her of her father. Mr. Redmond and Mrs. Murphy had been a very congenial brother and sister. Aunt Fanny cherished a wise tenderness, for the interesting young creature, so rapidly approaching maturity. She was attracted not only by her beauty, and the noble possibilities she perceived in her character, but in Kathleen she recognized the daughter of him, who had been to her a fond guardian and devoted brother.

TO BE CONTINUED.

EPIPHANY.

BY PIUS R. MAYER, O. C. C.

THERE is a peculiar charm in this festival, particularly for those, who sprang not of Hebrew blood. It is the day, that opened wide the gates of truth and the hopes based upon it to the nations. What the prophets so often and emphatically foretold came to pass on this day, when the Wise Men of the East were led by the Star of Bethlehem to the crib of their new born Saviour, to kneel there as the representatives of the Pagan nations, and offer their mystic gifts of gold, frankincense and

myrrh, the gold of faith, the incense of prayer and virtue, and the myrrh of mortification and penance.

Where did these men come from? What became of them? These questions are often asked, and the Augustinian nun, Anne Catherine Emmerich, in her visions, gives us the following information:

"The people living east and south of Palestine knew of the prophecy of Balaam, and expected the star rising out of Jacob, that should herald the expected of the

nations. They therefore in studying the starry heavens looked for the promised token,—in vain for centuries.

“But fifteen years before the birth of our Lord they, for the first time, discovered a new star, remarkable not only for its position in the skies and its brilliancy, but more so, because in it they beheld the figure of a virgin seated. Five years later they again saw the star, and in it the representation of wheaten ears and grapes. Again five years passed before the reappearance of the star, which now exhibited the picture of a young mother with a babe in her arms.

“These repeated apparitions caused widespread comment, and the wise men, widely separated territorially, sent messages to one another, and came to the conclusion to examine into the wonderful matter thoroughly, and to follow the star when it reappeared.

“Thus the next five years were spent in hope and preparation, and finally in the blessed night of the Nativity of Our Saviour, the star shone again, more brilliant than ever, and showed them a picture that filled their souls with delight, for it was nothing less than the representation of the stable in Bethlehem, containing all the figures.

“They at once set out with a large retinue and costly gifts, the star acting as a guide to each of them, and bringing them together some eighty miles east of Jerusalem. The farther they journeyed the nearer the star came to them, and the more distinct the picture grew. As they approached Jerusalem the star disappeared, but leaving the city they saw it again nearer and nearer, until it stood above the cave, which they entered, prostrating themselves before the babe, and adoring Him as their Master and their God.

“The names of the three kings were: **M**ensor, **T**heokens and **S**eir, the one was a

descendant of Job, the other of Abraham's wife, Ketura, and the third of Jews, who at the time of the Babylonian captivity had fled the country and settled near Egypt, where they became mixed with the Chamites of Egypt. Thus the three Magi represented the three great divisions of mankind, Semites, Chamites and Japhetites.

“Being admonished in a dream not to return to their home by way of Jerusalem, they followed another route and settled on the spot, where the star had brought them together, determined to stay there, until the new King of the Jews should send them a messenger, to conduct them elsewhere.

“The King of the Jews did not send a messenger, but after the raising of Lazarus he went there Himself. Seir was dead. Mensor received him in solemn procession, and repeated his act of worship. Our Lord told them to tarry, until one of His Apostles would come to them and baptize them. Three years after the Ascension of Our Lord, St. Thomas baptized them and their followers, who then settled in the Island of Crete, where they probably suffered martyrdom.”

The christian legend calls them Melchior, Caspar and Balthasar. Their bones were brought to Milan, and when Emperor Barbarossa destroyed this city, he donated the sacred relics to his chancellor, the Archbishop of Cologne, who lost no time in transferring them in solemn procession to his Cathedral, where they are venerated to-day.

A great many saw the star, comparatively few followed it. The followers were rewarded with the priceless gift of faith, the others sank back into all the abominations of Paganism. Happy we, who in our ancestors followed the star. Be it ever a beacon light of faith to us, and lead us to the true service of the Saviour, whom it revealed.

BITS OF TALK WITH OTHER WOMEN.

I.

OF NEW YEAR RESOLUTIONS.

BY MARIE LOUISE SANDROCK REDMOND.

AND first of all, let me bid the other women, the friends known and unknown, a very happy New Year!

There is hardly one of us, I fancy, whether she be of the new or old variety, who does not joyfully hail the newness of the year. Fresh beginnings are such a stimulus, such a long breath of invigorating oxygen after the close quarters of the old twelve-months. And so we set busily to work, with our string of good resolutions inscribed upon the clear tablets of January, half believing that we will at last do better, and half cynically fearing that all will come to naught again, as it has always done before. With a little self-knowledge one unconsciously looks with a more sceptical curve of the eyebrow at one's self than at the rest of the world.

And yet, it is only simplicity and faith that holds us to the best that is in us. We women, so far as our own lives and struggles are concerned, lack both.

"The world is too much with us." Its struggle and unrest have caught hold of us. Imitation and conventionality force us out of our round niche into the square one. Independence of thought or action leaves us. Self-assertion becomes impossible; self-development a dream long forgotten.

The world-spirit is responsible for much of this. A holier spirit, dragged out of due time and place, for much more. I mean—and I pray that I may not be misunderstood in saying so—the spirit of self-sacrifice, of unselfish devotion.

Only the unending New Year of heaven can tell us the number and the grandeur of the long martyrdoms of womankind, the lives spent in heroic charity towards the souls and bodies of the suffering and the sinful.

All honor to these heroines of sacrifice! In speaking of them, whether they be religious, or wives and mothers, there is no

question of misspent lives. But there is another side to the picture.

Who of us does not know instances of complete, all-absorbing, and alas! utterly useless, self-abnegation? It is the woman's shibboleth. Self-sacrifice is the beginning and end of our alphabet of domestic life, therefore of life unadjectived, for the new woman does not reign so completely among us but that domesticity is, and ever will be, our sphere.

Scarcely a family exists in which some member, generally of the order of father, husband, brother, does not claim and most willingly receive the self-sacrificing attention of the rest of the household. In most cases this devotion is both unnecessary and useless. It involves for the person sacrificed heedless destruction of health, strength, time and talent; as for the person who accepts the sacrifice, his gain is only the negative one of increased selfishness and wrong-heartedness. The wrong-heartedness lies in our woman's leaning towards the works of supererogation—not concerning God, nor, in general, our neighbor, but our masculine relations.

"Men are so selfish," sighs an amiable little woman. Alas! that amiability and logic so seldom dwell together! One plaintively accepts the fact; the other asks, *why* are men selfish?

It seems to me there were fine possibilities, even of unselfishness, about Adam, and that, even at the present day, more than one of his sons know the meaning and practice of noble self-abnegation. I doubt not, however, that as soon as Eden's honeymoon ended and more prosaic house-keeping began, our good-hearted Eve set about the same course of spoiling for complacent father Adam, that other Eves and Adams have been reciprocally indulging in ever since.

Set a man a high ideal, and there are nine chances out of ten that he will do his ut-

most to live up to it. Accept him *as* your ideal, and be very sure he will most willingly accept himself as such, and for the rest of his lifetime will sink steadily below his best.

If I were to put my finger on the New Year resolution most desirable for many of us women to make, it would be, that we live our lives for the future less as parts, even though the indispensable cog-wheel of the domestic machinery, less as fractions of the family unit, and more entirely as indivi-

duals whose God-given mission is first of all the salvation of our own souls. And that is a problem not separate from the conservation of our health and energies, the development of our intellect, the broadening of our sympathies, and the best interests of family and home.

Let us look to this, not selfishly, but earnestly, and then, with days not empty of thought, word and deed, let us look to the giver of all good for a truly happy New Year.

FAVORS OBTAINED

From Our Lady of Mount Carmel Through the Efficacy of the Brown Scapular.

BY S. X. B.

CONTINUED.

THE incident I am about to relate was told to me by a young man, to whom I had given the Brown Scapular in 1875. It had occurred in his own parish, and the unfortunate hero was quite well known to him. A man who was entirely given up to the fatal habit of drunkenness and to all the vices which follow in its train was an object of great scandal in his village. He never entered a church, and could not even see a priest without blaspheming. Still he did not lay aside the Scapular, which he had probably received after he had made his first holy communion. In the midst of his disorders he was taken sick, and was soon pronounced dangerously ill. The near approach of death made no change in his sentiments. He obstinately refused to see a priest, although so much reduced that they expected every moment to see him die. Suddenly those who stood by his dying bed saw him convulsively struggle as if he wished to relieve himself of some weight which oppressed him, and when they enquired if they could give him any aid, he cried out in despairing accents, "I stifle, I smother, and this is what does it." Then with a supreme effort he tore open his linen and tearing off the Scapular threw it as far as he could. The next moment he died with every mark of reprobation.—*Annals of Carmel*, 1881, page 304.

Evil companions and pernicious literature wrought such fatal effects in the mind

and heart of a young girl that she forgot the good principles instilled into her from early childhood, until virtue and reputation were no longer hers. A prey to the deepest remorse, instead of casting herself before Jesus and Mary to implore pardon and mercy, she gave herself up to despair, the only sin which does not admit of a pardon. Full of the most gloomy thoughts she resolved to end her life, and plunged into the river for that purpose. What was her amazement, for she could not swim, when she found that she remained on the surface of the water. A fisherman who saw her danger ran to her assistance, but when he was about to rescue her, the demon, no doubt, suggested to her that what prevented her from drowning was the Scapular she wore around her neck. The unfortunate creature took it off and cast it away. Then she sank, not only beneath the waves but into that abyss whose shores are but a poet's fancy, and whose fathomless depths no human skill can measure—eternity.—*PERE HUGUET, La Devotion a Marie in examples, tome II, p 53.*

The solemn promise of the Most Blessed Virgin, the enthusiastic words of so many learned and holy priests, devoted clients of Mary, the unanimous belief of the whole christian people, the numerous examples of a terrifying as well as of a consoling nature here related—all unquestionably give us the right to say positively: No! Satan

has never yet beheld *one single* Scapular of Our Lady enter into hell!

CONCLUSION.

O! that we could give due expression to our gratification that Providence permitted to fall into our hands the following charming little brochure of the venerable Fr. de la Colombiere, the saintly Apostle of the adorable and Sacred Heart. He writes with so much reverence, love and zeal, in praise of the holy badge of Mount Carmel, that he can with equal justice be entitled the *Apostle of the Scapular*.

Apostle of the Sacred Heart! Apostle of the Scapular! Touching coincidence! Very soon it is to be hoped that this great servant of God will be placed upon our altars for veneration. No words could be more persuasive! Let us hear them! "The faithful so unanimously agree that devotion to the Mother of God is a mark of predestination that independently of the reasons upon which this opinion is based, I think that a concordance so general should cause it to be regarded *as a truth of our holy faith*. The holy Fathers have spoken upon this subject in such forcible terms, that, if we did not know how enlightened they were, we might think they expressed themselves with more zeal than exactness. And the Church does not fail to authorize this belief. She encourages it by every means in her power. What a source of joy for all who wish to spread devotion to Mary! But because all the forms of our love for the Blessed Virgin, all its various modes of expression cannot be equally agreeable to her, and therefore do not assist us in an equal degree on our way to heaven, I aver without a moment's hesitation that the Scapular is the most favored of all. It is enough to say that the Scapular, like other practices of piety, is a sign of predestination, I maintain that *there is no other devotion to Mary which so CERTAINLY ensures our salvation as this admirable one*. We should therefore wear it ourselves, and besides, do all in our power to induce others to assume it. Divine Mother! what marvels thou hast wrought to confirm this sweet belief! O! Christians! To assure yourselves of the protection of this incomparable Queen, *wear the Scapular, and wear it until you die*. I would reproach myself were I to

weaken your confidence in those other practices of devotion to Mary which are approved of by the Church. They are all salutary, and cannot fail to touch her maternal heart. But if she graciously accords her favor to those who avail themselves of *them*, how *much more propitious* will she not be to *all who assume her holy livery*. She has positively promised this to her children of the Scapular; this loving Mother has absolutely placed no limits to her encouragement. The promise to assist is made without any condition, she has pledged herself that they shall never fall into the power of the demon. That is, she gives them all the assurance they can possibly have, in this life of their salvation. If they persevere in her service, they will most certainly persevere in grace. What think you, Christians, of the explicit promise which the Mother of God made to St. Simon Stock? Could any terms have been more decided? I know well that the saints have spoken most encouragingly of the powerful protection of Mary, but enlightened and holy as they have been, they are, after all, only *men*; only servitors of the Queen, whilst here it is *the Queen herself* who, in that celebrated revelation, reveals all the tenderness of her heart to St. Simon Stock. Those great saints have assured me that with Mary to protect my interests I need fear nothing. That does not suffice for me. I wish to know *if she does protect my interests*. Yes! She gives me proof unequivocal. I have but to cast a glance at my Scapular. Tangible proof before my eyes! I have but to recall the promise attached to its devout wearing: '*In quo quis moriens eternum non patietur incendium*.'

"Whosoever dieth clothed in this holy habit will never enter eternal fire.' And the Holy Ghost has given to the Scapular, and to the promises of Mary, through the lips of the Vicars of Christ, the most absolute approbation. And the sovereign Pontiffs, to excite the zeal of Christians towards this holy Confraternity, have enriched it with *almost innumerable indulgences*."—(Fr. de la Colombiere's very words.)

What still remains, dear Christians, to render this pledge of our divine Mother more solemn if it be not the ratification

thereof of God himself? And I will demonstrate to you that the Supreme Being has testified, by means of miracles, to the favor in which he holds the Scapular. You know well that God alone can be the author of a miracle. Consequently all the marvels which have been

vouchsafed in favor of the faith or piety of His children are, as St. Augustine says, so many ways by which the Lord Himself gives testimony to the truth of our faith, or the solidity of the pious practices which we have taken upon ourselves.

TO BE CONTINUED.

The Immaculate Conception and the Spanish Army.

BY DON JUAN PEDRO.

DEVOTION to our sinless Mother, the august Queen of Carmel, is not confined to any particular section of the Spanish population. No class can monopolize it. It dwells in every Catholic heart. Neither misery nor happiness can shut it out from the domestic hearth. It is not confined to the innumerable Sodalities of the Blessed Virgin, nor is the exclusive privilege of her countless Confraternities. It so pervades all grades of society, that clergy and laity, the civilian and the soldier, the poor and the rich, the patrician and the plebeian, the burgher and the artisan, are equally animated with this eminently Catholic characteristic.

This is evidenced particularly on the grand national feast day of the "Purissima."

It is on this day, at the beginning of winter, that the Spanish army, exalted by faith, radiant with hope, and overflowing with fraternal charity, celebrates with unusual splendor, the festival of the Celestial Patroness of one of its chief divisions.

The cavalry have chosen St. James, "the Thunderer," as their Patron, ever since the time of the battle of Claverigo, when he appeared, mounted on a white charger, at the crisis of the combat, and secured by his apparition the complete and final rout of the Moslem hosts.

The artillery have chosen St. Barbara, the virgin and martyr, as their Patroness.

But it remained for the great bulk of the national forces—the infantry—to place themselves under the special patronage of their Immaculate Mother "La Purissima."

Therefore, the glorious feast of the Immaculate Conception, is a day specially set apart by this great and distinguished arm

of the military body, to honor their august Patroness with civic and religious festivities, whose splendor goes far to prove the deep Catholic feeling which animates the army of Spain.

On this day of general rejoicing all grades of military life, commissioned and non-commissioned, gather at the foot of the altar and around the sanctuary. Here the venerable veteran, whose grey hair and numerous medals recalls many an historic skirmish and blood-stained battle field, meets in fraternal intercourse with the "quinto," the conscript fresh from his mountain heather, and together they proclaim solemnly, before their fellow-citizens, and in the presence of the Divine Solitary of the tabernacle, their ardent sentiments of faith and piety, their love and devotion to our Immaculate Mother. They profess their adhesion to the Catholic faith and their childlike submission to its dogmas, in whose defence their forefathers performed such noble deeds of valor and heroism, many of them watering their native land with their life-blood in this holy cause. It was for the protection of this holy faith, that, during the historic siege of Granada, was born the Artillery Corps. At this sanguinary conflict, between the Crescent and the Cross, the cannons of the Spanish army first belched forth their fearful missiles of destruction against the Moslem. The daring heroism of the new born artillery, in defence of altar and country at this siege, as well as the later ones of Algiers, Cordova, and last, but not least, of Zaragoza and Gerona, deserves to be written down in letters of gold. Thus, to-day, Spain rejoices with her military sons, who in times of peace, as well as in the stormy days of war, have recourse to

Mary, and place themselves under the mantle of her maternal love.

In the celebration of this feast no expense is spared. With lavish spirit of religious chivalry, in every garrison city, in every military centre throughout the kingdom and its foreign dependencies,—wherever a Spanish soldier is stationed to-day—the most elaborate preparations are made to add eclat to the grand ceremonial of the religious celebration. Ancient tapestries, priceless heirlooms of many noble houses, are unearthed from the museums to drape the walls of the churches; the floral wealth of the cities are unstintedly contributed, the most valuable orchids are generously supplied to beautify the altars; the sanctuary is one blaze of lights with its thousand of lighted tapers. But the most conspicuous decoration is made with all the trophies of war, all the insignia of military life. Bayonets and drums, swords and shields, cannon and lances, guns and spears, flags and banners, are artistically arranged, forming exquisitely constructed chandeliers, shrines, pedestals and columns in honor of the Immaculate Queen.

Not content with this tribute of homage, music and oratory are invited to add their artistic charms to this great military feast. The most popular and celebrated choirs are called to interpret the grand masses of the masters. Gounod's "Messe Solemnelle" is a favorite, as it gives such welcome opportunity to military bands and invited musicians to form full orchestras, whose matchless performances are the grand "Te Deum" of the festivity.

The most distinguished orators of the peninsula, such eloquent men as Father Marcellus de la Pay, of the Jesuit house of San Sebastian, Father Ludovico, the Carmelite, Father Paulino Alvarez, the Dominican, Father Noyes, the Franciscan, and in Madrid the distinguished Court Chaplain, the Bishop of Zion, occupy the pulpits on this day.

All the immediate friends, relatives and admirers of the national forces are invited, and these, with the ordinary congregations which this holiday of obligation brings to the churches, fill every available work of our large basilicas.

To add a finishing touch to this interesting picture, so unique in its beauty to

heighten the gorgeousness of the ceremonial, to crown the pious aspirations of the valiant soldiers, to cheer him on the eve of his departure to the far distant battlefields of Cuba, to complete his happiness on this great feast, royalty, with its brilliant suite, the rich dresses of the ladies vieing in dazzling splendor with the elegant military costumes, honors the brave troops with its august presence. Thus it fosters among the soldiers that love of religion, that devotion to the Immaculate Queen of Carmel, which is so eminently practised by the illustrious Queen Regent, the august Infantas and the whole Royal Household.

The pious sentiments of the noble Queen Regent, find their highest gratification and reward for the Royal patronage bestowed on the troops, when she subsequently learns many a sweet miracle of conversion that was wrought, unseen to human eye beneath the kindling sunshine of the Church's glorious ceremonial.

Yes, these days of religious festivity are often pioneers of grace to many a brave soldiers' heart, in whom the distractions of the service, and the poisonous atmosphere of the guardroom have prematurely debilitated the supernatural health, which once danced so innocently in his veins when he roamed the glens and mountains of his native province.

This day recalls all the good resolutions of his boyhood, which have been shipwrecked so sadly in the promiscuous companionship of the barrack. Once more he struggles to climb the rugged mountain on the road to heaven, and the magnificence of the military services in the churches acts as a potent magic to draw him to God. For, "beautiful" as they are "before Almighty God, sweet to His taste and music to His ear," they become inexhaustible fountains of grace and Divine mercy.

When we behold the long lines of infantry prostrate before the altar, at the elevation of their arms placed as trophies around the sanctuary, the incense arising amidst the exquisite music of the military bands, in a cloud of praise and thanksgiving, symbolical of the fervent prayers welling forth from the lips of priest and soldier, when we see religion and the army entwined, as it were, in one affectionate embrace, our hearts are ravished at this

heavenly union, cemented, consecrated and sanctified by these beautiful festivities in honor of "La Purissima," the Queen and Mother of all Spanish chivalry in the past and in the present.

Nor does it lessen our love for our dear

Catholic country, to know, that sadly enough, the devotion of the military sons of Spain to their Immaculate Patroness is not equalled by the troops of any other Catholic nation of Europe.

POET PRIESTS.

BY P. A. B.

"I like a priest, I like a cow,
I love a prophet of the soul;
And on mine eyes monastic aisles
Fall like the grace of pensive smiles."

—Anony.

MANY who are blind to the beauty of the Bride of Christ—the Catholic Church, cannot be made to believe that priestly duties or monastic life can produce poets. History contradicts such a belief. Many of the names of these poets are lost to posterity, because in their humility they mostly used a *nom de plume*. But who has not heard of a Newman, a Faber, and our own American poet-priest, Father Ryan? It was a poor friar who composed the lovely *Stabat Mater*. The great Virgil had but one rival, the Blessed Baptist of Mantua—he was only a poor Carmelite monk. Why do not non-Catholics give us our due? More than a dozen times I have seen those beautiful lines, "Lead Kindly Light," in Protestant books, but the publishers took good care not to say it was written by Cardinal Newman. Some of the sweetest poems have also come from the pens of the cloistered nuns. Readers of this REVIEW have seen more than one of these gems. There are many poets "born to blush un-

seen" nowadays among our clergy and religious, but they have to neglect the Muse in order to attend to other duties. Of late some gems of verse have appeared in the *Century* over the name of one Tabb. These lines have been copied very extensively by some of the scissors' editors. Lately somebody made the horrible discovery that the writer in the *Century* is a Catholic priest. Now they will have to drop him, or disguise the fact that he is a priest. Perhaps he will share the same fate as sweet Father Faber. In a country paper last January, sandwiched between some Baptist hymns for Sunday schools, was one poem over the name "Fred Faber!"

Finally, why shouldn't the Church produce poets? Everything in her is inspiring, loving and ennobling? How can one who feels and knows how Christ loves us in the Tabernacle refrain from bursting into jubilant lines. Our tender and sweet Mother, the Immaculate Virgin, who herself is a poem of poems, is an inexhaustible and thought-inspiring theme for every Catholic poet—just as she has ever been the ideal for the greatest painters and sculptors.

Words of the Popes on the Rosary.

"Augmentation of the Christian religion."	Urban VIII.
"The light which dispels the darkness of heresy."	St. Pius V.
"The salvation of the faithful."	Clement VIII.
"Appeases the wrath of God."	Gregory XIII.
"The destruction of sin."	Gregory XIV.
"Treasury of Grace."	Paul V.
"Shining ornament of the Roman Church."	Julius III.

FOR OUR YOUNG PEOPLE.

EDITED BY MISS MATILDA CUMMINGS.

[All communications to this department to be addressed to Miss M. Cummings,
1588 Madison Avenue, New York City.]

SECRETARY'S LETTER.

JANUARY, 1896.

All common things, each day's events,
That with the hour begin and end,
Our pleasures and our discontents,
Are rounds by which we may ascend.
—*Longfellow's Ladder of St. Augustine.*

MY DEAR YOUNG FRIENDS,—

Another New Year, bright in hope and promise, has begun for us. The Rev Editor of the CARMELITE REVIEW greets you in an especial manner, by opening for your pleasure a Youth's Department in the columns of Our Lady's journal. You will, no doubt, remember the "Children's Corner" of its first year. That was a very solitary angle for the secretary, who could not tempt any of the little ones into it, even for the shortest game of "Puss in the Corner." Now, let us begin all over. This year, since we are older, we will dignify our department with the title of "Youths."

Boys in knickerbockers, and girls in—not bloomers—anything else they please though, are most cordially invited to come and join our circle. You know these are the days of Reading Circles and Summer Schools, and all such delightful things. Now, why can we not have a "Carmelite Circle?" See what a very pretty name that makes. Long ago, when the secretary was studying geography and such like trying tales, the *Young Catholic* of New York, edited by the Paulist Fathers, was a source of great joy to the young people who read it, because all had a key for the "Letter Box."

Don't let the secretary do all the talking, give her some models of good English style.

This month's letter to you is headed by the beautiful verse of the poet Longfellow.

This is a New Year—so if we are away down at the foot of the ladder, let us look up, and then we must needs climb. Sup-

pose our dear Lady of Mt. Carmel stood at the top. Imagine her so, her loving arms extended to embrace us when we reach her, and her smile encouraging us to "Come up higher." Ah! let us make the effort, one and all, dear children. If we slip down one day—never mind—laugh at the slip, and wish ourselves better luck next time.

Only laugh at things, and you will be much nearer the top of the ladder than you imagine. Who ever heard of a sad saint? So let us take a laughing good humor for our daily practice for January in honor of the winning smiles of the sweet and lovely Infant Jesus. Now, fill up the secretary's letter box, and believe her always your devoted friend.

FOR THE LITTLE ONES,

Infant Jesus come to me,
That I may good and happy be;
My heart is small; for Thee my all,
For Thee, dear Jesus, Holy Child.

What father, mother, teacher say,
I'll do at once, yes, right away,
All that they will, I must fulfil,
For love of Thee, dear Jesus, Child.

Should wicked satan to me say,
"Come, little friend, do walk my way,"
I'll say *No! No!* I can not go,
I'll only go with Jesus Child.

MAXIMS FOR JANUARY.

1. Wouldst thou the fervid glow
Of endless sunshine know;
It is the Heart Divine,
Whose rays forever shine,
Live in this sunshine clear,
A holy, happy year.
H. V. R.
2. Sin has many tools, but a lie is the
handle which fits them all.
C. W. HOLMES.
3. It is easier to forgive an enemy than
a friend.

4. A foe to God was ne'er true friend to man.

YOUNG.

5. Love is the strongest thing in the world; even God will follow when you draw with that.

FOR THE THINKERS.

QUESTIONS WELL ANSWERED.

What is the oldest of all things? God—because He always existed. What is the most beautiful? The World—because it is the work of God. What is the greatest of all things! Space—because it contains all that is created. What is the quickest of all things? Thought—because in a moment it can fly to the end of the universe. What is the most difficult of all things? To know thyself. What is the most constant? Hope—because it still remains with man, after he has lost everything else.

FOR THE PUZZLERS.

I.

What animal dropped from the clouds? said Mary to Martha. (The rain, dear.)

II.

Did any one ever hear the dead walk? (Yes, many have heard the Dead March in Saul.)

III.

In what season need we take no care of children? (In winter we may let them slide.)

IV.

From what may the wife of a witty man make butter? (From the cream of his jokes.)

V.

Behold peril and leave a violent passion. (D anger.) Anger.

A CHILD'S ALBUM.

Our Freddy is a wise little boy. Indeed, his name seems to fit him very well, for, when I come to think of it, the Hebrew professor used to tell us that Frederic or "Peaceful" was the English equivalent for Solomon. But you wouldn't flatter Freddy very much if you called him Solomon, because that is the name of a little boy with a crooked nose who once called Freddy "a dirty Christian."

Freddy does some thinking on his own

account. He is at present very much absorbed in philately. Last Xmas Santa Claus brought him a stamp-album and now he has it nearly filled with divers kinds of those little many-hued square bits of paper.

Freddy and his album are inseparable companions. One day I said to him: "Freddy, if you paid so much attention to your prayer-book as you do to that stamp book you would soon be a saint."

"This serves me as a prayer-book," he answered, "in fact I was just lost in meditation when you disturbed me."

"Oh, excuse me then," I replied, "but really I am curious to know how that album has been transformed into a meditation book."

"Well, I'll tell you," he said. "You see, when I look at those stamps I consider of what value they were and are. Before a two-cent stamp is cancelled, and if I put it on a letter, Uncle Sam at once takes it under his protection, and will carry it all over the continent for me, even to California—and for five cents it will go around the globe. But as soon as it has been smeared by the stamp of some clerk, and once used, it is worthless in the eyes of the government, in fact only fit to be burned. It is the same with our souls. When they are free from the mark of sin God takes them under his protection, and if they remain pure they will reach the end of our journey here—heaven. But as soon as they are defaced with mortal sin, God has nothing to do with them—they are only fit to be destroyed, burnt up in hell. Moreover, the mark of the government reminds me of what I learned in my catechism, namely, that some of the sacraments, especially baptism and confirmation, leave an indelible stamp on our souls whereby we are signed as it were as God's property."

"Bravo, Freddy! You will be a philosopher some day," I interrupted. Not minding me, he continued:

"Besides, all these stamps here have travelled in many directions. They have accompanied letters which were messengers of joy to some—of misery to others. They remind me to thank God for having spared me from the many crosses with which He has been pleased to afflict others. If any of those stamps are mutilated they are useless to me—they must be perfect. It's the same in our duties to God. We

must observe all the commandments. If we break one we break all. Even the stamps lose value in the eyes of collectors if some of those tiny teeth you see on the margin are wanting, and it is hard to replace them. It is the same with our sins, we must make satisfaction here or hereafter, as the Bible says; 'An eye for an eye—a tooth for a tooth.' You observe how tenaciously those stamps adhere to the paper. In like manner must we stick to the church and her teachings, and persevere until the end. Those likenesses on the stamps of our great men teach me a lesson. George Washington teaches me honesty, integrity and love of country. So with all the rest. They were men great in the eyes of the world, so I ought to be great in the eyes of God. It reminds me of a piece I had to learn at school, in which ran the words of Longfellow, I think, who says that

'The lives of great men all remind us,
We may make our lives sublime,
And, departing, leave behind us,
Footprints in the sands of time.'

"Again look at those beautiful Columbian stamps. What lessons of piety, patience and perseverance does not Columbus teach us! I make his motto my motto, viz.: 'May Jesus and Mary be with us in the way!' I wish I knew the Latin of those words,"

I ventured to suggest that it ran: "*Jesus cum Maria sit nobis in via,*" and Freddy told me to repeat it slowly while he wrote it on the fly-leaf of his album.

"And now, a word about the colors of the stamps," he said, laying down his pencil. "You see, 'the blue reminds me of heaven, for which I must fight. It also reminds me of Our Blessed Lady with the blue mantle, like the statue in our Church. Green tells me faith and virtue must always be kept fresh and vigorous, and also that some day the grass will cover our graves and we shall be forgotten. Violet preaches that 'unless you all do penance you shall perish.' Yellow is the Papal color, and exhorts us all to hear and obey the Pope—Christ's Vicar on earth, because 'He who hears you, hears me, etc.,' as the Catechism again says. Brown reminds me of Our Lady's Scapular, which I received when I made my First Holy Communion, and in which I hope to die. Finally, black

not only reminds us of death, but of the darkness of hell and sin."

"Why, you have given me quite a little sermon, Freddy," I said.

"Hold up," he said, "I was almost passing over the most important color of all, red. That speaks to us of the Holy Passion of Christ and the Most Precious Blood which He spilt for us. It reminds us, too, of the gifts of the Holy Ghost, and of the burning charity which we ought to have for God and our neighbor.

"So, after all," he said, closing his album, "this book has some value if it could only suggest the things I have mentioned."

PHILIP A. BEST.

MY MOTHER.

That was a thrilling scene in the old chivalric time—the wine circling round the board, and the banquet-hall ringing with sentiment and song—when the lady of each knightly heart, having been pledged by name, St. Leon arose in his turn, and, lifting his sparkling cup on high, said:

"I drink to one
Whose image never may depart
Deep-graven on this grateful heart,
Till memory is dead;
To one whose love for me shall last
When lighter passions long have passed,
So holy 'tis and true;
To one whose love hath longer dwelt,
More deeply fixed, more keenly felt,
Than any pledge to you."

Each guest upstarted at the word,
And laid his hand upon his sword,
With fury-flashing eye;
And Stanley said: "We crave the name,
Proud knight, of this most peerless dame,
Whose love you count so high."

St. Leon paused as if he would
Not breathe her name in careless mood
Thus lightly to another—
Then bent his noble head, as though
To give that word the reverence due,
And gently said, "MY MOTHER."

THE CARMELITE REVIEW.

TELLING STORIES.

I know a boy that's sleepy,
 I can tell by the nodding head
 And the eyes that cannot stay open
 While the good-night prayer is said.
 And the whispered " Tell a 'tory,"
 Said in such a drowsy way,
 Makes me hear the bells of Dreamland
 That ring at close of day.

So you want a story, darling,
 What shall the story be?
 Of Little Boy Blue in the haystack,
 And the sheep he fails to see
 As they nibble the meadow clover
 While the cows are in the corn?
 O Little Boy Blue, wake up, wake up!
 For the farmer blows his horn.

Or shall it be the story
 Of Little Bopeep I tell
 And the sheep she lost and mourned for,
 As if awful fate befell?
 But there was no need of sorrow
 For the pet that went astray,
 Since left alone, he came back home
 In his own good time and way!

Oh! the pigs that went to market—
 That's the tale for me to tell;
 The great big pig, and the little pigs,
 And the wee wee pig as well.
 Here's the big pig—what a beauty!
 But not half as cunning is he
 As this little tot of a baby pig
 That can only say " Wee-wee!"

Just look at the baby, bless him!
 The little rogue's fast asleep,
 I might have stopped telling stories
 When I got to Little Bopeep.
 Oh, little one, how I love you!
 You are so dear, so fair,
 Here's a good-night kiss, my baby—
 God have you in His care!

EDITORIAL NOTES.

BY THE EDITOR.

To all our readers, friends and benefactors a happy New Year, filled with God's grace and mercy, and our Blessed Mother's love.

* * *

OUR former editor, *R. v. Philip A. Best*, contributes one of his clever little stories to the Youth's Department. We are glad to be able to promise his many friends among our readers that they may look forward to regular contributions from his versatile pen.

* * *

THIS is the last leap year of this century. It looks as if it were going to be one of the most momentous years of the dying century. There are forces at work, which will not be checked by brute military strength. Europe is uncertain of the next hour. The only solid comfort an anxious inquirer into the future can find, lies in the supernatural stability of the Catholic Church.

* * *

THE new year of the CARMELITE REVIEW opens auspiciously. We are able in this first number to give our readers some of those treats we promised last month, but did not specify. *Bits of Talk with Women*, by *Mrs. M. L. Sandrock Redmond*, of which the first toothsome bit appears in this number, will be continued throughout the year. They are bits for refined palates, but delicate food is pleasant to all tastes.

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THE Scapular and the hagiology of Mount Carmel will find their place in our pages from month to month. *Favors obtained* through the Scapular; some chapters on the *organization of the Order* in the Latin Church; the *lives of St. Albert and St. Peter Thomas*, and other subjects interesting to all lovers of Mount Carmel, will be presented to our readers by *Sue X. Blakely*, whose linguistic talent enables us to cull from foreign literature so many a precious Carmelite flower.

AMONG the new princes of the Church created Cardinals at the last Consistory, there is one who for a time held a high position in the Carmelite Order. Monsignor Gotti, who was lately the Papal Nuncio to Brazil, had been previously General of the Discalced Carmelites. He is a very ascetic man, and it is said, that he did not change the severe austerity of his life while holding his high office in Rio de Janeiro. The Holy Father chiefly wishes to honor the Carmelite Order in conferring the Cardinal's hat upon this exemplary friar. The last Carmelite Cardinal was Archbishop Luch, of Sevilla, in Spain.

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MISS AGNES REPPLIER, one of the very few good essayists of the present day, in a gracious letter to us, generously enters the ranks of our benefactors, and kindly promises our REVIEW a contribution from her gifted pen. She has been in poor health lately, and we request our readers to join us in praying for her recovery. The wholesome influence of Catholic writers upon contemporary literature, and the incidental glory thereby reflected upon the Church, and the cause of Christ, are objects of such importance, that every good Catholic should sympathize fully with those who are instrumental in furthering them.

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The *London Universe* of the 16th of Nov., 1895, records the following interesting fact:

"A Carmelite crypt, about 12ft. square, has been discovered while exhuming the cellar of a house in Britton's Court, Whitefriars. It dates from the middle of the fourteenth century, and is supposed to belong to the monastery which existed in the place in those ages of faith. The roof is a Gothic vault supported by eight groins of Caen stone, and terminating in a rose. It is in a marvelous state of preservation. There is an archway on one side, evidently leading to a passage, but no relics have been found in the interesting ruins. It is

feared that excavations cannot be pursued as the place has been built over to such an extent that there would be danger lest the foundations of other houses were disturbed."

This was, no doubt the burying place of the Carmel Priory of London, one of the principal houses of the Carmelite Order in England before the Reformation. Gasquet, in "Henry VIII and the English Monasteries," states that the library of this Priory was the most valuable in England at the time of the suppression of the Monasteries.

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THE last half decade of the nineteenth century has begun. A few years more and it will join the centuries that have passed before it, and take its place in the pages of history as the century of ——— what? It is too remarkable, not to receive a distinguishing title. It has not distinguished itself in art or literature. Science has achieved a partial success, but truly scientific men know, that this century has produced more absurd theories and more overweening conceit than solid progress. It has been a century of industrial success. A century of machinery. It has been called the century of iron—a metal which is indispensable in machinery of all kinds. It has been called the century of paper—on account of the activity of the printing press. But the greatest characteristic of the century has been the development of rapid communication between all parts of the globe. The railroad and steamboat are the great inventions of this century. The telegraph and telephone are only aids in this rapid intercourse between nations. If we are to specify any particular symbol of the age let us call it the century of the *wheel*. The century closes with the triumph of the wheel. Part of our life is spent on the wheel. Railroads, trolley cars, bicycles, and last but not least, horseless carriages are rendering distance a pleasure and enjoyment, rather than a fatigue. We are on wheels now, and are rolling along in our course of progress into the twentieth century. After ages of walking, of riding, of sailing and of wheeling, there should be an age of flying—and it will come. The twentieth century will be the century of *wings*.

Two Worthy Carmelites Called Home.

THE Carmelite Order has to record the death of two of its members, one of whom labored in Ireland, the other in the American Province. The Very Rev. John Bartley, O. C. C., closed his earthly career in the 63rd year of his age, on November 28th, 1895, at the Carmelite Convent, Aungier street, Dublin, Ireland. Father Bartley, who had been in failing health for the past few years, had come to Dublin to consult his physician, but all medical aid proved unavailing, and he quietly passed away, surrounded by his religious brethren, in the convent where he had spent the greater part of his pious and laborious, though unostentatious, life. Father Bartley was one of the most distinguished members of the Carmelite Order in Ireland. He held the office of Provincial in Ireland for three terms; had presided over the Colleges at Terenure and Lower Dominick street for many years, and at the time of his death was Prior of the Carmelite Convent, Kildare, to which office he was only recently elected for the fourth time. During his term of office as Provincial he was mainly instrumental in obtaining a foundation of the Order in New York, which city he visited twice in connection with that work. Indeed, it is to his arduous labors there during one of the most severe winters on record, that the beginning of the lung affection, which ultimately caused his death, must be attributed. His loss will be deeply mourned not only by the members of his own community, but by the large number of the faithful with whom he came in contact during the forty years of his sacred ministry, and to whom he endeared himself by his gentleness and benevolence, as well as by his zealous and ceaseless labor in their spiritual interests. He was for many years honorary secretary of the Sick and Indigent Roomkeepers' Society, in the work of which he took an active part. His death was a fitting close to his life, edifying and peaceful. The Solemn Office and High Mass for his eternal repose took place at the Carmelite Church, Whitefriar street, Dublin, on Monday, Dec. 2nd, at 11 a. m., after which his remains were removed for interment to Glasnevin cemetery.

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OUR own Province in America has suffered a heavy loss in the person of the Rev.

Father Anselm Duell, O. C. C., late Prior of our Monastery at Scipio, Kas. Father Anselm succumbed to a treacherous throat ailment on Dec. 11th, 1895, after a brief illness of two or three days. He was born 52 years ago at Eichelsee, in the parish of Ochsenfurt, Wurzburg Diocese, Bavaria. In 1867 his zeal brought him to America, and in 1871 Bishop McCloskey, of Louisville, Ky., raised him to the dignity of priesthood. As a pastor of souls he is well remembered by the host of friends he had gained at Cumberland, Md.; Holy Trinity Parish, Pittsburg, Pa.; Butler, Pa., and vicinity, and Scipio, Kas.; in all of which places it had been his lot to spread piety, devotion, and love of truth. His was a noble character, a deep sincerity of purpose underlying all his works. He was unostentatious, loved retirement, and withal was most cordial and condescending in his contact with his fellow men. At the last Provincial Chapter, held at New Baltimore, Pa., in 1894, he was elected Prior of St. Boniface's Monastery, Scipio, Kas. In him the Order has lost a noble priest, and the Community at Scipio a faithful Superior. His life was the life of a just man before God, and without blame before men. Let us hope that the crown of glory which Carmel's Queen has in readiness for her devoted servants, has been bestowed upon our dear departed Father Anselm long ere these pages will have been printed, as a reward for faithful service in the Lord's vineyard and the garden of Carmel.—Requiescant in Pace!

PUBLICATIONS.

THE *Buffalo Volksfreund* publishes an annual called *Der Hausfreund*, which is as pretty an almanac as any of the imported ones. It is out for the new year with beautiful illustrations and excellent stories, printed by "Muhlbauer & Behrle, Chicago."

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THE *Messenger of the Sacred Heart* begins its 31st year in a handsome new dress. The design of the cover is much more artistic than it has been hitherto. The typography is excellent, and the illustrations are of the best kind of half-tone engraving. The literary contents are better than ever. The *Messenger* is beyond

doubt the most beautifully printed and illustrated devotional magazine published anywhere. The subscription price remains the same, \$2 yearly.

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THE *Young People* is giving its readers the latest serial story written by Father Finn, S. J. In its Christmas number it publishes a portrait of this genial writer. His face is what we expected, Every genuine Catholic boy who has become acquainted with Tom Playfair and Claude Lightfoot will grow warm at the sight of these kind features.

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Charity, the Origin of Every Blessing, is the title of a dainty little volume, published by the Benziger Bros. Sweet charity is here portrayed in all its charms. The most suitable book for Christmas, the season of good will to all men. The low price (75 cts.) makes it a possible present even for the poorest. We are shown in this delightful volume that through charity we obtain wealth, honor, and health, and are delivered from evil, besides receiving all spiritual blessings and eternal rewards.

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OF all the many beautiful Christmas numbers of the various journals and magazines, not one was more welcome, than the new illustrated monthly, published at Toronto by J. C. Walsh. The Christmas number is the third issue of this bright venture. It is the only English illustrated magazine published under Catholic management in Canada. We are, therefore, glad of its success. There was a decided need of it, and the confidence of the editor, that it would at once spring into popular favor, seems to have been fully justified. But then he has known how to make his readers believe in him and his promises. The table of contents of this Christmas number includes a most judicious variety of subjects, treated by such popular writers as Eugene Davis, Charles Robinson, Dean Harris, Thos. O'Hagan, Dr. Flannery and others. It has been growing in beauty also, and we are, therefore, quite willing to await the time, when *Walsh's Magazine* will not need to embellish its pages with inferior

wood cuts, but will rival in wealth and beauty of illustration the higher priced magazines of the secular press.

* * *

IN the December number of the *Popular Science Monthly*, one of our modern men of science gives us an amusing instance of the wonderful contradictions continually dogging the footsteps of so-called science. The writer, Sydney G. Fisher, is certainly a believer in the survival of the fittest. He maintains that savages and barbarians do not and cannot increase in population. And yet he writes a lengthy article to prove that the immigration of a lower class of European settlers has given a shock to the refined and prolific native Americans, sufficient to check in them the principal of population. He justifies the know-nothing movement on this head. It is, no doubt, a rather shocking thing, that the Yankees are dying out—but then they must have been lacking in fitness, for the fittest must and will survive. Some time ago scientists were casting about for means to check population, for fear the world would be overstocked, and now they are writing articles to express their regret that population is not increasing fast enough.

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WE have received from the firm of P. Tequi, Paris, the following new publications:

1. *Alexis Clerc*, S. J., martyr of the Commune, a most interesting life of this Jesuit priest, who had been an officer in the French navy, before he entered the Society, and who ended his life as one of the victims of the Commune.

2. *Saint Albert of Messine*, of the Carmelite Order. An excellent biography of this great thaumaturgus by the Countess D. de Beaurepaire de Louvigny. We shall have occasion to refer to this book more at length, and to give our readers copious extracts in future issues of the REVIEW.

3. *Un Aide dans la Douleur*, a book of spiritual consolation for the afflicted, by the author of the *Arvis Spirituels*. It con-

tains a consoling thought for every day of the year.

4. *De Bethlehem au Tabernacle*, reflections on Holy Communion, by the same author.

5. *Manuel de la Devotion on Saint Esprit*, by the Dominican Father Marie Joseph Friacque, containing an excellent treatise on the Holy Ghost and his gifts, the Latin and French Office of the Holy Ghost, and twenty-two canticles.

SOME OPINIONS ABOUT US.

"I believe the REVIEW to be the best Catholic magazine for the price, that is published to-day, at least on this side of the water." REV. A. MCD——, D. D.

Antigonish, N. S.

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None of the magazines which come to our "exchange" table is more welcome than the CARMELITE REVIEW, a monthly Catholic magazine devoted to Our Blessed Lady of Mount Carmel, published at Niagara Falls by the Carmelite Fathers, with the approbation of Cardinal Gibbons, Mgr. Satolli, Archbishop Walsh, etc. With the December number this excellent magazine closes its third year, and during all that time it has grown steadily and surely in the favor of a discerning public. That the magazine may continue to prosper as it deserves is our sincere wish. — *The Catholic Record*, Dec. 7th, 1895.

A THANKSGIVING.

LOCKPORT, ILL.

REV. AND DEAR FATHER:

"Inclosed please find order for \$—— sent by a lady in this place for masses for the Souls in Purgatory in thanksgiving for the recovery of her baby boy, six month's old.

"The child's life was despaired of by able physicians. We advised her to have the child receive the Scapular of Mount Carmel. She took our advice, and now the baby is in perfect health."

SISTERS OF PROVIDENCE.



Carmelite



Review.

VOL. IV.

FALLS VIEW, ONT., FEBRUARY, 1896.

NO. 2

OUR HOLY MOTHER.

BY HENRY COYLE.

I.



HE watches us from heav'n above,
Our Holy Mother pure;
O, sure and steadfast is her love,
It ever will endure.

II.

As waters from the heavens fall
Upon all things that grow,
Thus her great love is for us all
That dwell on earth below.

III.

And when at last the hand of death
Shall close our mortal eyes,
Then she will wait our parting breath,
And lead us to the skies.

LIFE AND CATHOLIC JOURNALISM

—OF THE LATE—

JAMES A. McMASTER,

EDITOR OF THE NEW YORK FREEMAN'S JOURNAL AND CATHOLIC REGISTER.

EDITED BY VERY REV. MARK S. GROSS.

CHAPTER IX.—CONTINUED.

HER constitution was by no means robust, and her little family increased rapidly. And yet, when evening came, she was always ready to sit beside his study table, and devote herself to her husband, according to his word. She knew his heart, and she held it close to her own by her sweet and loving ways, and by her power of appreciating him and his work. He had told her in suing for her hand that he had a special vocation from God, and she was the one woman who could help to fulfil it. The glowing tribute he paid to her in the first issue of the *Freeman* after her death, is a loving testimony of the manner in which she had corresponded with this sacred trust. A letter of condolence from one of the Fathers of the congregation of the Most Holy Redeemer congratulated McMaster on this article, which he thought was calculated to do much good to souls.

Her death, which occurred on the 5th of July, 1871, was sudden, but not unprepared. She had received the Sacraments of Penance and the Holy Eucharist about ten days before, but her condition changed so rapidly that she only lived long enough to be anointed, and to receive the last Absolution. She always had a great fear of death, but she passed away peacefully, evidently thinking that she was going to sleep, and saying as usual to her husband: "Good night! Jesus, Mary and Joseph." It had been their custom for years, always to make the Sacred Names their last words at night, a practice which they likewise taught their children.

As we live, so we die, and how happy a thing was this easy and simple little habit of piety, which gained for her soul a Plenary Indulgence at the last hour!

On the first meeting with his and her Confessor after her death, McMaster expressed his grief that the end had come so suddenly, that she had not been able to receive all the consolations of the Church. But good Father Dold reassured him, saying: "O, McMaster! I would gladly change places with her to-day!" This reminded him of what Father Hemprecht, who was likewise Confessor to both, had said to him during the first days after their marriage:

"McMaster, you have married an angel." Truly was she the good angel of his life. Daily had they gone to Mass together, in company with their children, who, as one by one they grew old enough, shared with them that inestimable privilege. To her example he was indebted for many little practices of piety. He always said it was she who had taught him the spirit of thanksgiving which so strikingly pervaded his life. The many letters which he received at the time of her death, are a testimony of the universal veneration for his beloved wife, and of the appreciation of the extent of his loss. They were also to him an abundant source of consolation in the numerous promises of Masses and prayers for the repose of her soul. Another consolation was afforded him in receiving a document signed just eleven days before her death, by the late Holy Father, Pius IX., in which he granted to McMaster and to his family, to the third generation, a Plenary Indulgence at the hour of death. Some weeks previous he had made, through the *Freeman's Journal*, a collection for the Holy Father's Jubilee. Oftentimes a quarter of a dollar, or even less, would be sent to him with half a dozen or more badly written names. His patience was sorely tried, but his dear wife lovingly soothed him, aiding him all she could in

his task, and saying: "Let us be patient, God will repay us in His own good time." He felt that this was indeed a blessed reward.

From the beginning of his conversion to the Catholic faith, McMaster had become accustomed to lead a life of sacrifice. The loss of an affectionate wife, who was both an industrious housekeeper and the tender mother of his little children, must have been the greatest sacrifice of his life. But he bore it with heroic resignation to the will of God, saying with Job: "The Lord gave and the Lord hath taken away: as it hath pleased the Lord, so is it done; blessed be the name of the Lord." (Job. I, 21.) This we can see from the article which he published on his wife's death in the *Freeman's Journal*:

"TO MY FRIENDS.

"The subscribers to the *Freeman's Journal* are my friends. I owe them no explanation for the absence of leading articles, or of editing other parts of the paper, than to tell them that I have suffered a blow so deep and heavy that it makes the remaining years of my life very different from all the past.

"The wife that for nearly fifteen years has been the sunshine of my house, has been snatched away from me, and from my and her young children. Those who have been intimates, even as visitors of the household, of which she was the soul, and who, on leaving, have looked back and wondered how there *could* be so much happiness in a family, will add to the burning tears they cannot restrain, the sweet incense of their fervent prayers—for the departed, and for those that remain here below.

"That home, for most part of fifteen years, has been so like a paradise, that to be absent from it, even for one evening—no matter how pleasant the attraction elsewhere—was a period of exile. As time went on, that home became dearer and more dear. Sufferings, sufferings, long and various, welded and deepened the love that had commenced in the sincere seeking of the will of God.

"Who, that was present in Bishop O'Connor's private Episcopal Chapel with the select company of forty or fifty, that were admitted at her Nuptial Mass, can

forget it? Was there a dry eye there during that *double* sacrifice? The Divine and Adorable Sacrifice was offered on the altar by Bishop O'Connor, who had been a father to her during her girlhood, and had found in her, as she ripened into womanhood, a soul so sincere, and an intellect so bright, as to make her a confidante of some of his thoughts, and even an adviser, on account of the purity of her judgment. Another sacrifice was offered up *before* the altar. It was the life of a pure virgin, whose prayer all her life, and till her last hour, was that she might do the will of God.

"Before she consented to marry me, she exacted of me but one solemn pledge: 'Do you promise you will try and help me to save my soul?'

"The way of the cross is the way of salvation to the soul, and there is none other. Her marriage to me put her in that way. Bad health and physical sufferings were her portion for many years. Sufferings, long and wearing. At one time, for eighteen months, her eyes were so affected that she could not read a word, nor look at any external object. It was a physical reaction, after the over-strain on her delicate nerves, consequent on the arrest of her husband by the tyrannous order of Mr. Wm. H. Seward, in 1861, for refusing to forego the assertion of correct principles of political morality, in face of the civil war that Mr. Seward had done so much to bring on. May God forgive him! Gertrude Fetterman McMaster was too high-strung to show one moment's weakness or fear, though she felt all the time that to order her husband to be shot, or to have him privately drowned off the battlements of the military fortress, where he was imprisoned without reason and against law, would have been in perfect keeping with the beginnings of the persecutions he underwent.

"In the troubles of those years, in politics, and in other trials later, her intellect and her soul, ever sustaining her husband as believing him altogether in the right, over-tasked her delicate, physical frame. Her voice was never heard in public, nor even in social gatherings. The bright gifts of mind and soul that she had, were poured into the bosom of her

unworthy husband, and but casually uttered, even to the guests of his house.

"But, even dead, her works praise her. Two of her daughters, almost budding into womanhood, owe to her all their intellectual training from the earliest elements. She was their teacher in German, in French, in Latin, and in music, as well as in more elementary matters, not often well taught and learned. But, above all, they have been most faithfully trained by her in what Christian girls ought to know, to believe, and to practise.

"It seems almost a sacrilege for me to speak thus of Gertrude, who abhorred, as indecent, the mention of women in journals. She has entered into her eternity, and therefore the showing of her virtues cannot affect her modesty. But words are easily coined, and therefore there is no appearance of impropriety in speaking of one who so shunned being talked of.

"It is not after her death only, but during her life, that very learned and holy men have recognized her exceptional character. I speak of this only to excite pity for myself. *Miseremini mei, miseremini mei, vos soltem amici mei, quoniam reliquit me manus Domini.*

"I have every human reason to believe that Gertrude Fetterman, late my wife, has entered on the *Sabbatine Indulgence*, at least, *Indulgentiam quam semper optavit*. But the judgments of God are inscrutable. I believe that the torrent of the river that makes glad the City of God, has filled her soul already with eternal joys.

"But it is bad theology that erects private belief into a rule of conduct. The Redemptorists, the Jesuits, the Passionists, the Dominicans, have been saying Masses for her soul and praying for her. The Masses carry their own effect. God forbid that the prayers shall be less fervent, because any may consider them unneeded. Not one of us can know the inscrutable judgments of God. The essential pain of Purgatory, as of hell, is the pain of *loss*. Therefore it is not alone expiation of faults committed, but the clear vision, in presence of eternity, of *merits eternal* that *might* have been gained, and have not been, that may be the anguish of holy souls, and constitute their Purgatory. But, to souls rightly consti-

tuted, the torment of such a vision—*eternity* of merits that might have been gained, against an idle hour, a useless amusement, in this life, so short that it has no part of it to be lost—is a torment more acute than material fire.

"Therefore, I ask the prayers of every friend of mine—whether friends I have ever seen, or not—for Gertrude Genevieve Fetterman—a week ago my wife, now my *sister* in the Lord. If she may not need them, they will not be lost. Some other holy soul in Purgatory will be solaced and sooner delivered, and, amid the choirs of the blessed, will go to Gertrude and thank her for the benefit of those prayers. Nor will the merit fail for those that will say these prayers. Gertrude will be invoked to go in heaven, and ask the Lord to return abundantly blessings for the prayers that have been said for her by her and my friends. She will be invoked to go to our Blessed Lady, and to St. Joseph, and to St. Michael, the Archangel, and to her other patrons, and to ask blessings on all the dear and true friends that have been praying for her. She will certainly do this, for it was her saying here below, that it was a mean and shameful thing not to return thanks for every spiritual favor received. This, too, is according to the doctrine of the saints.

"Notwithstanding my strong conviction that Gertrude is in perfect peace, yet, taught by the Catholic Church, I implore prayers for her, rather than for me, or for my sorely stricken little ones. This may, yet, be an *instant* duty—for God's ways are not open to human ken. For myself and my three little daughters, and my two little sons, even to the youngest, not two years old, who still calls excitedly for his mamma, I beg the prayers of my friends. I do so, because I know many will respond to my petition; and because I know that prayer will bring the greatest of all helps to me: and because I am glad to be a beggar at the doors of the faithful, for this most needed alms. God's call, striking like the lightning, has shattered the bower of my human delight. It is just, and right, and good, that I should be called to march, unsheltered, during the remaining years of my earthly life. I do not repine at this. *Castigasti me et eruditus sum, quasi Juven*

culus indomitus converte me et convertar, quia tu Dominus Deus meus.

"But how am I to fulfil the mission of rearing as a *Catholic family* the little flock left to me? It is a hard yoke to lay on shoulders so young as those of my daughters, who, hitherto, have had only to walk in the footsteps of such a mother. This is, however, their and my portion. And so I ask the prayers of my friends.

"Gertrude, whose life was a continual preparation for death, departed this life as an infant goes to sleep. The prayers I said as she was dying, she seemed to think an office of affection, to assist her as she had just laid down for the night. Her last words were 'Thank you'—'thank you'—and, as a response to the words of prayer recited in her ear: 'That is right; Jesus, Mary and Joseph.' She was too weak, and thought herself too sleepy to say more. Her pulse had been running at a hundred and forty beats to the minute, and running faster her consciousness was gone. Father Hewit had but time to reach her room to give her Extreme Unction before her heart ceased to beat. But, as her Confessor said to her, a day or two before, when she wanted to make a general confession, her whole life had been a general confession and a preparation for death.

"Gertrude died on Wednesday night, July 5th, a few minutes after the Fathers and Brothers of at least two Religious Houses—the Redemptorists in New York had offered for her their Penance and all their good works. The next morning, in several Churches of this city, all the Masses were said for the repose of her soul. Also, still a larger number, on the morning succeeding.

"Nor in New York alone, or its vicinity, in communities, as of the Jesuits, Dominicans, Redemptorists, Passionists, were these Masses offered. The telegraph reached Father Freitag at the Redemptorist Novitiate at Annapolis. Many Masses were offered on Thursday morning, and the united prayers of a vast religious community, with all their friends. On Friday, at Annapolis, a solemn Requiem was said by Father Freitag, with Deacon and Subdeacon, and all the Fathers, Brothers, Students and Novices, offered their Communions for the repose of her soul.

"At the solemn Requiem at St. Paul's Church, New York, on Saturday morning, Fathers Turner, Lilly and McGovern, of the Dominicans; Father Dealy, of the Jesuits; Fathers De Ham, and another, of the Redemptorists; Fathers Thomas and Gabriel, of the Passionists; Father Pollard, of the Oblates; and several of the Fathers of St. Paul, the Apostle, assisted. A large company of most affectionate friends thronged the Church. Fathers Thomas and Gabriel accompanied the mortal remains of this bright servant of God to the cemetery, and performed the last rite of religion at the grave. But, great as has been the affection and respect shown to our deceased *sister*—wife no longer—we ask the prayers for her soul of every friend that reads our paper."—*New York Freeman's Journal. July 15th, 1871.*

Would to God that all those who are called to the married state of life would prepare themselves for it as carefully as did our journalist and his spouse. Then we would not so often hear married people complain of the great misery and unhappy condition of their life. There are various reasons why the married life of so many persons is unhappy. 1. Many embrace this state of life without being called to it by God. 2. They do not ask God to guide them in the choice of their state of life. 3. Nor do they consult their Confessor in a matter of the greatest importance. 4. In the choice of the married state they care more for temporal advantages than for religion and virtue. One day Themistocles was asked whether he would choose to marry his daughter to a poor man of merit, or to a worthless man of an estate. "I would," said Themistocles, "prefer a man without an estate, to an estate without a man." No doubt, the consequences of marriage are most serious for time and for eternity. Marriage has grave and numerous obligations. The husband must love his wife, but that love must be chaste and holy. The wife must obey her husband, but not in things contrary to the law of God. The husband must bear patiently with the whims and failings of his wife; he must assist her in the way to heaven. A good wife, on the other hand, must be the guardian angel of her husband, "doubling his pleasures, and his cares dividing." Husband and wife have to bear patiently

all the trials and hardships of the married life, and "their name is legion." They must bring up all their children to the holy fear and love of God; and that is not a very easy task—not as easy, certainly, as some foolish persons imagine.

Alas! if we wish to reform the world, we must begin by reforming the manner of preparing for marriage. A holy marriage will bring God's blessing; from a holy union will come good families, and good families will reform the world. If every family were virtuous, the whole world would be virtuous. But now we see nothing but misery and unhappiness in the greater part of married people.

"But I say to the unmarried, and to the widows: It is good for them, if they so continue, even as I." (1. Cor. vii. viii.) This advice of St. Paul was followed by McMaster after his wife's death. He was left with a little family of five children—the oldest in her fourteenth year, the youngest less than two years. Two had died in infancy. Francis, born March 9th, 1861, died the following July. Gilbert Thomas Aquinas, born Oct. 21st, 1867, died Aug. 11th, 1868. Little Wilfred Michael was born about midnight, between the 28th and 29th of Sept., 1869. He died on Christmas, 1872. He was a wonderful child for his years, never forgetting his mother during the year and a half which he survived her. He was not a melancholy child, but a robust, sunny little fellow. He treasured up the playthings she had given him, saying he would take them up to heaven and show mamma how nice he had kept them. In his last illness he called for her incessantly during his delirium. McMaster's loving heart was again wounded by the loss of his amiable boy, who died on Christmas in 1872. He drew his remaining children around and close to him, shrinking from even a passing separation from them. After the death of his wife, just before the coffin lid was fastened, he took out of her hands the little Crucifix which she had held when dying, and kissing it, he said, addressing her: "Now, Gertie, I will take up your cross with mine, and will try to be both father and mother to my children." This Crucifix he wore faithfully. He was, indeed, both father and mother to them, sacrificing himself continually for their welfare. But though so tender with his

children, he also knew how to make himself feared, and his word respected as law in the family circle.

The following is an instance of his firmness with his children: Not very long after their mother's death, some of them got into the habit of reaching Church on Sunday just after the Mass had begun. He was displeased, and warned them of it. But the next Sunday the same thing happened. When, however, they reached the pew, he turned to them and said aloud: "Go home!" and to their mortification they had to retrace their steps. This took place in the Paulist Church, where they were well known. At the age of eighteen months McMaster had understood and remembered ever afterwards something said in his presence, not intended for the ears of a child. This incident made him extremely careful in after years, whenever, even, very little children were about, saying that we never know when they begin to receive impressions.

He did not believe in the objection, "Why should we teach the truths of religion to children before they can understand them?"

"Little children," said he, "cannot, it is true, be taught the secrets of cities, of human society, of history, etc., but they easily learn and keep the mysteries of religion. Their fair eyes are full of infinite sweetness; their little hands have not as yet committed evil; their young feet have never touched our defilement; their sacred heads wear an aureola of light; their smile, their voice proclaim their twofold purity; they are in blessed ignorance of all the errors and evils sown by heresy in later times; their view is not intercepted by the darkness of mortal sin; their minds are not cankered by the poisonous worm of infidelity and indifference towards God; their hearts are not oppressed by worldly amusements and pleasures; their souls are not drowned in the cares and troubles of this world; they are ignorant of evil and unsuspecting of all dangers. Hence it is that pure, innocent, baptized children easily see and believe divine truths by a process inexplicable; they are drawn to God naturally, as the iron is drawn to the magnet.

"Our dear Saviour most tenderly loves innocent children. His eternal arms are the young children's home. We read in

the Lives of the Saints that He has often appeared to young children, and played with them, in the form of an Infant. No doubt, the Lord of heaven and earth, who has vouchsafed to become an Infant, knows how to communicate Himself to the minds of innocent children.

"Watch good innocent children. See how devoutly they fold their little hands, how serious they look when they pray, how sweetly and reverently they pronounce the Holy Names of Jesus and Mary. They love to look at pious pictures; to hear about Jesus in the crib, about the Blessed Virgin and the angels. They love to go to Church. I have seen this in my little boy Wilfred Michael, who died in his fourth year. And did not St. Frances de Chantal, at the age of five years, confound a heretic who, in her presence, disputed with her father about the Real Presence of Jesus Christ in the Blessed Sacrament?"

"We read in the Gospel that our Saviour one day performed most wonderful things. When the chief priests and scribes saw these wonders they were filled with indignation. What excited their rage most was that the children cried aloud in the temple, saying: 'Hosanna to the Son of David!' (that is, to Jesus Christ.) And they said to our Lord: 'Hearest thou what these say?' And Jesus said to them: 'Yea, have you never heard: Out of the mouths of infants and of sucklings thou hast perfected praise.' (Matt. xxi., 15, 16.) What happened then happens still.

"We were taught," said one of our journalist's children in a conversation with me, "the Sacred Names of Jesus, Mary, Joseph, before we said papa and mamma.

"Our holy religion was made very sweet to us. When still small children we saved our little pocket-money, each setting aside two cents weekly, which our dear father and our dear mother doubled on their part. With these savings we had a little altar made for our statue of our Blessed Mother

—later on it was painted and gilded—and then we added candlesticks, vases, etc. We planted flowers in our little garden and watched over them carefully, so as to decorate our altar on feast days. The Nativity of our Blessed Mother was our special day. One year, on the eve of this Feast, a little Jewess living next door to us, having heard us speak in such loving terms of the Mother of God, handed us some flowers, saying: 'Will you give these to your Blessed Virgin for me?' The following, however, shows that our devotion was not confined to our own home. Papa, one evening in May, brought home two extra pretty bouquets. He asked whether we would carry them over to the Church or keep them for our altar. One little daughter quickly answered: 'Papa, you have always told us that the Lord loveth the gates of Sion more than all the tabernacles of Jacob,' so we shall take them to the Church.

"We delighted in reading the Lives of the Saints, although other interesting and instructive books were not withheld from us, after due inspection by our dear mother.

"The Lives of the Martyrs were our favorites, and we often, after we had gone to bed, planned how when we grew up, we would go to Japan and proclaim ourselves Christians. One little daughter was discovered on a certain occasion pacing the floor, evidently in deep thought. Finally she placed herself before her mother, saying: 'Mamma, I cannot make up my mind whether to be a Nun, a Saint or a Martyr.'

"The same little daughter asked her papa another day why we could not subscribe for some story paper like other children. He said to her: 'But you have the *Freeman's Journal*.' 'Oh, papa, that's stupid,' she replied, in a naive way. The hearty manner in which he enjoyed her speech showed the confidence and understanding between father and child.

TO BE CONTINUED.

THE GRADUATES.

BY MARY ANGELA SPELLISSY.

WHEN fairly settled to the sewing that claimed them, Kathleen's thoughts reverted to the callers of the previous day. Many were the sad histories present to her aunt's mind as Kathleen's questions drew her attention from one to another, but prudence sealed her lips. Not even to point a moral, could she reveal them. Among the guests were some who, through no fault of their own, bore heavy burdens, the selfish folly of those near and dear to them had imposed the cross. Others, through their own self will, had entailed upon themselves and their families life-long sorrows. Imprudent marriages are a fruitful source of untold anguish.

"I am bringing you a visitor, ladies," said Mary, entering.

As her companion saluted Mrs. Murphy, Kathleen had a little time for observation, and found the stranger singularly attractive. Hugh Neville was about thirty, eminently manly; his full brown beard gave to his face a resemblance to pictures of our Saviour. His smile was eloquently kind, and, to all he met gentle and simple, he bore himself with an air of exquisite deference.

"We missed you sadly yesterday. Hugh," said Mrs. Murphy.

"I assure you I was very sorry to be debarred from so congenial an occasion, but I could not give myself the pleasure without neglect of an important duty."

"I know your time is very precious and always well bestowed, but I sometimes think your ardor needs restraining; you should remember that your health requires some consideration. Your mother and I hold a council on the subject occasionally."

"Many thanks for your affectionate solicitude: the event of this evening will furnish me a diversion from my routine. I called to ask Miss Mary at what hour we are to leave here for the hall. I think we have an unusually attractive programme. Our patrons are more discriminating than a person unfamiliar with them might think."

"If your results be in proportion to your zeal, Hugh, you will be well rewarded."

"I fear you are too partial, Mrs. Murphy. This is a delightful experience, but I must end it abruptly, and betake myself to society less congenial; ten o'clock surprises us these grey mornings."

"What a delightful man," said Kathleen, as Mr. Neville left the room.

"To me he is more than that; I always think of Hugh Neville as of a saint," replied her aunt.

"Wherever he is known, his influence is recognized. His business brings him in contact with men of all ages, and of conflicting interests, and all repose in him implicit confidence. The excitement at the stock exchange is, I am told, sometimes frightful; the men act like wild creatures, shouting, pushing, and, I fear, swearing, but Mr. Neville's cousin, who is a member of the board, said to me recently: 'There is one man I have never seen treated roughly, one man with whom the rudest takes no impertinent liberties, and that is Cousin Hugh.'"

In contrast to his official life is the one known to us. As a member of the conference, he visits the poor and the prisoner, he teaches catechism and multiplies himself wonderfully in doing good. The claims of business and charity leave him little time for social gatherings, but everyone invites him; he is such a perfect gentleman that he puts those with whom he converses perfectly at ease, and elicits from them the best they have to give."

"I wish we lived in the city, Aunt Fanny. I was thinking last night that it will seem very dull to go back. You know, the people at home are very loving, but there is such a difference between them and society here where so many are of our own faith. In the city you have so many religious advantages; it is very nice to have the Church so near."

"Yes, Kathleen, and I sometimes fear we are not sufficiently grateful for our religious privileges, but it is well for you to

remember that God supplies His grace to all, in proportion to their correspondence with it, and according to their necessities. If you are faithful in using the means you have within your power and are true to your religious principles, the designs of God in your regard will be accomplished as faithfully in Sargentsville as in Philadelphia, and that is the main object in life."

The return of the shoppers, just as the bell rang for luncheon, interrupted their conversation.

In the afternoon Mary took her cousin to the exposition of vestments intended for poor missions. Kathleen was surprised at the number, beauty and variety of the different articles. "This cape," said her cousin, "was a bridal dress, worn only during the ceremony, the decorations were painted on it by the bride."

Many yards of delicate laces lay in dainty packages, the work of the ladies during odd minutes or in the summer vacations. One of the members remarked that she always took her tabernacle work to the porch at the summer hotel, and found it a barrier against ill-natured gossip. The bulletin issued by the society lay on the table; Kathleen glanced over it and found the extracts from the letters of priestly applicants most pathetic. She learned that in the south and west a few churches were scattered over an immense territory, some of them hundreds of miles apart. A priest sometimes attended to five or six missions. By such as these the supplies from the Tabernacle Society were received as gifts direct from heaven.

Mr. Neville called for Mary soon after dinner. No spectators were admitted to the concert. There were present only "Our Neighbors," the performers, and the committee.

The home-circle were in the full enjoyment of that perfect abandon peculiar to family life, when Mrs. McBride and daughters were announced. Being old friends they were received in the sitting-room. They were great favorites with Mrs. Murphy, who admired the good humor that prevailed in their family life; the sons were as courteous to their mother and sisters as they were to those of strangers, and the daughters were always interested in all that concerned their brothers. Take them all in all they were very pleasing. The con-

versation turned on the energy and thrift displayed by a mutual acquaintance.

"Yes," said Mrs. McBride, "Mrs. Leary is a wonderful manager: although they are a family of ten, they have but one servant: they own the house, and it is always kept in beautiful order. Before school, the elder girls do the chamber-work: two of them walk to the convent and are always punctual."

"I don't see how they manage it," said Frances McBride: "I always had enough to do to get dressed in time."

"I think I can throw some light on the subject," said Mrs. Murphy. "You remember we were formerly neighbors. Mrs. Leary does not approve of late hours. At half past nine the school division, as they called the elder children, began their preparations for retiring. Everything was left in order for the following morning. The little ones were sent to bed at eight. Six was the rising hour. Every child, able to be useful, had its share of duty, and a time assigned for its performance. They are a cheerful, lively family."

"Does not Ellie Leary play well?" inquired Catherine.

"She is indeed a brilliant performer," answered Mr. Murphy, "and so many-sided; she can give you 'Tannhauser,' 'Norma' or 'Maggie Murphy's Home,' according to your mood. She is as wholesome and refreshing as a winter apple."

"Yes," replied Mrs. McBride, "she is a very nice girl. Is it not a pity she does not dress in better taste?"

"I thought her very prettily dressed when she called here last week," responded Mrs. Murphy.

"Maybe she has something new; I think it is a pity she wears red so much, it makes her look so Irish."

Mrs. Murphy, mindful of the nationality of her husband and of her guests, was dumb from indignation. Mr. Dillon came boldly to the rescue.

"I don't understand you: if you had said green, your meaning would be clear, but, with the English drop in you, it is well to remember that gory red has full fling in the flag of England."

Mrs. Murphy diverted the conversation by inquiring if the visitors had read a certain article in the *Century*.

"No," said Frances, "we see the magazines at the library, and the boys bring us *Puck* and the evening papers."

"I cannot understand," said Mr. Murphy, "how any Irish Catholic can patronize a paper that continually holds up his faith and the home of his fathers to ridicule."

"O, we don't mind that."

"So it seems; you do not realize that such influences tell. I am often disgusted by the remarks of the children of Irish Catholics: through their parents' foolish shame of the poverty of their own early life, the children are kept in ignorance of it. Many of the Irish peasantry have been wonderfully successful in amassing wealth. Their first desire is to give their children the education of which they were themselves deprived. With the smattering the children acquire the parents are dazzled and consider their darlings prodigies. The consequence is, that the young folks become ostentatious and presuming. To show their superiority to the creatures portrayed in such periodicals as *Puck*, they constantly hold up the exaggerations of the Irish to ridicule, entirely unconscious that in doing so they are reminding their auditors of the deficiencies of members of their own families. Thus they estrange old friends and close against them, by their ill-breeding, many a social circle. The Irish peasant was admirable for piety, purity and honesty; his ignorance is the shame of his persecutors and is not his fault; his descendants should be taught to reverence the heroic virtues of their ancestors. You see, my girl, I take the liberty of an old friend: you know I am your God-father."

"Your correction is just," replied Mrs. McBride. "You remind me that my aunt once said, that with my name I should be careful how I ridiculed the Irish."

"Before we leave the subject," said Mr. Dillon, "I want to give my testimony. I have often thought, while down in Georgia among the so-called 'crackers,' of the wit, good humor and kindness of the poorest of our peasants at home. Such a dull people as the snuff dipper of Georgia is unknown. The caricaturist has presented but few specimens of the cracker type, probably because, being so colorless, it has few attractions. Suppose its degradation was portrayed in the London journals, would Americans quietly submit to ridicule as

'crackers'? Many of the peasants who came hither from Ireland know nothing of the elegance and culture of life in an Irish city—Dublin, for instance—just as the 'poor white' of the south, or the backwoodsman of the west, is unfamiliar with the magnificence of New York, Chicago or New Orleans."

"Very true, Ned. Don't you think we might have some music after all our wisdom? I know you are eager for a duet with Mrs. McBride. I want to hear you both in 'Maritana.' Hunt it up, Margaret; Frances will play the accompaniment."

One piece suggested another. Mr. Murphy was an excellent violinist; Margaret played well on the guitar. Their evenings were seldom passed without music. Mary's return from the concert surprised the group, informing them of the lateness of the hour.

"What have you seen of the city, Kathleen?" inquired Mr. Dillon the next morning.

"Uncle Dan took me to Independence Hall, to the mint, to the public buildings and the Catholic high school. With Aunt Fanny I went to Wanamaker's, to St. Joseph's Orphan Asylum and to St. Joseph's Home for boys. Cousin Mary and I went to the Convent of Notre Dame and to the Cathedral, and with Cousin Margaret I attended Benediction at the Convent of the Sacred Heart. Oh, yes, we went to a reception at the Academy of Natural Sciences. I have seen the pictures at the Academy of Fine Arts and at the Art Club. I have been to a play at the Women's Century Club and heard a concert at the Drexel Institute."

"You have lost no time, but I find you have omitted my old favorite, the park. If you are willing we will have a tramp in it this morning."

"I should like it very much."

"Which of you girls can go with us?"

"Both of us; I have my duty disposed of."

"What is that?"

"I am pastry cook this week; the result of my efforts this morning awaits your appreciation at dinner time."

"I will be dressed in half an hour," said Margaret.

"How well the girls' gowns fit them," said Mrs. Redmond, as they left the house.

"Yes, I think they succeeded very well. Were they made by themselves?"

"Yes; since they were able to sew they have always helped the dress-maker, when we had one sewing here, during vacation. After they graduated, they made application at the Drexel Institute, and began the course in dress-making last October. The dresses they have on this morning are class-work. They have found the course very interesting: it includes chemistry, book-keeping and drawing. A library and gymnasium are also open to the students. The necessity for punctuality and concentration of mind conduces to strengthen systematic habits. Contact with a variety of people is also good discipline and apt to lessen self-conceit. A young woman soon finds her level in a body of earnest studious people."

"What superior advantages life in the city furnishes."

"Yes, and yet I sometimes yearn for the tranquillity of the dweller in the full enjoyment of nature. Your own mountain views, the beauties of the successive seasons, life about you, fresh from the hand of the Creator, are all delightful. In a great city there is such a sense of conflict in the rush of the multitude."

"I comprehend that sensation, I have suffered from it occasionally, but I admire the mental activity: here, you are compelled to live instead of vegetating, your principles are tested, and if you make mistakes in applying them, you are soon challenged to defend your position."

"Your remarks encourage me to ask for Kathleen. I shall exchange with you, lending Mary to keep you company."

"My dear Fanny, you are truly kind. Many thoughts have been passing through my mind since my arrival. I find Mary and Margaret delightful girls, and shall be very happy if Kathleen imitates their many virtues. Your offer is very generous. John will soon be here and together we will consider the pro and con. I have been wishing for Kathleen just such opportunities as the Drexel Institute affords. I remember so well the wretched position in which we were placed by the death of my father. His implicit confidence in the honesty of others made him an easy victim to the unscrupulous. He inherited the mills and had no experience of business, but was at

the mercy of the man who had been for years the superintendent, and who took advantage of my father's easy going way to enrich himself. Father's sudden death revealed to us that the property was heavily mortgaged, and that the superintendent was really the owner. Mother was prostrated by the double loss. Edward went from college to a clerkship, and I was left to learn the bitter lessons that adversity brings to those unprepared for them. I wish to save Kathleen such sorrow. She is already very useful to her father in his profession, and a course at the institute cannot fail to be of great service to her. I shall be delighted to have a visit from Mary, but I do not wish to deprive you of her delightful companionship."

"You will furnish a charming hostage. I really think the change will serve both cousins. Mary cannot say 'no' when asked to serve the cause of the many good works. She has been living beyond her health-capital, and I think the scheme will be equally beneficial to both cousins."

"I hope so, you have set me such a brave example in resigning your sons to the call of duty that I must put self under foot."

"I confess I was rather perplexed about the boys when the question arose. Paul received a most flattering offer, through one of the professors, before he graduated in civil engineering. I feared the temptations he would meet, and would have shielded him a little longer with the home influences. His father asked me if I wanted to keep him in long clothes forever, and reminded me that we had spared no pains to educate him to a proper use of the things of this world. I had been told that Paul's instructions to his Sunday school class were excellent, and that he was very careful to teach the boys the doctrines of their faith. He gave them the usual calumnies in circulation against it, and exposed their falseness. I had much reason to think that Paul's life was ruled by the underlying principle that he was God's creature, and that, under all circumstances, he owed allegiance to his Creator. His father said he had noticed that Paul was an excellent defender when his religion was attacked, and that he was equally good in attack when necessary."

"At last I consented, but his going away was a great sorrow. Of course our children must leave us, we cannot live their lives for them. We were fortunate in keeping John

a little longer with us. Since he graduated he has had some hospital service. His term in New York will soon be finished."

TO BE CONTINUED.

BLESSED ARCHANGELA GIRLANI.

BY PIUS R. MAYER, O. C. C.

ON the 6th of this month the Carmelite Convents celebrate the Feast of one of their sisters, whose name is not inscribed in the Martyrology, but who, we are sure, is nevertheless a companion of those Saints whose names we find there.

A solemn canonization of a Saint of God is a matter of very great expenditure, and poor communities cannot raise the funds necessary for the purpose. They therefore content themselves with proving to the Apostolic See, that from time immemorial the faithful of a certain locality have considered a deceased member of the Order a saintly servant of God, have venerated her as such, and successfully implored her intercession in their needs. Thereupon the Apostolic See by a formal decree recognizes their local veneration, and allows an Office and Mass to be offered in their honor in the Churches and oratories of the respective Order.

Blessed Archangela Giralani belongs to this class.

Eleonora was born in Monte Ferrato in Italy, the daughter of John Giralani. She was educated by the Sisters of St. Benedict, and even as a pupil of their convent she gave unmistakable signs of future sanctity by shunning the distractions and pleasures of youth, and giving herself to pious meditations. Her father, wishing her to be married, recalled her from the convent. Eleonora, however, had vowed her virginity to God, refused every offer of marriage, and even persuaded her sisters Mary and Scholastica, to follow her example and devote their lives to God.

The three sisters entered the Carmelite convent at Parma. Eleonora received the name of Archangela. Her virtues were so conspicuous, and her progress in every virtue so rapid, that after a few years of religious life, her companions elected her Prioress. In this position she was a

pattern of a Religious, verifying in her life the word of the Apostle, that a virgin or unmarried woman thinks solely of the things that are God's.

Shortly after, the Duke of Gonzaga built a Carmelite Convent at Mantua, called: St. Mary of the Paradise, and Archangela was chosen the first Superior. Under her skilful management and the force of her example, she soon gathered around her a numerous family of servants of God, and the title of the monastery gave her occasion to instruct her sisters, that living in Paradise their life should be redolent of paradise.

Ecstasies and miracles attested the sanctity of this humble sister. But continuous labor, joined to fasting and bodily austerities, brought upon her a mortal sickness, and as she knew her dissolution on hand, she gathered her flock around her couch, admonished them to perseverance and holy fervor, and after scarcely three years of life in Mantua, she yielded her pure soul to her Maker on the 6th of February, 1494.

The Carmelite Order never played a prominent role in history, but, like its Queen, its life was hidden, yet rendered fragrant with the odor of sanctity, emanating from so many holy souls, who are not noticed by the world, but whose vicarious prayers and penances are valuable in the eyes of God, and a source of untold blessings to a frivolous world, that never will know or recognize its best friends and benefactors. Blessed Archangela was such a benefactor in life, and we are certain, she will be a benefactor also in heaven.*

* The Apostolic See has lately allowed an Office and Mass in honor of another one of our saintly deceased members of Carmel; the Carmelite Nun, Sr. Jane of Toulouse. A short biography of this remarkable saint will appear in a future issue of the REVIEW.—[EDITOR.]

BITS OF TALK WITH OTHER WOMEN.

II.

OF THE ODD MINUTE.

BY MARIE LOUISE SANDROCK REDMOND.

A NEW organization has recently been formed, of course by progressive American women, entitled, "The Odd Minute Society." Its object being somewhat self-evident and therefore an open field for the ridicule and admiration of every newspaper paragrapher, it is better to turn from the new society itself to the Odd Minute which, untrapped in such philanthropic device, goeth about, like a bloodthirsty mosquito, seeking whom it may envenom.

For the evil possibilities of the Odd Minute are tremendous. It is this impertinent atom of time which catches pertinently hold of the heart, the mind, the eye, the ear or the tongue, and a trickling rill of uncharitableness starts on its course to become later on an ungovernable torrent of harm.

The Odd Minute in its possibilities for good is one of the tenderest, most powerful, all-pervading graces that God has blessed our lives with. It is an angel ceaselessly weaving the cloth of gold of our heavenly vesture.

How avoid its evil—how make use of its good? That is the problem of the Odd Minute—perplexing enough, especially to women in whose lives it figures most largely.

A nap, a novel, a bit of embroidery; a chat or a reverie,—these are the ways in which our leisure moments are mostly spent. The first is so often a health necessity that we will let it go with the reflection, that everything that is done to ensure a sound mind in a sound body is well done.

The novel—a sufficient theme by itself—is a rest or disquietude, inspiring or enervating, a pure spur in the onward path, or a corrupt and downward drag. That is a question of novelist or novel; the choice between the great works of the great writers, and the literary refuse and husks

with which the printing press of to-day teems.

Whatever the novel be, I contend that there is more stimulus, more repose, more break in the day's monotony, when the Odd Minute is devoted to some interesting study calling for the exercise of the reason, the memory and the will, than when it is spent altogether in the power of the imagination.

It would be easy to arrange statistics proving exactly how much mental work can be accomplished in a month or a year through the aid of the Odd Minute. That savors, to my mind, too much of the American love of accumulation, looking to numerical results rather than to the soul and mind growth that is most concerned. Let us rather think of what poor Jane Welsh Carlyle said of the power of study for retaining youth and happiness.

Let us restrain our hungry longing for the stored wisdom of the ages, but in all humility let us choose a language, a science, any congenial study with which to familiarize ourselves. It shall prove for us the magic resource that shall open to us the whole treasury of wisdom's vaults.

The woman whose Odd Minute is spent in embroidery is apt to get lost in the nervous, sight-ruining mazes of the fascinating doily and kindred fads of lesser usefulness. She could derive more solid satisfaction, and less chance of nervous prostration, by devoting her idle moments to the beautiful and richly-indulged work of the Tabernacle Society, or the less ambitious but very needful sewing and mending for the poor.

It is in the chat, perhaps, that the evil possibilities of the Odd Minute mainly appear. For the chat is mostly gossip, and gossip is nearly always spiced more or less tartly or unsavorily. The ideal chat is always restful, and is always made up of impersonalities. Only an experience of the

cruelty and meanness of personalities can make us fully appreciate the value of the impersonal. "Spare me from my friends!" is the agonized cry of those who have been, to use a vulgar phrase, "put through" by kindly acquaintances who never dream, good, blundering souls, that perfect sympathy is always silent.

It may appear a sweeping assertion—though I am very sure it is perfectly true—to say, that anyone who is greatly given to revery or day-dreaming, leads neither a useful nor a happy life. Dreaming inevitably fills the soul with a languid incapability of action.

That mildest of modern saints and saint-makers, Father Faber, says emphatically on this subject: "Did anyone ever catch himself building a castle in the air which did not in some way rebound to his own honor and praise? Can religious men spend an hour in giving magnificent mental alms, or bearing crosses heroically, or undergoing martyrdom, or evangelizing continents, or ruling churches, or founding hospitals, or entering austere orders, or arranging edifying death-beds, or working miracles at their own tombs, without their being essentially lower and grosser, vainer

and sillier men, than they were when the hour began? They acquire a habit of admiring fine things without practising them. . . . Do not be startled at the strong words, but this castle-building literally desolates and debauches the soul."

There are many days when a woman loses hold of logic and common sense, when her trouble or worry, real or imaginary, out-balances the many real and vivid blessings her life is filled with. It is then that the Odd Minute is apt to sink into the morass of brooding. From this slough of despond only vigorous action can save us.

There is always the alternative of work or exercise when a fit of brooding is at hand. A vigorous walk, brisk exercise with dumb bells, or a little energetic household labor engrosses the attention, turns the mind from the always dangerous topics of self, braces the nerves and softens the spirit.

Let the idle moment be spent before the Tabernacle occasionally. Then while the soul imbibes the peace and tranquillity that the American woman so seldom enjoys, the angel of the Odd Minute best fulfills his earthly mission.

Called to a Perfect Life by the Scapular.

BY S. X. B.

THE subject of this sketch is a young girl, bright, 'gifted and possessing many noble traits; having the true faith but somewhat worldly. Her piety was more instinctive than enlightened, and her feelings towards the Blessed Virgin were those which are never wanting, to a certain extent at least, in souls regenerated through Baptism. This filial sentiment is a special fruit of divine grace, leading the possessor to exclaim to Mary: "My Mother;" and to our Lord, "Father." Further than this, devotion to the Blessed Mother had not been encouraged in our heroine. Her education and associations had been the reverse of favorable to such an end. On one occasion when she went to confession—which she was in the habit of doing at rare intervals—the priest asked

her if she practiced any devotion in honor of Mary. After a few moments' silence—"Nothing, Father, but the *Ave Maria* of my daily prayers." "Would you be willing to do something more?" "Yes, Father, if it would not be too difficult." "Very well. Take the Scapular!" "But I do not know what that is." "It is the livery of all true children of Mary—the souvenir which they cherish of their beloved mother; the sign of the love they have for her; they wear it, though it is unseen by the world. To wear the scapular is to perform a lasting act of piety, and yet nothing is less difficult. It is always easy to love our mother." "Give me the scapular," said the dear child with enthusiasm, "and I will receive it with all my heart."

Some weeks later she returned to testify

her gratitude to the venerable priest. This act of devotion toward the most Blessed Virgin had been for her the first bright link in a long chain of graces, which were to effect an entire transformation in her spiritual life.

Some years had elapsed since the happy change. The same ecclesiastic one morning, about nine o'clock, set out from his dwelling with a ponderous volume under his arm. He fled from the busy scenes of the city to seek the silence of the adjacent forest, and thus enjoy without interruption his favorite study, Philosophy. But strange to say he could not concentrate his mind upon his book. It was not that thoughts foreign to the subject intruded themselves. It was simply an interior attraction for which he could not account. Conquered thereby he closed without volition his book, and retraced his steps until he reached the Church where he exercised the sacred ministry. The attraction becoming each moment more powerful he knelt down, or rather he was impelled by some secret power to fall on his knees before the most Blessed Sacrament. In truth he received a visit from Jesus, instead of making one to the Savior hidden beneath the mystic veils. A light until then unknown to the eyes of his soul revealed to him divine truths more vividly than ever before. The Spirit of God transfixed his heart like a sword.

Was it joy? Was it sorrow? Was it

love? Was it pain? It was a mingling of all, but the priest would not have exchanged one of those tears for all the delights of the world. The divine visitation lasted for a long time. Gradually returning to himself the father ceased not to recite, "My God! What hast Thou done to me? I was not seeking Thee, yet didst Thou come. Whence is it, O Lord, that I have been thus highly favored?" On the following day he received a letter wherein he read: "Yesterday Miss X. made her solemn vows. The silence of her holy retreat still lingers to too great an extent for her to write to you herself, but she requested me to say that immediately after her oblation, she recited an *Ave Maria*, her hand upon her scapular, and fervently implored the divine Mother thus: "*Dear Mother, beg Jesus, thy beloved Son, to give back to my director the good which he so abundantly gave unto me.*"

The profession took place at 9 a.m. * * * The mystery of the preceding day was explained, and the priest recognized the loving haste with which Jesus grants the request of those fervent souls who honor and love his Blessed Mother. Miss X. remained ever a faithful religieuse, and, whilst still young, after offering her life to God for the salvation of a soul, died in sentiments of the most fervent devotion and piety.—La. Nouvelle Eve. par V. Deschamps 1862. Tournai.

IN CALVARY CEMETERY.

BY MRS. MARY A. SADLIER.

A BEAUTIFUL instance of Our Dear Lady's never-ceasing care of her faithful children was lately brought under my notice by one who was an eye-witness of the fact related.

A funeral cortege had just arrived at a trim, well-kept plot in the great cemetery. Only the relatives and near connections of the dead were present, for she was old and helpless and had long outlived her usefulness; a widow, moreover, who had seen her husband stricken down suddenly in the prime of life, and had lost nearly all of her children within a comparatively short period. So the funeral had been announced

as private and only the relatives, as I have said, with a very few intimate friends were present.

When the coffin was about to be lowered into the grave someone remarked, "What a pity the grave cannot be blessed!"

"Yes," said another, "It seems hard and strange that she, who was all her life such a faithful Christian and devout child of Mary, should rest in a grave unblessed by the prayer of the church! Why, for all these last long months of partial paralysis her beads were never out of her hands. I think they were her greatest comfort."

Others were saying what a pity it was that a priest had not been specially invited from the city to bless the grave, when all at once one of the mourners, a nephew of the dead, suddenly exclaimed, "Why, there are two priests over yonder!"

Sure enough, two priests had just come into the cemetery and stood a little way off engaged in conversation on some topic of interest to themselves.

"Why, they are Dominicans," added the same speaker, and one of them is Father S——," mentioning the name of one of the best known and best loved Dominican Fathers of the great metropolis. "I'll go and ask him to bless the grave." And he went to where the priests were standing.

A minute more, and the latter, with uncovered heads, had joined the funeral train and the elder of the two, taking out his breviary, read aloud the solemn words of benediction appointed by the church for the burial of her departed children, and the blessing of their last resting place, while all present knelt reverently on the graveyard sward to join in prayer for the parted soul.

When the last shovelful of earth was heaped on the funeral mound, and the thanks of the mourning relatives had been duly offered to the reverend gentlemen who had come so opportunely, though all unwittingly, to the spot, and so courteously complied with the request to perform the

last solemn rite over the grave, one of the relatives remarked:

"Father S——, it is a striking and very touching coincidence that it was you, who came so unexpectedly to bless the grave of our dear departed one."

"And why so, my child?"

"Because, Father, she who lies there was a most fervent child and faithful servant of Our Blessed Lady, and the Rosary was all her life long one of her greatest devotions, as it was, I have heard, of her mother before her."

"Well, it was undoubtedly Our Lady who brought me here," said Father S——. "It seemed a mere chance that we came to-day to look at a plot which we think of buying. But I now see it was a providential arrangement, so that the faithful servant of Our Lady of the Rosary might have her final resting place duly blessed by one of her own priests of the Rosary. Wonderful are the ways of God, and great the loving care of Mary our mother over her children living and dead!"

* * * * *

In this connection how true are the words of Thomas D'Arcy McGee in his poem on "The Rosary":

"Oh! scorn not the pious poor,
Nor the Rosary they tell—
Ere Faust was born, or men grew proud
To read by the light of hell,
In noble and in humble hands
Beads guided souls to heaven in bands."

THE BELLS OF LUCCA.

BY PHILIP A. BEST.

"All hail ye saints in heaven, that dwell
Close by the cross! exclaimed the bell."

—*Demorest's Monthly.*

ABOUT twelve miles north-east of Pisa, famous for its leaning tower, in a fine plane, bounded by picturesque hills, on the river Serchio, lies the pretty town of Lucca. The commercial activity of its inhabitants has obtained for it the name of "Lucca l'Industriosa." I believe that Lucca was the first place in Italy where the production and manufacture of silk were successfully introduced. Not far from Lucca are the famous mineral baths, whose

waters have been exported to all parts of Italy. The cathedral of Lucca is famous on account of the fine paintings which it contains, but what interests us the most is the church of SS. Paulinus and Donatus, which contains the relics of two holy Carmelites — Saint Avertanus and Blessed Romaeus.

The year 1309 saw most of Europe in mourning. The hand of God lay heavily on its people, and hungry earth yawned to receive the immense harvest of human beings who had fallen before the grim reaper. Pest was king. His victims were hurriedly

carried to their last resting place, where no lengthy funeral services were held. The busy sexton stood day and night in "the gloomy tower where the bell swung to and fro" tolling the REQUIEM of rich and poor.

Families were decimated, children became orphans, and, like Rachel, mothers sighed for lost children, "because they were not." Those were, indeed, days that tried men's souls. People seemed to be rather stunned than grief-stricken. We can form some idea of the wide-spread fear and terror if we recall that awful day—May 31st, 1889—when the flood-gates poured into the Conemaugh Valley, carrying death and destruction to the unprepared population of that stricken town of Pennsylvania. We have reason to fear dread Pest who only laughs at the funny endeavors of man to keep him at bay. How men trembled a few years ago when pestilence stood as an unwelcome visitor inside the harbor of the metropolis. It was not God's will that He should scourge us then, but nevertheless, to show us our weakness when on the defensive, the plague *did* reach our shores in spite of all the engines of war which stand guard ready to belch fire in the face of common enemies.

But we have now only to do with the plague of 1309. Such times produce both cowards and heroes. Cowards, more from awakened conscience than from the threatened danger—and heroes, from the many opportunities of ministering to afflicted humanity. The Churches were no longer given to the sole use of the devout sex, but were asylums eagerly sought by men who in times of prosperity had but little time for affairs of the soul. Adversity brings us back to God. Any one visiting the grottos of the Madonna during those days would see crowds thronging to her shrine. They sang her Litany, and, with words choked by tears, could be heard re-echoing through the valleys: *Salus infirmorum—Ora pro nobis.* ("Health of the sick pray for us.") And in how many cases did not Mary hear that prayer! Her heart cannot resist the prayer of those in affliction. At other times silent groups knelt at Our Lady's feet. They were too sad for utterance. The silence of the tomb seemed to prevail. Nothing could be heard except the constant "moaning and groaning of the bells."

There are times when priests are not wanted. They are in the way, a sort of tolerated nuisance, "a wart on the face of society," as Victor Hugo would put it. But there are times, too, when priest-haters are willing to kiss the hem of the garments of God's anointed ones. It is not the priest they respect. It's hell which they fear. Pastors of souls in the fourteenth century did not differ from those of the nineteenth century. In all great calamities the priest is the first to offer his services. To be a martyr to duty is his greatest desire. This being the case, it is not to be wondered at that in 1309 the priests were the first to fall. It might appear strange that God takes from us spiritual assistance when we most need it. But it is no injustice to us. Forewarned is to be forearmed. We are continually exhorted to be always prepared, because we know not the hour, and if we followed the advice, and went to our duties regularly, we would be always ready. That is just on the part of God. But He is merciful, and often moved to mercy by the prayers of His Holy Mother.

Two monks were coming down the beautiful valley of the Po. Their advent was very opportune. Perhaps Mary had sent them. These two holy mendicants belonged to the order of the Brothers of Our Blessed Lady of Mount Carmel. Their primary object was not to relieve a suffering people. They came simply to satisfy their religious devotion. But "what man proposes God disposes," says Thomas a Kempis, and well that it is so, for otherwise Lucca would not have had her angels of peace in the hour of affliction.

Let us for a moment leave Italy and retrace the hallowed steps of these two holy friars. Arriving at their starting point we shall find ourselves in a Carmelite Monastery at Limoges, in the south of France. Limoges was famous for its monasteries. Prior to the French revolution it contained forty convents. In a worldly sense Limoges is renowned for its manufacture of porcelain ware, but a greater splendor is thrown around that little French town by the fact that from its gates went forth two saints who were to be brilliant jewels in the crown of Holy Mother Church, and shining ornaments on the escutcheon of Carmel.

Not a great distance from Limoges is Bordeaux, where lie the remains of St.

Simon Stock, the Carmelite to whom the Blessed Virgin gave the Holy Scapular. For the past 630 years St. Simon's relics have been left undisturbed, except that some few years ago an arm was taken from the body and brought to London, England, where, amidst great ceremony the late Cardinal Manning placed the sacred relic on the altar of the church of the English Carmelites. St. Simon died at the ripe old age of 101 at Bordeaux in 1265. Before he departed from this life he had founded several convents on the continent, and to his living example must be ascribed the great fervor which prevailed in the different houses of the order, particularly in that of Limoges.

To speak of the monastery at Limoges would be to describe a house of saints. None of the monks therein excelled in sanctity the two friars of which we are speaking. Their secular name is lost to us. There were known in religion as Brother Avertanus and Brother Romaeus. The former was a Frenchman, the latter an Italian.

Avertanus and Romaeus were rivals. But it was a holy rivalry. Like two giants they made great strides towards perfection. They were likewise fast friends. Friend! What a world of meaning in that word and yet so much abused. Who does not yearn for the one in a thousand—the one who will understand us and be our counsellor in the time of need. Worldly friendships do not count for much. They are spoiled by selfish motives. We need not to search very deep to find out that it is ourselves which we really love.

Love! Some would have us believe that love must be shaken off with other incumbrances when passing through the convent gate. No, love and friendship remain, but in the monastery they become more pure and intense. Higher motives elevate them. Brotherly love finds its own peculiar atmosphere in religion. Somebody has defined a friend to be "he who is the first to welcome us after all the world has forsaken us," and I might say that if there was one on whom the whole world had turned its back, that same person would not be wanting in friends, if by chance he found himself clothed with the religious habit. But let us return to the monastery at Limoges.

To describe the lives of Avertanus and Romaeus would be to run through the catalogue of all possible virtues and say they excelled in all. The Blessed Virgin was greatly honored by all the monks of Limoges. In honoring Mary they were naturally expected, as Carmelites, to give an example to others. A century had not elapsed since the order had received the Scapular, and in consequence all vied with each other in honoring Mary's chosen ones. Among other edifying things the chronicler of Limoges tells us that it was not an unusual thing for the Blessed Queen of Heaven to descend to earth and hold a familiar conversation with two of her special friends, Saints Avertanus and Romaeus.

After many years of constant devotion in God's service, Avertanus felt moved to make a pilgrimage to the holy places, especially at Rome. He laid open his plans to Romaeus, who exclaimed: "O, Brother Avertanus, your plans are my plans; I have long since contemplated the same thing. This is surely the will of God." To convince themselves that it was God's will, they both went to the chapel to pray, and then hastened to the cell of the Prior. Having received permission to speak, they laid bare their mutual plans. The Prior called his chapter together, and after consultation it was decided to allow Brothers Romaeus and Avertanus to undertake a pilgrimage to Rome. The two holy monks, having heard the decision, went at once to the chapel to chant a devout *Te Deum*.

No true monk cares to live outside his monastery. But if necessary, or the manifest will of God demands it for the good of souls, he is willing to go. These were the sentiments of Avertanus and Romaeus. They had but one regret, and that was to sever their connection with their other brethren. Charity reigned in their monastery, and they knew well (as was in years to come to be expressed by St. Teresa) that "every monastery in which charity abides is a paradise on earth." Due preparations were made for the journey. These preparations consisted mostly of prayers, assisting at Holy Mass, and special devotions in honor of the Holy Mother of God.

The whole community escorted Romaeus and Avertanus to the outer walls of the monastery. As the heavy gates rolled out-

ward on their hinges, all fell on their knees, whilst the Prior intoned the beautiful prayers for a journey in the Carmelite Itinerary. After the cantors had intoned the *Vias tuas Domine demonstra nobis*, etc., (show us, O Lord, thy ways) and other appropriate verses, with uplifted hands the Prior prayed:

“O God, who hath safely brought the children of Israel through the middle of the sea and likewise directed the paths of the Magi by means of a star; we beseech thee to grant to these thy servants, Avertanus and Romaeus, a prosperous journey, so that being accompanied by thy Holy Angel they may safely reach the end of their pilgrimage here, and finally enter the harbor of eternal rest. Through Christ, Our Lord.”

“Amen,” responded the monks, and uttering a *procedamus in pace* (let us proceed in peace) the two monks proceeded on their journey, reciting as they went the *sub tuum praesidium* in order to obtain Mary’s protection.

Traveling was no luxury in those days. If we compared the mode of traveling at that time with our modern ways we should have a strong contrast. Nowadays we go from place to place in a luxuriantly equipped palace on wheels, and do not feel the burdens of the trip. The baggage checking system did not concern those two traveling monks. They had no *impedimenta*, as Cæsar aptly styled baggage. If customs officials existed in those days their office would be a sinecure if they had to deal with poor monks. It is not difficult to give an inventory of the worldly possessions of these two monks, in fact, a habit, breviary, (I was going to say rosary, but St. Dominic was yet to be born), a staff and enough bread for a meal about completed their outfit. There would doubtless be danger on the way, so they were armed—with prayer. Brigands in those days were ever on the alert for booty, but whenever they passed Romaeus and Avertanus they invariably galloped away in disgust, exclaiming “they are only monks.”

Towards noon the two pilgrims had gone a considerable distance, and for the last time they could faintly hear the angelus bell of their convent, and kneeling down they fervently prayed “while swung the deep bell in the distant tower.” They sat

down to their scanty repast, and then, as with Paul and Anthony, there was a saintly dispute as to who should take the first share, Avertanus contending that Romaeus should eat first, and *vice versa*. The first night they stopped at some monastery, where they received, as is always the case, true fraternal hospitality, the monks, as is the custom among Carmelites and others, even washing their feet.

The world never changes. So Avertanus and Romaeus were not exempt from insults while on the way. But they gloried in being persecuted. They even stood like St. Ignatius and seemed as much delighted to be ill-treated as others loved to be honored. Even children scoffed at them as they passed along, and as in the days of Eliseus their tormentors would have been punished if the saints had made their wish a prayer, but they did not. They only asked for suffering.

But the real hardships were only commencing. The Alps stood between the monks and their goal. Many were the hair-breadth escapes. It would be impossible to adequately describe all they had to undergo. But they bore it all heroically, for the end in view sweetened their trials. People have climbed those lofty peaks for a less noble cause. Perhaps for a mere bit of earthly applause. Only lately an ambitious American imperilled his life by climbing the Matterhorn, and being asked why he did so, replied, “Really I hardly know myself.” Perhaps if he probed deeper he would find the answer in a word, “Vanity.”

Italy was reached. The two holy travelers could already picture to their imagination the Eternal City looming up in the distance.

But Providence ordained otherwise. They shall never see Rome. As they passed along the enchanting valley of the Po, more than once they heard the bells tolling the Requiem of some departing soul. “It’s the *De Profundis* bell,” remarked Romaeus, and they both knelt down to offer their suffrages for the suffering souls. The bells continued to ring. “I am certain,” said Avertanus, “that some great calamity has come upon this land,” and they both devoutly prayed, “Spare O Lord, O spare thy people.”

They soon learned the true state of things. They met a peasant whose looks were wan and careworn. He looked surprised when asked what was the cause of such wide-spread affliction.

"The plague," was his awful answer.

The two monks, now at the threshold of this stricken country, had the alternative of returning to France and thus escape the disease, or proceed at the risk of their lives. They cheerfully chose the latter course.

It was soon noised about that two monks had arrived in the country. The good news traveled swiftly. Avertanus and Romaeus made good use of their time. They were continually engaged in errands of mercy, bringing consolation from house to house. A silver lining had shown itself on the dark cloud which overhung the people, and Mary's rainbow of peace had appeared in the heavens.

Thus they passed from village to village, the peasants hailing their coming with outbursts of delight. It seemed an answer to the many prayers offered to the Madonna. It was a consolation to the dying to have the ministers of religion so near them at the critical hour. Romaeus and Avertanus presided at the public devotions, and animated the people with more confidence in Mary's intercession. Large numbers of scapulars were quickly made by the women of the villages, and thousands were enrolled by the two holy friars.

In course of time our holy travelers drew near to Lucca, whose bells were likewise tolling an eternal requiem. But Avertanus and Romaeus were not allowed to enter. That was to be deferred to the festal day, when their holy remains were to be triumphantly carried through the gates of the town by the joyous populace. Strict quarantine had been declared, and the Saints had to repair to the great hospital outside the walls of Lucca. There they found plenty opportunities of exercising

their charity and humility, and they gladly accepted the most loathsome duties. They were a godsend to the sick and dying, who looked upon the holy men with love and veneration.

Avertanus and Romaeus had so far told others how to die, now they were to show it. They both fell victims to the dread disease. Their patience and general conduct during the brief illness was most edifying. After death the inhabitants considered it a great privilege to have in their midst the bodies of these two holy men, who appeared rather to be angels in human form than men sent to console the sick. Avertanus died first. Romaeus prayed that he might be allowed to join his holy friend and companion. His prayer was heard. He soon died, and went to join Avertanus in an eternal bond of union never to be broken.

Mary's presence takes away the fear of death. In the Carmelite breviary we are told that the Holy Virgin appeared to her servants, Avertanus and Romaeus. What a consolation to them. She consoled them and told them of the great reward awaiting them in heaven. A life devoted to Mary—and as a natural consequence to God—will assure us of her consoling presence at our last hour. What a grace! It is well worth striving for.

SS. Avertanus and Romaeus are the patrons of Lucca, whose inhabitants have now been honoring the Saints for five centuries. Let us invoke them in time of need. The Feast of St. Avertanus occurs on February 25th—that of Blessed Romaeus on March 4. The latter was beatified by the predecessor of Pope Pius IX—Gregory XVI.

It is a tradition that when St. Avertanus was breathing forth his spirit to God, the bells of Lucca suddenly pealed forth of their own accord, ringing

"In tones that floated on the air
As soft as song, as sweet as prayer."

FOR OUR YOUNG PEOPLE.

EDITED BY MISS MATILDA CUMMINGS.

[All communications to this department to be addressed to Miss M. Cummings,
1588 Madison Avenue, New York City.]

SECRETARY'S LETTER.

FEBRUARY, 1896.

No sound in the hush of the Temple is heard

Save the coo of the Babe in His nur-
mulings sweet.

And the coo of the doves 'at Simeon's
feet.—

Bird answering bird.

ELEANOR C. DONNELLY.

MY DEAR YOUNG FRIENDS,—

Christmas joys and Christmas bells have become a sweet memory, yet we still linger very wistfully and lovingly around the dear Christ Child who stole our hearts away from us at Bethlehem. These are the days of traveling. We all like to go abroad, and very few of us recognize the truth of the dear poet Longfellow's saying:

Home-loving hearts are happiest.

To stay at home is best.

Well, let us go with the dear Infant Jesus on a little journey. Where? To His Father's house—the holy Temple of Jerusalem. His fair young Mother Mary, and the gentle old St. Joseph, will go with us, and each step will be like walking with God in paradise.

Listen! The beautiful words at the opening of this letter tell us the sweet story. We have but to shut our eyes and see the beautiful picture. The holy old man Simeon, aged and bent, in an ecstasy of joy, because he beholds the Lord's Christ. Ah! dear children, let us think of holy Simeon at Mass and Benediction, when we, too, behold the Lord's Christ even as Simeon did—let us think of him after Holy Communion when we hold Him close to our hearts as Simeon did—and let us be full of joy. *That* is the lesson the Secretary would fain teach you. Be joyful. "Nothing glorifies God so much as joy." So we may all think sweet thoughts of this Fourth Joyful Mystery of the Holy Rosary, wherein the dear Babe of Bethle-

hem repaid so royally Holy Simeon's long years of waiting. *It isn't hard* to meditate—is it? Indeed no—when we have pictures like this to talk for us. So, all during February, thank the dear Child Jesus for the joy of Holy Simeon, and ask Him, too, to fill your hearts with the same.

THE REASON.

The family at dinner sat,

A little girl among the rest:

She talked of this, she talked of that,

She seemed with endless talk possessed.

"The geese and all are in her tongue

I can't get in a single word:

They used to say when I was young,

Small folks should be seen, not heard."

Her father thus, then to her: "Child,

Why do you talk so? Tell me, pray."

She thought, looked up, and gravely smiled,

"Because I have so much to say."

An owl that lived in a hollow tree

As I went by looked out at me

And he rolled his eyes with a solemn air,

As if to say "This world's a snare,

And life a burden hard to bear.

Take care, little girl, take care."

But you love the darkness better than
light.

Take care, Mr. Owl, take care.

Said I: "Mr. Owl, we don't agree,

I love the world, and the world loves me.

Quit rolling your eyes and come and see,

How happy a child that is good can be,

I learn in the day, I sleep in the night,

I try to obey, I try to do right."

When you're writing, or reading, or
sewing, 'tis right

To sit, if you can, with your back to the
light;

And then it is patent to every be-
holder,

The light will fall gracefully over your
shoulder.

FOR THE LITTLE ONES.

Try to be cheerful,
 Never be fearful,
 Or think that the sky will fall.
 Let the sky tumble,
 Fear not the rumble,
 It never can hurt you at all.

A million little jewels
 Twinkled on the trees,
 And all the little maidens said:
 "A jewel if you please."
 But while they held their hand outstretched
 To catch the diamonds gay,
 A million little sunbeams came
 And stole them all away.

FOR THE PUZZLERS.

VI.

Why are bad musicians like lazy people?

VII.

Where is happiness always to be found?

VIII.

When is a pie like a poet?

IX.

When do two and two make more than four?

X.

What is the best name for a wood-chop?

FOR THE THINKERS.

1. Why are Cardinals' hats red?
2. Who was the "Divine Pagan?"
3. Who was the "Myriad-minded?"
4. What is the origin of the word "dunce?"
5. Where is the Blessed Virgin first mentioned in Scripture?

MAXIMS FOR FEBRUARY.

6. He is a rich man who hath God for his friend. He who pretends to be everybody's friend is nobody's.

HAFIZ.

7. Let your life be as pure as snow fields, where your foot steps leave a mark, but not a stain.

MME. SWETCHINE.

8. O blessed temper, whose unclouded ray,

Can make to-morrow cheerful as to-day.

POPE.

9. None can be called deformed but the unkind.

SHAKESPEARE.

10. There is no playing fast and loose with truth, in any game, without growing the worse for it.

CHAS. DICKENS.

IN a village school, recently, when the scholars were parsing, the word "waif" occurred in the sentence. The youngest who was up, a bright-eyed little fellow, puzzled over the word for a few minutes, and then, as a bright idea struck him, he burst out, with "I can conjugate it; positive waif, comparative wafer, superlative sealing wax."

A TEACHER asked a bright little girl: "What country is opposite to us on the globe?" "Don't know, sir," was the answer. "Well, now," said the teacher, if I were to bore a hole through the earth, where would you come out?" "Out of the hole, sir," replied the pupil with an air of triumph.

THE SEAL-SKIN CLOAK.

BY HENRY COYLE.

"Alice, where have you been? This is the second time this week you have kept us waiting."

"Oh, papa, please forgive me?"

Mr. Arthur was at the table in his dining-room, with his sister, who sat opposite him; Alice was his daughter, who had just entered the room, her cheeks were flushed, and her whole countenance was radiant with health and happiness.

"I am very sorry to have kept you waiting, papa," she said, "please forgive me and I will tell you how it happened."

"Alice, take your place at the table," said her aunt severely, "your manners are very bad!"

"Now, Aunt Mary, please don't be vexed with me," pleaded the young girl, as she passed her plate to her father for some meat. "I really could not help it this time. On my way down town I met Mrs. Valentine, and she asked me to go with her and visit a poor sick widow. You cannot imagine what a wretched place we found her in!"

"And did you go into one of those dreadful places?" asked her aunt, throwing her hands up in horror. "Child, you should have changed your clothes before coming to dinner; who knows what disease-germs may have—"

"Nonsense, aunt, the poor woman is really starving to death; nothing else is the matter with her, and besides I do not have time to change my dress."

Mr. Arthur's face softened, and his brow became more smooth, but his sister's manner was very severe and she looked angry.

"Oh, it was a terrible place, father!" exclaimed the young girl; "I wonder why God allows some people to be so rich and others so poor."

"He only knows, my dear child," answered her father; "we must not question His wisdom."

"Well, I declare," said Miss Arthur, looking very much shocked; "why, the next thing you will be joining the Salvation Army and be called 'Alice, the Slummer.'"

"Wouldn't that be lovely!" exclaimed Alice, with a shy glance at her father; "we could hold meetings in the long parlor up stairs every evening, papa could lead the singing, and you, aunty, could pass round tea and cakes during the meeting. How the neighbors would talk!"

"And with good reason," sniffed Miss Arthur. "You are quite capable of anything. Slumming, indeed! Why, your father contributes thousands of dollars every year to societies for that purpose."

"Yes, aunt, but this case is an exceptional one; the woman is really a refined person—"

"Who has seen better days," sneered her aunt. "They all have, I never knew one of them yet that was not a lady in reduced circumstances. When you are older, my dear, you will know better than to believe what these people say."

"I believe what I saw with my own eyes, Aunt Mary," answered Alice. "Oh, papa, it was a wretched place, and the poor woman is dying; she is a widow and her little girl, as pretty as an angel,—"

"And noisy as a brass band, I'll warrant," said her aunt, as she rose from the table and passed into the front drawing-room.

"Why is Aunt Mary so cross, papa?" asked Alice, as she took his arm.

"Poor Aunt Mary! She has a good heart, but a cruel experience has embittered her whole life," whispered her father in reply. "Some day, when you are older, I may tell you her story, and then you will understand all."

"Is it possible! Why, I never thought—"

"Hush, she will hear you!" interrupted her father, and they both stepped into the other room.

Mr. Arthur was a wealthy banker, and Alice was his only child; his wife died when their little daughter was but five years old, and it was then that his sister, who was also wealthy, stepped forward and took charge of the household. She was all that a mother could be to Alice, even if at times she was rather severe and exacting.

"Well, Mary," said Mr. Arthur, pleasantly, "are you still working at 'Penelope's web?'"

"Yes; but papa, Aunt Mary does not pull out, like Penelope, what she has woven during the day," said Alice, laughing; "she could show you thousands of yards of lace stowed away up in her room. I think she is going to send it to the savages in Africa."

"There are savages much nearer home than Africa," observed Miss Mary, significantly. "Do stop flattening your nose against the window, child; what will the neighbors say!"

"Yes, but surely there is no harm in looking out of the window," protested Alice.

"But it is not the custom of people of our social standing," insisted Miss Mary.

Alice was about to make a sharp reply, but she caught her father's eye and refrained. She sat down at the grand piano and played a few selections, while her father glanced through the evening paper. He dropped it suddenly and looked up at the clock on the mantel.

"I think I will go down town for an hour," he remarked.

Alice accompanied him to the hall and helped him to put on his coat.

"Good-bye, dear," said he, kissing her when they reached the front door. "You may have that seal-skin cloak, but you must try and be more punctual. You are a sad trial to Aunt Mary."

"Oh, thank you, papa!" said Alice. "Please come home early."

The next day soon after lunch Alice prepared to go out. Aunt Mary wanted some shopping done and her niece readily undertook her commissions. As she passed down the avenue she met young Doctor Marvin near Broadway, and her face flushed with pleasure.

"I am very glad I met you, doctor," said Alice; "I am going to call on a poor sick widow, and I wish you would come with us. Please do?"

The doctor consented, and they pushed on through the throng of hurrying people, across Union Square, then through some narrow streets, until they reached an alley. There were crowds of dirty children crying or playing about the sidewalks, coarse women quarreling, and rough-looking men smoking at the doors.

At the end of the alley, they entered a tall, brick tenement house, and ascended three flights of stairs: the halls were dark and foul smelling, and the floors littered with rubbish and dirt. Alice knocked at a door in the rear, and it was opened by a girl.

The room which they entered had but one window; in a corner stood the bed of the sick woman: a table, a few broken chairs, and a small stove completed the furniture. It was a miserable place, but cleaner than the doctor expected, after the squalor of the halls and stairs.

"How is Mrs. Morris?" asked Alice.

"She had a bad night," said the girl. "She is awake. I have just given her some tea and toast, but she has no appetite. Mrs. Valentine was here this morning and left some jelly and other things for her."

"She is very good," said Alice, "and how is Ellen? Where is she?"

"She is with Mrs. Murphy's children," replied the girl.

The doctor and Alice stepped forward to the bed. The poor woman was too weak to sit up, but she smiled, and nodded her head feebly. The doctor examined her pulse, then looked at Alice and shook his head expressively.

Before they took their departure, Ella, a pretty child, entered the room, and ran up to Alice for a kiss. She was a bright little creature, and very intelligent. She climbed

up on the bed, and kissing her mother's face caressed it with her hands.

Mrs. Morris told them her story. She was well born and her speech and manner gave evidence of refined association. She had been married with bright prospects of happiness and plenty, but her husband became a drunkard, neglected his business and was soon a bankrupt. Their child was born, and for a time he was sober and industrious, but alas! he was too weak, and soon relapsed into his evil course. He was brought home dead one night, having been shot during a quarrel in a bar-room.

"Alice, it is growing late," said the doctor, when Mrs. Morris had finished her sad story. He left some orders with the girl, who had been hired by Mrs. Valentine to care for the invalid, and he and Alice then took their departure, promising to call the next day.

"O doctor!" said Alice, as they passed through the alley; "how I wish I could have that little girl, and take care of it. Do you think papa would let me?"

"Why, no, Miss Arthur," replied the young man. "I think not."

"But isn't it dreadful to think of that little creature being left alone. O, I am sure I can persuade papa to do something for it."

"But your aunt would never consent to it," said the young man, who knew the family well.

Alice's ardor was slightly damped by this remark, and she was silent until they reached the avenue.

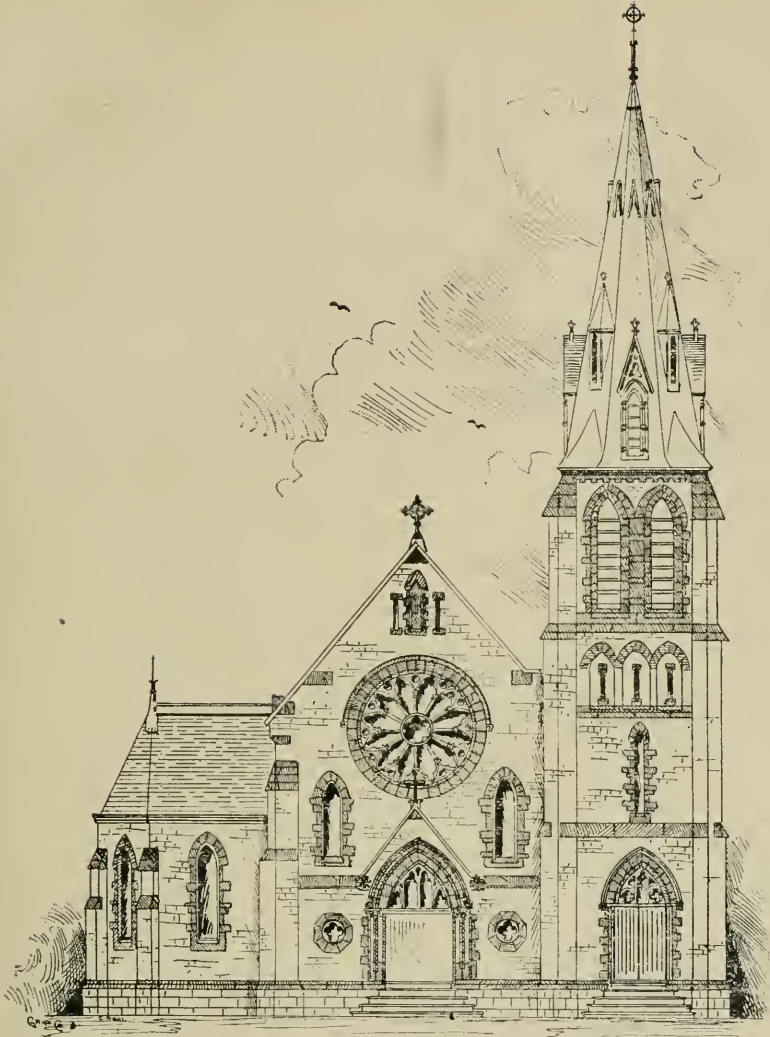
"Will you not come in?" she asked.

"I think not," he replied, looking at his watch; "I will meet you to-morrow at Mrs. Morris' house."

"Will you, really? How kind of you; and do you think she will recover?"

"To be frank with you, I fear not; she has not many hours to live."

TO BE CONTINUED.



ST. PATRICK'S CHURCH

At Niagara Falls, Ont.

ALTHOUGH the pages of this REVIEW are not intended for merely local news, yet we take pleasure in presenting in them a correct picture of the beautiful new church, which has been lately built in our neighboring parish. The Carmelite Fathers of the Monastery at Falls View, have charge of the parish of Niagara Falls, Ont., and are justly gratified at this splendid consummation of their work. The Parochial residence, and a Separate School building,

which are ornaments to the town, had been erected previously. There only remained the building of a new Church to complete the full equipment of a first-class parish. Father Dominic O'Malley, O.C.C., who is the present pastor, with the gracious sanction of the Archbishop of Toronto, and the generous support of his flock, succeeded in erecting this perfect gem of ecclesiastical architecture. It was solemnly dedicated by His Grace, Archbishop Walsh, on the

Feast of the Immaculate Conception, December 8th, 1895. The new Church is an excellent specimen of early English Gothic. Being at the head of the principal street, it occupies a more prominent position than any other public building. It is built of brown sandstone, lined with bluish white

Ohio sandstone. The interior is in harmony with the faultless lines of the exterior. The sanctuary is, as it should be, large and more ornate than the other portions. The Church can seat 600, and, as there are but 175 Catholic families, there will be ample room for our summer visitors.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

BY THE EDITOR.

OUR appeal to our subscribers has been generously answered. There are many in arrears yet, but the majority have done their duty. We shall expect all subscriptions hereafter to be paid in advance. And then you may look out for improvements.

* * *

WHILE Christians are being tortured and put to death in Armenia by the old enemies of the Cross, Christian rulers, who adorn their crown with a cross, are engaged in most unchristian quarrels and bickerings, arming themselves against each other.

* * *

ON Ash Wednesday, the Lenten season opens. A season of mortification and penance. Many a one is unable to fast, but no one is unable to be kind and charitable to his neighbor. Works of mercy, alms to the poor, tender care of the sick and helpless, and a kind word for everybody, are excellent spices for Lenten meals. And if "charity covereth a multitude of sins," it will surely prove an acceptable substitute for the fasts, which cannot be kept.

* * *

THE bound copies of last year's REVIEW are now ready. The volume forms a handsome book of 326 pages. It is cheap, too; and our readers would do well to order it soon, as there are many asking for it. We can furnish the bound volume postpaid to any address in Canada and the United States for \$1.50. Those who have kept their copies in good condition, can obtain the bound volume by sending us the twelve numbers of the past year, and 50 cents.

IN many Catholic families the beautiful custom obtains of reciting the Rosary in common every evening. We can only reach our readers, but surely, no reader of the CARMELITE REVIEW can refuse to pay this tribute to Our Lady. During Lent we share in her sorrows, sorrows brought on by our sins, which caused the cruel death of her beloved Son. This is one of the reasons, why many use only the Sorrowful Mysteries in saying their beads during Lent.

* * *

EVERY Catholic household should have blessed candles. Candlemas Day is the day on which to have candles, wax candles, blessed for that purpose. Make a donation of candles to your Church, and keep one or two for yourself. They are needed at times of sickness, when the priest is called to give the Sacraments; they are useful for protection in times of storm and tempest, and at all times they serve to diminish and destroy evil influences. A candle blessed on the Feast of the Blessed Virgin must have its terrors for the Evil One.

* * *

WHEN I see the people filing out of our Churches on Ash Wednesday with those dark grey crosses stamped on their foreheads, I am reminded of the old story of the Sultan, who had a very pompous vizier. The Sultan was anxious to get rid of the vizier, and offered him for sale in the open market. The market was not brisk, and the vizier brought only eight shillings. The Sultan bought him back at this price, and after that whenever the vizier got over-pompous, the Sultan simply drew the figure "8," and the vizier's vanity sub-

sided. It's something the same with us. If pride troubles us, let us draw the letter "A," it stands for ashes—our origin and our destiny.

* * *

ON February 3rd in many of our Churches large numbers of the faithful approach the altar-rail, while a priest, who holds two burning wax candles under the throat of the person presenting himself, says (in Latin): "May God, through the intercession of St. Blase, Bishop and Martyr, preserve thee from any disease of the throat and deliver thee from any other evil. Amen." The pious Catholics in the Fatherland found that they were preserved from throat ills when they received this blessing with faith and devotion. The custom is becoming a general one in this country.

* * *

ONE of our esteemed exchanges pertinently asks: "What is our Catholic young man doing these winter evenings?" It depends on circumstances. If he has some spare change in his pocket you might find him at the dance with some other fellow's sister, or perhaps down town with "the boys" forming a guard of honor around the corner-grocery store. Young men like to bask in the gas or electric light, and are fond of congenial company, therefore if you want to keep them in the house at night, make their homes bright and cheery. Catholic casinos and young men's clubs do a great good, and help to keep many a boy off the streets, and besides help him to improve himself mentally, morally and physically. Some of our young men use their evenings in doing charitable work, like members of St. Vincent de Paul societies, but such are rare. Again, we know young men who stay at home endeavoring to acquire a self-education which cannot be learned from newspapers alone. Interest the boys in something at home. There are plenty profitable ways of whiling away the hours of long winter evenings.

* * *

OUR ADVERTISERS.

AS THE circle of our readers is daily widening, firms and institutions find it to their advantage to advertise in our pages. Needless to say, that we are ready to give space to every person or firm, that does a legitimate business. All those, who have

advertised in our pages so far, are known to us, and we can guarantee their worth. We intend to solicit advertisements after this. Our circulation is rapidly increasing, and will reach ten thousand before the close of this year, at the lowest calculation. Of course, we expect an even larger increase—but we do not wish to exaggerate in the least. Those of our readers, who are in business, would do themselves and us a good turn if they were to advertise in our pages. Others, who are acquainted with business people, could easily do us the favor of calling their attention to our REVIEW. And all of our readers can help along the good cause by patronizing our advertisers, and *letting them know*, that it is owing to their advertisement in our REVIEW that they get the custom of our readers. We shall devote some space in future issues to our advertisers, and tell our readers what we know of them.

PUBLICATIONS.

THE *Sacred Heart Review* contained the best description we have read of the beautiful ceremony of Cardinal Satolli's investiture with the Cardinal's veretta. In a recent issue it gives a clear and masterly article on the Manitoba school question. The Canadian Catholics may well congratulate themselves on having such an able exponent of their rights in this great Catholic paper of New England, for the Canadian Protestant and orange element look to the New England press for most of their outside support.

* * *

THE *Review*, of Chicago, in one of its late issues, expresses a wish to see the editorials of the late McMaster collected and published. This wish shall be fully gratified in future chapters of the "Life of McMaster," now appearing in our pages. One chapter is entirely devoted to his leading editorials. One of the most pathetic is embodied in this month's instalment. It is the touching editorial on the death of his wife, which lays bare the great heart of the eminent journalist. It is perhaps the most Christian "In Memoriam" ever written by a Catholic pen, since the days when St. Augustine mourned the death of his mother, St. Monica.

THE *Catholic Book News* for January has a short, but spirited sketch of Bishop England, the founder of the pioneer Catholic paper of the United States. We hope that the publishers of the *Book News* will be encouraged to undertake the work of republishing the writings now out of print of this learned, eloquent and Apostolic prelate. They are not only of the highest interest to Catholics, but, in their time, they were eagerly read by Protestants, who soon learned to love this fearless but kind and courteous defender of Catholic truth.

* * *

CANADIAN literature and art is, at last, finding a popular representative in a new illustrated magazine, published in Toronto. It is called *Massey's Magazine*. The first number, which appeared last month, gives an indication of its high literary and artistic merits. But above all, every friend of Canada will be delighted to know, that the standard arrived at is far higher than that adopted by any of the dollar magazines in the United States. There is no questionable morality either in its articles or in its illustrations. It is a clean, high-toned, impartial periodical. The few words in its current comments, which allude to the religious question in politics so unfortunately prominent in Canada, are a strong condemnation of the unfair and illogical position chosen by some narrow-minded Protestants. We predict a prosperous future for this bright Canadian new-comer in the literary field all the more, as it has no competition in the secular press of Canada.

* * *

THE Little Office of the Immaculate Conception has found a worthy exponent of all its beauties in a small but precious book published by Benziger Bros., of New York. It is called *Short Conferences on the Little Office of the Immaculate Conception*, and contains the spiritual conferences delivered in the chapel of the Provincial Seminary of Milwaukee before the members of the sodality of the Blessed Virgin, by the Very Rev. Joseph Rainer, rector of the seminary. They explain fully and clearly the meaning of every hour of the Office, and all the beautiful allusions to the types and figures of the Old Law, which found their glorious fulfilment in the Immaculate Virgin. The

book also contains the formula of reception into the sodality and prayers suitable for its members. Every priest, who has a sodality in his parish, and every member of such a sodality, will be grateful for this precious little volume. Its price has been reduced to 50 cents.

* * *

Church Progress, of St. Louis, publishes a pastoral letter of Bishop Fink, of Kansas City, Kansas. It is a departure from the stereotyped forms of pastorals. It treats of farming, and the importance of agricultural pursuits. There was a period in the history of the Catholic Church when bishops and priests civilized the barbarian nations by teaching them how to cultivate the land. The Church instituted rogation days and special blessings to call down Divine protection on land and laborer. Is not the growing distaste for agriculture among our young people an indication of a return to barbarism? We think so. It may seem strange to superficial thinkers to call a liking for city life a return to savagery, but our modern savages are not bred on farms. And they are on the increase. Examine our jails, penitentiaries and workhouses. Look at the army of tramps, infesting our highways and byways. It is thus the duty of our Christian prelates to sound a note of warning, to lay bare some of the causes of this unwholesome sign of the times, and to speak words of Apostolic wisdom to our Catholic farmers. It would be a blessing for the whole country if every Catholic farmer throughout the land could be induced to read and study this admirable pastoral.

KIND WORDS.

ONE of our subscribers writes:
Rev. and Dear Editor,—

Please find enclosed \$— in payment of my subscription to the CARMELITE REVIEW. I pay the small amount cheerfully, because the REVIEW is the best and most interesting publication I ever got for the little money it costs.

Yours truly in Christ,

REV. A. J. W.,
 Wea, Kas.





THE EVENING ANGELUS.

BY JOSEPH A. SADLIER.



REST at evening, when the shadows
 Falling on the landscape grey,
 Seem to speak in solemn whispers
 Of the closing of the day ;
 When the sunset's gold is fading
 Like a glory in the west,
 And the Angelus is ringing
 At the evening hour of rest!

Morning, noon, and evening, pealing
 Bells with herald voice proclaim—
 Echoing from the village steeple
 To the city's proudest fane—
 How of old the Angel's message
 Came unto the Virgin blest ;
 Still the Angelus repeats it
 At the evening hour of rest!

Then, while stars their vigils keeping
 Night falls over land and sea,
 And our souls with upward longing,
 Mother Mary, turn to thee—
 Asking thee to guide and help us
 Onward in our heavenly quest—
 While the Angelus is ringing
 At the evening hour of rest!

Montreal, P. Q.

Feast of Our Lady of Mercy.

LIFE AND CATHOLIC JOURNALISM

—OF THE LATE—

JAMES A. McMASTER,

EDITOR OF THE NEW YORK FREEMAN'S JOURNAL AND CATHOLIC REGISTER.

EDITED BY VERY REV. MARK S. GROSS.

CHAPTER IX.—CONTINUED.



IT was the custom with his children always to kiss him upon first meeting him in the morning, and again when he was about to leave home for his office, when they all assembled to bid him good-bye. It was their aim to be the first to welcome him on his arrival home. He rarely failed to bring them something every evening, flowers, fruit or candy. In May he always brought flowers for Our Blessed Lady's altar, and in June for the Sacred Heart. Every night before retiring they each in turn got his blessing, kissing his hand, and saying: *Laudetur Jesus et Maria*, to which he responded. He then would question them as to whether they had said their beads and made some pious reading. He always inculcated saying the beads early in the morning, at least one decade. It was his own practice, and he said that when he failed in it everything went wrong with him. He acknowledged to one of his daughters that he had to be very faithful to all his little devotions, and to his daily visit to the Blessed Sacrament, or else his heart got the better of him—his natural affections being so strong. He did all in his power to win the confidence of his children, by his tender interest in all that concerned them. He would seat them on his knee and talk to them late into the hours of the night, and he would speak so beautifully about God and Heaven, and of the vanity and nothingness of the things of this world. He used to take special pleasure in reading

to one of his daughters the hymn "Cœlestis urbs Jerusalem," commenting upon it, and particularly upon the verse "Scalpi salubris ictibus," etc. He endeavored to impress one of his daughters with the thought that it would be so beautiful to die young, and at one time when she was in very delicate health, he taught her how to prepare herself for death in her daily life and actions. She had an intense fear of death which he could never understand, and he often spoke to her of the Infinite Mercy of God, commented upon the words of the Psalmist: *Et copiosa apud eum redemptio*. From the time his children made their First Communion, he insisted upon their approaching the Sacraments every week. After receiving Communion, they had to remain in Church for at least twenty minutes, in order to make their thanksgiving. At Mass and after Communion he rarely used a prayer-book. After Communion he would pray with his eyes closed, and oftentimes the tears streaming down his face. His daily prayer was that they all might meet in Heaven, "not one missing." He often spoke to them of their mother, her virtues, etc., doing all he could to keep her memory green. He always continued to practice a little devotion she had taught him, which was to say the *Salve Regina* when in the train or conveyance of any kind, before it started. His first question to his children on such occasion was: "Have you said your *Salve*?"

Once when traveling with his children, as they had a private compartment in the train, he proposed saying the beads together. While thus engaged—he praying with all his heart—the boy came around with *Harper's Magazine*, etc. This was too much for him, and addressing the lad he told him: "Take your dirty, filthy

trash out of here." And then, as if nothing had occurred, he re-commenced making the Sign of the Cross most devoutly. When others would laugh over this incident, afterwards, he would reply that St. Paul enjoined us to pray always without ceasing. His children considered him a delightful companion to travel with; he never wearied in paying them all the delicate little attentions so gratifying to poor human nature.

Although McMaster took exceedingly great delight in the company of his children, yet, with his characteristic unselfishness, preferring their interest to his own, he sent them to boarding-schools, sacrificing the home life, so dear to him, and contenting himself with a couple of rooms which he called "his hermitage." He went even further. He chose for his daughters a Convent-home at a distance from New York, because he was charmed with the simplicity and solidity of the education given by the good Sisters in charge of it. When asked by others, seeking for a school for their children, what he thought of the Society of the Holy Child Jesus, he would answer: "Do you think it is for nothing that I keep my daughters nearly a hundred miles away from me?"

The years which followed were indeed dreary ones to McMaster. His repeated losses, and the separation from his children, besides the anxiety he felt for their future welfare, weighed him down. He grew sad and gloomy, but yet his brave heart still clung to what he believed was best for his dear ones, in spite of his own sufferings. It is to be regretted that all his letters to his children at this period have not been preserved. Loving and tender, elevating and encouraging in tone, they indeed portrayed the character of a true Christian father. He did not overburden their young hearts with his own gloomy forebodings. But, if at any time a little of the pain he endured escaped him, he always amply atoned for it, by assuring them that suffering was good for him, and a special grace from God, for which he was most grateful.

When he visited his daughters at school he would have private talks with them, and his instructions were beautiful and practical. "I remember," writes one of them, "how he tried to impress upon my mind that there was no standing still on

the road to Heaven; that not to advance was to fall back; and I used to wonder why he wrote so much about 'the glorious day of the Resurrection' in his letters to me at that time, for being so bad as I was, I could not appreciate it. Even in those early days he would dwell upon the value of sufferings, which he esteemed as the choicest favors of God—a token of His special love."

In 1877, McMaster's second daughter, having finished her education, returned home, and her father was once more enabled to enjoy his own fireside. Seven happy and peaceful years passed by—years, not unbroken by sorrow for the old losses and other trials.

He loved each of his children with a personal and individual affection. He may have depended more upon one than another, according to the age and disposition of each, but he loved all equally. Whichever child needed him most at a given time, was sure to find in him all she could desire. The following incident shows his sentiments on this point. Two of his daughters were one day engaged in conversation in the corner of his study-room, where he sat reading. One asked the other: "Suppose there were a great fire, and you could only save one person, who would it be?" Not being ready with an answer, the latter turned to their father, proposing to him the same question. He rose to his feet, paced up and down the floor, enthusiastically exclaiming: "Am I a father? Could I choose between my children?" Astonished at his unexpected earnestness, they endeavored to soothe him. "We never were 'a father,' we don't know what it is like." Quick to see fun, he soon joined with them in a hearty laugh. But the event made its impression on them, showing the loyalty of his heart. He had an intense love and appreciation of music, though knowing naught of its theory or execution. He loved to sing in Church, when anything familiar caught his ear. His children did not always appreciate his devotion in this respect.

One Corpus Christi whilst his daughters were at boarding-school, he asked the Rev. Mother to take them for a picnic into the woods, where they spent a very happy day with him. On returning to the Convent

towards evening, they tried to persuade him to leave them on the way, and take the train back to Philadelphia, as it was getting late. He, however, would not hear of it. As a further inducement, they told him there would be Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament at the Convent that evening, which would make his return home so late. But he was delighted with the prospect, and determined not to miss it. Finally they pleaded with him: "Well, papa, if you do stay, *please don't sing.*" He enjoyed it, and said he would not; but when the *Laudate* was entoned at the end, his fervor prevailed, and he sang out with all his heart.

Perhaps the most striking feature of McMaster's familiar friendship and perfect understanding with his children was that of his intercourse with his son.

He had just attained his fifth year at the time of his mother's death; a year and a half later he lost his little brother, and the following September, 1873, when his sisters were sent to boarding-school, he became the sole companion of his father's lonely hours.

Long and loving and confidential were the talks they had together, and one of McMaster's greatest joys was that his boy was perfectly open and honest with him.

On several occasions in later years when he was about to leave home to be absent for a considerable length of time, and at a great distance, he told his father he would come back to him "just as good as he left him." McMaster loved to recall those happy reunions, when he looked into his dear boy's eyes and received from his lips the assurance that he had kept his promise. He nursed his father during a great part of his last illness, and in a letter written from his sick-bed the latter speaks lovingly of him and of his affectionate care of him. He watched at his bedside during the last two nights of his life, and in the intervals of consciousness McMaster was most loving and tender, so happy to have with him his boy so dear to his heart.

Hence it is that Mr. Harper, of New York, an intimate friend of the family, wrote to McMaster's children:

"My intercourse with the dear papa during the latter years of his life ran through smooth and retired channels, unruffled and undisturbed by incidents

at all calculated to strike the average person as more than commonplace.

"What struck me most forcibly when I first became acquainted with your father, was his exceptional love for his family, and the tenderness, consideration and respectful familiarity evinced by each toward the other. You always appeared to me rather as affectionate brothers and sisters than father and children, and those who only knew your father as a fearless and unsparing defender of the faith he loved so well, would find it hard, I imagine, to believe that he could be so gentle and considerate with his little ones.

"After dear Gertrude's departure, I frequently saw him either at his office or my own, and it was my custom to spend Sunday evenings with him. I am afraid I was very poor company, but fortunately it only required a word or a question to stir up the wells of his knowledge, which seemed boundless, and many were the pleasant hours I spent listening to him discussing almost every living theme of interest.

"He seemed to feel that his end was near, and all his earthly interest was centered in his absent children. His one thought seemed to be for their welfare—his one pleasure and delight to hear from or see them. When a few weeks had elapsed since his last visit to Sharon or Baltimore, he would become restless, and as he used to express it, he became 'hungry' to look upon his dear ones again. When speaking of them his eyes would fill with tears, but he would immediately thank God that they were so well provided for.

"I remember seeing him when he was confined to the house as a result of his fall on the steps of his office, only a short time previous to his death. He seemed a little more thoughtful than usual, and expressed his thankfulness that he had not been instantly killed, the steps being particularly high and steep. 'I do not know,' he said, 'but it seems strange that the accident should have happened on the Feast of the Guardian Angels. The Blessed Virgin may have sent it as a warning to me to change my life or to prepare for death.' In a few days he had almost recovered, and was able to leave his bed, but when next I called, I was informed that he had gone to the hospital, which he was not destined to leave alive."

"None but those who have been very near him," says Mr. F. M. Egan, the assistant editor of the *Freeman's Journal*, "can sound the depth of his loss. Thousands of friends afar off, in all countries, in all the States, will mourn with prayers and tears—above all, prayers—the passing away of this great champion of truth. They know him as the soldier of the Cross, as a Godfrey de Bouillon, the knight without fear and without reproach; always ready to strike for the honor of Our Lord and His Immaculate Mother, and never fearing to strike twice. But to those near him he was as a tender father, a gentle and considerate friend, ever ready to praise, and, when blame blazed from his eyes on those he loved, it was atoned for by self-reproaches and generous amends.

"Among the older printers in the office there was a saying that it 'paid' to incur the Chief's anger—he always made up so extravagantly for the pain he had given.

"In private life he was genial and considerate, and valued highly the friendship and good will of those who were fortunate enough to enjoy the favor of his esteem. He was a most devoted and affectionate parent, taking the deepest interest in the affairs of his children, with whom he was ever in the fullest sympathy. He was not only their counsellor and guide, but he was their friend as well."

"What a father we had!" wrote one of McMaster's daughters to one of her sisters. "I remember as a little thing, how I used to rest my face on the palm of his hand, and feel so safe—just as one feels with the Lord now, or put my head inside his coat and hum away with contentment. Do you remember how he used to call me his little humming-bird? I wonder how many have had their first lesson on conformity to the Will of God from their own father. A short time after dear mamma's death, papa caught me as I was passing behind him, sitting at the study-table. He questioned me as to what I thought made a saint, and then told me how it was not austerities or visions, but conformity to the Will of God. Poor papa! He was having a hard lesson in it just then. And how tender and loving he was from the very first time I let out to him I wanted to be a Nun—in the fall of 1872. On the eve of the month of May.

1873, he took me to see Fr. ———, about it, and during that May, (which was a month of heaven on earth to me, and I thank Our Lady for it every year) he and I used to go over to May Devotions together, I, holding his hand, and he talking so beautifully of spiritual things. After mamma's death till the Sunday night before I came for the 'hood,' you know how often I used to slip to the study after you went to sleep, *making believe* I wanted a drink, but really to see whether papa was ready for a talk. Sometimes he would be busy with his books, or writing; sometimes I would find him prostrate before our little altar; sometimes he would be ready for a talk, and I would sit on his knee for perhaps an hour listening to him. The dear, dear papa! I often wonder—can he, with his beautiful, wonderful spirit of thanksgiving, be still in Purgatory? And our mother, isn't she tired hearing his children crying out to her for him: 'Mother! Mother!'"

Our journalist and his wife have set a worthy example to Catholic parents in what manner to educate their children, how to mould and discipline their character, by a thorough Christian instruction, by vigilance, correction and good example. Marriage, no doubt, has its chief felicity in the family circle, and in the natural affection which preserves that magic ring. The father lives again in his children as he sees them "like olive branches round about his table;" and the mother rejoices in her little ones as special gifts of heaven: "Her children rise up and call her blessed." "They are mine, flesh and soul, mine, O my children! a portion of myself." Whether they are maimed or perfect, sickly or robust, each of them is a sacred deposit, of which the parent is to give an account to Him of whom he received it.

It is especially the mother who is destined by God to bring up children for heaven. This is her grand mission. What a happiness, what an honor, for a mother to give angels to heaven! Would to God she only knew the real dignity and importance of her mission, and comprehended the qualifications in the moral and religious order that best prepare her for the duties of her sublime calling! What mission can be more sublime, more sacred; what mission can be more meritorious before God, than that of giving to the young child

the primary lessons in the true doctrine of Jesus Christ?

If three daughters of our journalist became Nuns, their vocation to the religious life was no doubt the fair fruit of the truly Christian education inculcated by their parents.

CHAPTER X.

MR. JAS. A. McMASTER YIELDS TO THE PIOUS DESIRES OF HIS DAUGHTERS, WHO ENTER HOLY RELIGION—HE MAKES A SACRIFICE OF THEM AND OF HIS HOME—"SHARON AND CARMEL" A NEW YEAR'S GREETING TO McMASTER, BY MISS ELEANOR C. DONNELLY—THE CARMELITE ORDER—THE BALTIMORE AMERICAN PARENT HOUSE—THE BOSTON COMMUNITY,

Everybody has heard of M. Leon Papin Dupont, the holy man of Tours. Here is an incident of his life— After the loss of his wife, his affection centered in his daughter, Henrietta, whose great and precocious intelligence, beauty, grace and elevation of mind, attracted many admirers. The Christian father feared the temptations of the world for his child. "My God," he would say, "If thou foreseest that she will stray from the right path, take her from me, rather than that she should be led away by vanity." It seemed as if God heard this heroic prayer, poured forth with the faith of Abraham. The girl was struck as if by lightning with typhus fever, and died after five days' illness. Mr. Dupont prepared his child for death, speaking to her of heaven with enthusiasm. I will quote the words of the priest that gave her the last sacraments: "The young girl received the holy Viaticum and Extreme Unction with full consciousness. The doctor was present, as M. Dupont's friend, nor did he abandon him in this sorrowful crisis. The ceremony over, the father, who was kneeling by his child's death-bed, arose, and taking her hand, said: 'Now, daughter, that you have received so many graces, are you happy?' 'Yes, father.' 'Do you regret anything on earth?' 'Yes, father.' 'What then?' 'Leaving you!' 'No, my child, you shall not leave me; we shall not be separated. God is everywhere; you shall be with him in

heaven, and see him; I shall pray to him here, and through him I shall be with you. Two walls at this moment separate us. Yours shall soon fall; mine also one day shall; we shall then be united, and forevermore!' Every one of us present was in tears. When the girl breathed her last, her father said to the doctor: 'My child has seen God.' He then recited the *Magnificat*, to the astonishment of several who did not understand these sentiments of a true Christian, happy in offering to his God his only child, in all the purity of her soul and beauty of her youth."

At one moment his courage was on the point of breaking down, on the occasion of her funeral. "I see him still," says another witness; "his daughter laid out on her death-bed; he never left her; and approaching nearer still, his arms crossed, he fixed his eyes on the beloved features, undisturbed by death. Tears ran down his cheeks: sobs were choking his utterances; he was just falling to the ground; but, on a sudden, the Christian threw himself on his knees, recollected his scattered thoughts and prayed. Then rising, his face transfigured, a ray of hope shining through his tears: 'I was going to be conquered; and yet my child is nearer to me than she was! Two walls (he again said) separated us and prevented our reunion: hers is crushed, mine shall fall, and we shall be forever united!' * * * * To visitors offering their condolence he would show the funeral couch, saying from the Gospel: 'She is no longer here; why seek you the living with the dead?' He found consolation in the sacred texts which speak to the Christian of hope and immortality. 'The Lord gave her to me, the Lord hath taken her away, blessed be the name of the Lord.' His faith inspired him with graceful thoughts. 'As a gardener puts in the hot-house his precious flowers on the approach of winter, so our blessed Lord has taken Henrietta, when she was to enter the world, and be exposed to the poisonous influence of its maxims.'"

On the day of his daughter's funeral he distributed alms to the different religious communities of the town. A portion of her dowry also he gave to the Little Sisters of the Poor.

We have already said that, after our journalist had lost by death his wife, his

affections, like those of the holy man of Tours, centered in his children. He feared the temptations of the world for them. Like M. Dupont, he often prayed: "My God, if thou foreseest that any one of my children will stray from the right path, take her from me rather than that she should be led away by vanity." It seemed as if God heard this heroic prayer, poured forth with the faith of Abraham. But God heard not McMaster's prayer in the way in which he heard M. Dupont's. He called every one of his daughters to the religious life, a safe harbor amid the dangers and temptations of this sinful world.

In 1877, McMaster was called upon to sacrifice forever the society of his eldest daughter, so dear to him, she having obtained his willing consent to what he considered a great favor—her entrance into the Society of Religious, by whom she was educated.

Again in 1882, the Divine Master came knocking once more at the door of that brave, loving heart, which knew not how to say no to the call of his God. This time his youngest daughter entered the Carmel of Baltimore.

Two years later brought the crowning sacrifice of his life—the greatest, because it was the last. The daughter who had lived with him in close companionship for seven years, urged by a strong and special call, petitioned for admission in what McMaster loved to call, "The Order of the Mother of God." How the noble qualities

of his great heart shone forth during the two months between her acceptance and entrance into the Carmel of Baltimore! He said to her one day: "If I had desired to withhold my consent, I should not have dared to do so. But thank God, my heart has sung Alleluia ever since I knew of your desire." Again he would say so often: "How good God is to let me make this last sacrifice in my old age!" He spoke of it as his last sacrifice, not through any want of affection for his youngest child and only surviving son, who was so dear to him; but because it necessitated once more the breaking up of his home, and the deprivation of the many little loving services which only a woman's hands and heart can render.

"It would be untrue," said Fr. M. Egan, "to think that Mr. McMaster surrendered his children without signs of human sorrow. His heart might be inclined to rebel; but his will was in the matter one with that of God, whom he thanked hourly for graces bestowed on those he loved most. Sister Gertrude, when in the world, made him 'too comfortable,' as he often said. He hated comfort, as an enemy to the true spiritual life. Her care of him was tender and unceasing. His home was filled with the warm glow of love and duty. His was an ideal domestic hearth, but he found it 'too comfortable.' And when Sister Gertrude entered the Carmel he experienced and expressed the purest spiritual joy."

TO BE CONTINUED.



THE GRADUATES.

BY MARY ANGELA SPELLISSY.

CHAPTER III.



R. Vinton," announced the maid.

"Ask Dr. Vinton will he please walk up."

The doctor's graceful acknowledgement of the introduction to Mrs. Redmond bore testimony to his familiarity with the society of ladies; his accent told that he was from the south, that country in which life appears in graceful curves. His face was eloquent of purity and sweetness. He had graduated with John Murphy at the university, and they had ever been devoted friends.

"I am told," said he, "that the young ladies are not at home."

"They will return for luncheon; if your engagements permit your remaining, I shall be gratified if you will join us."

"Many thanks, Mrs. Murphy, I cannot decline an invitation that promises me so much pleasure. I have enjoyed so thoroughly your hospitality that I fear I have often abused your kindness. I can recall the moods of discouragement which I have imposed on you, and I remember that they fled away at the sound of your voice. I have always found this house a haven of peace and rest. To-morrow I leave the city and hope to be at home before Sunday."

"We shall miss you sadly, Dr. Vinton. You have been a welcome guest for your own sake. No doubt you have a circle of young folk in your neighborhood?"

"Yes, I know many agreeable ladies, and I have any number of cousins, but the ladies I have met here seem different. To show you what I mean: When I was last at home we were speaking of 'Lucille,' and I declare if the ladies did not prefer Louvois to Vargrave."

"I confess," said Mrs. Redmond, "I regarded Vargrave as a negative hero."

"Yes," replied Dr. Vinton, "but if you recall the scene in which Vargrave meets

Louvois that early morning in the forest, you will remember that the Duke, by his smile, conveyed the impression that Lucille had favored his pretensions."

"Yes," said Mrs. Murphy, "the Duke lied basely and wilfully."

"I remember principally the scene on the battle-field," said Mrs. Redmond. "I always admired the masterly portrayal of the Duke's character, as a foil to the supernatural nobility of Soeur Seraphine."

"The young ladies," replied Dr. Vinton, "reminded me that the Duke repented. I quoted for them the saying of one of our professors: 'That which a man does once he is likely to do again, if subjected to the same conditions.' To me Louvois was a bold, bad man. He chose evil, when good and evil were presented to him. To my mind innocence is superior to repentance."

"I quite agree with you, Dr. Vinton," replied Mrs. Murphy. (She had been turning over the leaves of "Lucille" during the conversation.) "These words of the Duke show that time and sad experience brought to him the same conviction:

"O, blessed are they amongst whom I was not,
Whose morning unclouded without stain or spot,
Predicts a pure evening! who, sun-like in light,
Have traversed, unsullied, the world, and set bright."

"Your young friends probably looked no deeper than the general's uniform when comparing the two men. As a man, and especially as a physician, you have attained an earnestness of character and a maturity of judgment not to be looked for in young girls."

"But, Mrs. Murphy, these young girls assume the responsibility of choosing for themselves husbands. Their mothers leave them unattended in the company of certain young men, whose mere presence I consider contaminating; men devoid of all principle of honor, of honesty or of purity. This house, in which visitors are entertained in the family circle, is one of the rare exceptions. In the majority the young people have the parlor to themselves, their parents either not appearing, or retiring early. The young maiden is not prepared to discrimin-

ate between the men introduced to her, and there is seldom a prudent adviser who will aid her to consider a man according to his spiritual, moral or intellectual ability. Therefore, the majority of young women, I may say of women, prefer a Louvois to a Vargrave."

"It is well said," remarked Mrs. Redmond, "that no two persons read the same book, and it is likewise true that the same book read at different periods of life by the same person bears to the reader a different message at each reading."

The return of the walking party put a stop to the conversation.

When presented to Mr. Dillon, Dr. Vinton regarded him very earnestly before he said: "I am happy to make your acquaintance, Mr. Dillon, under more favorable auspices than those of our first meeting."

"You have the advantage of me, doctor."

"But for your timely intervention, my advantages would have been very limited. I never admired an axe until I saw you brandish one."

"Oh, I suppose you were at the smash-up."

"I was a participant, and came near being one of the victims. For some minutes I was imprisoned, jammed between the seats. Your quickness of perception and fertility of resource were my admiration, especially as I was an interested spectator; every blow of your axe told in the right direction."

"I suppose my Montana experience served me. Are you the little medical who took me to the bishop?"

"I had that honor."

"I congratulate you, doctor, on the skill you exhibited that night. As an old soldier, I have seen some surgery."

"I have been told that our equipment is far superior to that of the ante bellum period. I was much impressed by the serenity of the bishop; he reminded me of the saying: 'Occasions do not make us what we are, they do but show what we are.' I found the bishop unconscious. Do you know that embankment down which our car rolled was sixty feet in height? I thought at first the bishop was dead. While I was making my examination he opened his eyes and looked up at the stars: 'The heavens show forth the glory of God,' said he; then, after looking about him a

moment, he urged us to leave him, saying: 'I can lie here very comfortably, but I fear those poor fellows over there have greater need of you.'

"I remember his unselfishness. I had to insist on his accepting our services, and told him that such exposure might have fatal consequences. He asked us to allow him to stand, saying he did not think any bones were broken. He found he could not walk, so we carried him into the shanty. There was an old sofa in the room, but the bishop positively refused to make use of it, saying we should place him on a chair, and leave the lounge for some one more in need of it. He urged us to leave him and attend to the others, and to let him know if we found anyone desiring priestly ministrations, assuring us that he could go, with a little assistance, to anyone who needed him."

"This is all very surprising," said Mrs. Murphy. "My husband told me Mr. Dillon had been delayed by a collision, but I had no thought of anything so disastrous as your conversation reveals."

"It is a principle of mine, Fannie, to put no spots on the sun. I found you all smiling and happy. Why should I spring a tale of horrors on you unnecessarily?"

"Why, Uncle Edward, you must be the unknown hero the paper spoke of yesterday," said Mary.

"I hope to remain unknown. Would it not be dreadful if the paper attempted to give my picture. I have suffered much, but that is an ignominy I hope to be spared. To that fate I doom my bitterest foe."

"You remind me," said Mr. Murphy, entering, "of a funny incident that occurred recently. An enterprising newspaper gave a series of pictures of priests and churches, accompanying them with articles, biographical and historical. Many of the portraits were hideous. I was in the office one day, and picked up a copy of the latest issue. The name of my former parish priest met my eye. Looking at the picture I found it a caricature of the saintly man. 'See, here,' said I, 'why do you keep up this cheap valentine style. Get good pictures of these men and present them truthfully.'"

"Oh," said the youth I addressed, "Father X is so holy, he would not allow us to print his picture. We could not have given it this week, only he is in Egypt."

"Well," said I, "it is to be hoped he will sue *The Arrow* for libel when he returns."

"My laughter brought the editor out of his sanctum. I could not make him see the joke. The touchiness of the average editor is surprising. They are as sensitive about their paper as a young mother of her babe."

After lunch Dr. Vinton requested a few minutes in private with Mr. and Mrs. Murphy, and the trio adjourned to the library. They found it glowing in the sunlight which entered the south-western bay window, bringing life and bloom to the stand of flowering plants within it. From the walls looked out an army of writers whose works perpetuate the memory of men, whose talents were devoted to the service of God and the defence of the truth. The hands of many of these warriors are mouldering in the grave, but their words have life in them, and continue to instruct the ignorant and stimulate the faint-hearted to persistent endeavor in the fulfilment of duty. Dr. Vinton's face wore an unusual expression, as he rested his head against the pillow on the back of his chair, and his voice was very low and earnest:

"You have been to me the kindest and most sympathetic friends," he began; "your house has been to me a second home. Looking back I recognize the many temptations I have been spared, through the happy hours your cordial hospitality provided me. My family are Presbyterians. I knew no Catholics until I made John's acquaintance. I had been taught that Catholics were idolators and superstitious, and that they were not allowed to read the bible. The first time John took me to his room I saw the crucifix on the stairway, and the statue of the Sacred Heart, with the taper burning before it. I knew John was the brightest man in our class, and knew he was not such a fool as to worship idols. He noticed my interest in the devotional objects and explained that his mother placed the holy reminders where they would meet the eye, thinking that they might preach to her boys, especially on the return home at night. The beautiful custom made a deep impression on me. I felt that yours was indeed a holy house. One Saturday evening I overheard the lesson Mr. Murphy read during your family worship. John had given me an interesting book in the parlor, but the voices had greater charm for me. I found

the reading was from the bible. When I questioned John he told me that you always read the epistle and gospel on the eve of Sunday, in order that the lessons inculcated might sink more deeply into the mind, preparing it for the public reading in church. In the prayers that followed, I was thrilled by the fervent response, 'Holy Mary, Mother of God, pray for us sinners now, and at the hour of our death.' I perceive that in the Mother of the Redeemer you did but recognize an intercessor. I know my mother prays fervently for me, and I am convinced that intercessory prayer is efficacious. Finding that so many of my prejudices were without foundation, I resolved to acquaint myself with the doctrines of the Catholic Church. Until now I have had but little opportunity. Through John's experience, you know how busy is the life of the resident physician in a city hospital. As John's assistant I had every opportunity of knowing him intimately. The duties of our profession furnish rare tests of character, and I have always found him a noble-hearted man, ever true to his religious principles. I love him as I do my brother."

After a moment's pause, he continued:

"Your daughters have been to me the loveliest women I have ever met, cordial and unaffected, graceful and so sweetly dignified, they have become my standards of comparison. One day I made the discovery that in Miss Mary were combined all the qualities I imagined, the adornment of my ideal wife. I dared not reveal my love to your daughter. I had heard her condemn the marriage of parties holding contradictory religious beliefs, and I was firmly convinced that she would consent to no compromise. From John I procured a catechism of the doctrines of the Catholic Church. I had read some of it during the journey in which I met Mr. Dillon. He was seated in front of me. When the colliding locomotive struck our train I heard him exclaim 'Lord have mercy on us,' and saw him spring to the relief of his fellow passengers. I saw him make the sign of the cross, when our train left the depot. I was compelled to inaction, wedged between the seats, and could only observe the behavior of my companions. In the momentary hush that succeeded the shock, a little boy was heard to say: 'Oh! mother,

was not God good to us that we are saved?" A venerable man near me, a senator returning home from Washington, looked at the child and its mother affectionately, while the tears rolled down his cheeks. I heard him say to himself: 'Out of the mouths of babes and sucklings thou has perfected praise.' The mother's first act had been to bless herself. She whispered to the child: 'Yes, darling, God is very good. You know this is the meeting-day of our society, and our friends are remembering us at Mass at this moment.' The conclusion is borne in upon me that the practical Catholic finds in his faith assistance in all the trials of life. I have observed in the poor, wonderful patience and fortitude. One of our professors said one day that Catholics made such satisfactory patients; he attributed it to their being trained from childhood in a respect for authority. I have called on Bishop Francis several times at the hospital. He is compelled to remain in bed some days, having suffered from the shock. He has consented to receive me into the church on my return from my visit to my parents. I have now to request your permission to ask Miss Mary to become my companion in my life work."

"I congratulate you, Dr. Vinton, on having found your way to the threshold of the Catholic Church, and it shall be my fervent prayer that you will remain faithful to the light you have received. I have ever entertained for you a profound esteem and affection. I appreciate the honor you propose in choosing my daughter as your wife. Man can pay to woman no greater compliment. I think it better to wait until you have obtained the approval of your parents. It is advisable that my daughter shall meet a welcome when she turns from the home and family where she has been the object of the fondest love. I know your parents come occasionally to Philadelphia, and an opportunity for a meeting will probably occur at an early day. I shall not disguise from you my impression that Mary appreciates your character very highly. She will be delighted by the news of your conversion. I have noticed that Mary has been overworked of late, and we have concluded to banish her for a little while to a quieter life. She will accompany Mr. and Mrs. Redmond when they return home."

"The plan is, I think, an excellent one,

and I agree with you that Miss Mary spends herself unsparingly. You should have seen her the night of the concert. After her first song an encore was requested. She turned to 'Our Neighbors' and asked them what she should sing. Grandmother Byrnes, who was sitting near the stage, cried out, 'Ah! honey, sing Mary of Argyle.' You would have thought the room was empty; not a sound was heard as she sang, so sweetly as if all alone:

"I have heard the Mavis singing
His love song to the morn;
I have seen the dewdrop clinging
To the rose just newly born.
But a sweeter song has cheered me
At the evening's gentle close,
And I've seen an eye still brighter
Than the dewdrop on the rose.
'Twas thy voice, my gentle Mary,
And thine artless winning smile
That made this world an Eden,
Bonny Mary of Argyle."

"I saw tears of love rolling down the cheeks of those poor people who applied to the singer the words of the song. When the audience was dispersing I heard one of the women say to her companion, 'That Miss Mary's an angel; I believe the Almighty sent her to us just to show what a lovely creature a woman can be.' I read lately that if a man wants to know what kind of a woman his wife shall be, let him become acquainted with her mother. Through John I know his mother very well. Many a time he has said to me, when I have expressed my admiration for him, 'I must give the credit, dear boy, where it is due. I owe to my mother, under God, any good there is in me. She never spared me. The first lesson I learned was obedience. During my vacation she noted my foolish tendencies, and nipped them in the bud. She can be very severe, and was merciless when I tried to put on airs.'"

"Indeed, Dr. Vinton, I can apply to my own parents the words my son spoke of me. My father's favorite motto was: 'Let others do as they please, I and my house shall serve the Lord.'"

A knock at the door introduced Margaret.

"I am very sorry, Dr. Vinton, to anticipate your departure, but it is my turn to supply the essay at our literary society this afternoon, and I am therefore obliged to be punctual. Kathleen is going with me."

After the departure of the ladies Dr.

Vinton returned to the sitting-room to take leave of the other members of the family.

"If you please, doctor, I will walk with you," said Mr. Dillon.

"I shall be delighted with such good company."

As they reached the pavement, Mr. Dillon said: "I suppose, doctor, your professional experience has acquainted you with many a sad history; there are few more pathetic than the one into which you and I were singularly brought at the accident. Do you recall the lady in mourning whom you attended?"

"I do, very distinctly, and have wondered what became of her."

"She died this morning. I recognized her that awful night. She and I were old friends. There is no reason why I should not tell you the whole truth; you are an honorable man. I loved her at one time with all the earnest devotion of a sincere man for a good woman. When I told her of my love she appeared startled and made no reply. When she regained her self-control she said: 'This should not have happened if I had foreseen it. I have been pre-occupied. The truth is, Edward, I expect to be married next month. My intended is not a Catholic, and the marriage will displease the families on both sides. We will, therefore, be married privately. You and I have always been such good friends. I sincerely hope you will soon find a better wife than I should be to you. I know, too late, your worth, and my own foolishness.' In the paper I read the notice of her marriage, and that she had sailed for Europe with her husband. Yesterday was the fifteenth anniversary of her wedding day. Five years after her marriage her husband deserted her for a coarser beauty. The wife closed the house, and lived for some years with her husband's family. She was a gentle, loving woman, and they cherished her tenderly. The money her husband settled on her the day of their marriage she spent for those in need. Often she earned money by her needle, that she might extend her usefulness. She offered all her sorrows in expiation for her wilfulness in the manner of her marriage, and her request from the poor was always the same 'please say a prayer for my intention.' Her friends knew well that the conversion of her husband was the supreme desire of her heart.

Last month her husband asked her to join him. He was alone, out west, and very ill. He died three days after her arrival. Her prayers were answered. He asked to die in the faith that had made his wife a saint. She was returning home when our train was run into. She called me and requested me to see that she was taken to a Catholic hospital. I am to attend her funeral to-morrow morning. Can you go with me?"

"I am at your disposal, and appreciate the confidence you have placed in me."

"There is a fitness in your presence at the last services. She was very grateful for the gentleness you showed her, and I turn to you rather than to my own family. My wound is too raw, even for their loving sympathy."

After parting company with Dr. Vinton, Mr. Dillon took a long walk into the country. Returning home he saw the city lying below him. The setting sun glorified the smoke from the busy haunts of men: rising, it formed into clouds, fleecy and many tinted. Rose color and golden they shone through the amethystine atmosphere. Removing his hat, Mr. Dillon raised his eyes to heaven, crying out: "Thus shines the mercy of God on the blackness of sin. If Thou wilt mark iniquities, oh Lord, Lord who will stand it. Because with Thee there is merciful forgiveness, and because of Thy law I have waited for thee, oh! Lord."

When Mr. Dillon entered the house he found Mr. Redmond had arrived. His mirthfulness put the whole family in a state of jubilation, which found reaction in a tranquil mood after tea.

"O, Father," said Kathleen, in the first pause that occurred, "you should hear Margaret's essay."

"What is your subject, Margaret?"

"It is a review of Mr. Ingersoll's notice of Renan."

"Oh, ho!"

"Well, Uncle John, it came about in this way: Our society takes a magazine which is read aloud at our meetings. Each member in succession writes an article on any subject that occurs in our readings. This being my turn, I thought it necessary to reply to Mr. Ingersoll's article which was read some weeks ago."

"How did you prepare your essay?"

"I had some idea of the life and writings of Mr. Renan from the notices I had read of both in the past few years. You know father subscribes for *The Quarterly Review*, *The Catholic World*, *The Irish Monthly*, *The Century* and *The Review of Reviews*, also some Catholic newspapers. Renan has been mentioned in all of them. I remembered the advice of Balmes, 'before reading a history it is very important to read the life of the historian.' Father Lambert's 'Notes on Ingersoll' gave me an estimate of the character of the latter. All these authorities supplied me with matter for my article. Indeed it was with surprise I discovered myself so well equipped for it."

"How does it happen that you are in such a company as this literary society?"

"When our neighbor, Mrs. Brown, urged us to join it mother demurred, but father thought it would be good exercise for us. He said we were now young women, and well instructed in our religion. You see, when the boys were at home we had many an argument. They delighted in charging on us with all the calumnies, old and new. When they first came home from college mother was quite concerned by the manner of John's presenting a subject. She said

to him one day: 'I know your study of logic gives you an advantage over me in argument, but my knowledge of the catechism and apprehension of its spirit, enlightens my mind and enables me to detect a fallacy and to perceive the absurdity of your casuistry.' John looked at mother for a minute. Before he replied his smile was half in fun, but very loving. 'You must not take me too seriously, mother,' he said. 'How do you know that I do not stir you up on purpose and then hand over your replies to the first fellow that tackles me? You know you talk very well, mother, and if you do not know a thing you always know where to send one to find it, and that saves a man a lot of time.'"

"Well, Margaret, perhaps your father's view in this matter is the correct one. You have here a host of authorities to which you can refer, and a good general 'should be familiar with a variety of tactics.' But I consider your case an exceptional one. The majority of young folks would suffer from such contact, because they would absorb the poison and neglect to use the antidote."

TO BE CONTINUED.

A MARTYR OF THE SCAPULAR.

BY S. X. B.



LES Missions Catholiques of Friday, May 20, 1892, published an interesting letter from Monseigneur Pineau, Vicar Apostolic of Tonkin, as follows: "The race of heroic confessors and martyrs is not extinct, thanks be to God.

"It was in the early part of April that an apostate who had been remonstrated with, and reproached by some faithful Christians, determined to be revenged. At the time it was only too easy to gain the ear of the Mandarins with any accusation against those who professed our holy faith. Their agents were sent far and wide with letters

of apostasy threatening the neophytes, and disseminating an edict ordering all who had embraced the true religion during the two preceding reigns to renounce it forthwith. Knowing the disposition of those in authority, the apostate repaired to the 'prefecture' and entered against some Christians the false charge of dishonesty and theft. The Mandarin who presided saw therein a grand opportunity to prosecute a Christian, who up to that time had seemed impervious to their malice. He sent a deputation of soldiers to arrest the first Christians who came under their observation.

"Michael Don was arrested. Upon the thirteenth of April he was summoned before the prefect. 'You are accused,' said

the Mandarin to the Christian, who stood calmly before him, 'of having basely stolen some valuable garments from Chung.' 'Noble Mandarin, I have stolen nothing. But as without possessing wealth I have quite sufficient for my wants, I am perfectly willing to make up whatever loss Chung may have sustained. But let it be understood that it is not as restitution, but simply by way of charity.'

"The accusation of theft was a mere pretext, nothing more was said on *that* subject. 'What is that you wear around your neck?' was the next question. '*It is my scapular*, great Mandarin.' 'Tear it off and throw it away, and that moment you will be set at liberty.' 'Great Mandarin, you might cut off my head. *I would even then still press my scapular against my heart.*' This reply gave such offence that Michael was hurled to the ground; his hands and feet were tied fast and secured to two pickets. 'This man is an insolent wretch,' said the Mandarin. 'Soldier! to your task.' And the soldier, taking the scourge, struck over and over again with the sharp thongs this faithful servant of Mary, who would not renounce her and thereby deny his Savior Jesus Christ. At first the victim shuddered, half rose, then fell again. The soldier struck with pitiless force, and the blows fell like hail upon the quivering flesh. Suddenly, strengthened by divine grace, the Christian conceived the resolution to endure the torture without making the slightest movement. The soldier pursued his cruel work, the blood streamed down, pieces of flesh strewed the ground, but the Christian uttered not a word of complaint. 'Stay,' said the Mandarin. 'Could it be that he is dead?' The soldier leaned forward, looked attentively, and was about to reply in the affirmative, but Michael, raising himself up, said: 'I am alive; you may continue.' And at once the scourge inflicted new torture upon the lacerated flesh. A soldier who had viewed the cruel spectacle, half in pity, half in anger, cried out: 'Fool that thou art, do as the great Mandarin desires; sign the letter of apostasy and thou wilt be tormented no more.' 'Ah! friend,' said the heroic confessor, 'What counsel dost thou give me? To give up the joys of heaven for a few fleeting earthly years! Thou knowest not my re-

ligion; never would I be so base as to deny it.' And the punishment went on.

"When Michael had received 150 lashes the Mandarin, despairing of conquering his constancy ordered him to be dragged to a gloomy prison, where he was to remain in his suffering condition for one month. And as if to compensate himself for his disappointment, the next day was marked by a new act of atrocity.

"The Mandarin bade them drag another Christian into his presence and had him knocked down and beaten with clubs because, like Michael, he refused to give up his faith. He too was a devout child of Mary, and upon the feast of the patronage of St. Joseph that dear Mother bade him welcome to the enjoyment of everlasting bliss in Paradise."

In the *Chroniques du Carmel*, July, 1892, the following item appeared.

"The American correspondent of *L'Univers* relates thus:

"The battle field was strewn with the massacred soldiers of Custer's army and presented a harrowing sight. One lifeless form, and only one, had been treated with any degree of respect, and without being a fanatic on the subject of *religion*, it cannot be denied that it was a veritable miracle, an indisputable mark of the protection accorded her faithful clients by our Lady of Mount Carmel. In the midst of the terrible scene the dead body of Colonel Keogh, an Irishman by birth, and a devout Catholic, was permitted to remain untouched. It was evident that a savage had begun to tear off his linen and his vest, but went no further, for the cruel hand came in contact with the scapular, which the colonel perpetually wore. Without doubt the sacred badge awakened recollections of some devoted missionary's teachings, the image of our dear Mother touched the savage heart and arrested the profaning grasp, and a new proof of Mary's power appeared.

"Certain it is that their fury was calmed at the sight of the scapular. One could see that several of the savages had assisted in bearing the body of an enemy—a few moments before an object of detestation—to a sheltered spot; there placing it in a reclining posture, the head leaning against a tree, they had disposed the badge so loved by the deceased upon his breast and silently stole away."

CHURCH UNION.

BY PIUS R. MAYER, O. C. C.



FOR the last ten years a desire to effect some kind of a union between the different Protestant bodies has been manifested, and, as time wears on, the desire becomes stronger and more pronounced. Bodies of ministers of different denominations have conferred together and union churches as well as union creeds have been moted.

Can an union be thus established? A Catholic watching these frantic endeavors is not only an interested spectator, but he feels that the ultimate result must be what his heart desires, viz., union with Rome. To effect an union without Rome is a hopeless task, an impossible undertaking.

The essential difference between Catholics and Protestants lies in the teaching authority on the one, and the absolute absence of it on the other side. To free themselves of pretended "Popish abuses and corruptions," the Reformers of the sixteenth century cast off all connection with the church, and as this could not well be done as long as they acknowledged that Christ established a visible church under a visible ruler, commissioned to act as the depository and administrator of doctrine and grace, the Reformers cut the Gordian knot by setting up their rival claims of free interpretation. Doing so they drove a wedge not only into the hated "church of Rome," but into their own creation as well. They did not stop to consider that their principle in its legitimate application necessarily led to disruption, since definite doctrines must form the backbone of every religious fabric.

The Catholics look upon the church as the ground and pillar of truth, planted by God as a means for man to reach Him again. The Protestants on the other side declared the church to be a voluntary union of individuals for the purpose of worshipping God according to their own opinions, not according to the way pointed out by Him. As

tradition cannot possibly exist without teaching authority, it was but logical for them to cast off traditions and confine themselves to the bible, though, in doing so, they lost sight of the fact that the bible itself is but tradition, and only a small part of tradition.

The result showed itself within three centuries. Sects split over and over; a difference of opinion led to the establishment of rival sects. In the heat of controversy, doctrines were abandoned which, up to the time, had been strenuously defended. Moral laws are but logical deductions from dogma. As dogma disappeared these moral laws became weaker and obscurer; they were for a time observed by force of habit, but succeeding generations never acquired these habits, and hence did not allow their religious tenets to fully rule their conscience, and consequently we hear the constant complaint that religion lost its hold upon man, and a Protestant theme, considered in all variations is, "how to reach the masses."

This constant loss of worshippers, and the ever increasing religious indifference, has often been attributed to a spirit of greed, materialism being blamed for it. But there the question confronts us: Why did materialism not make the same inroads upon Catholic populations, and why does the Church of Rome not merely hold its own among pagans, but virtually drives out all competition?

Decidedly worldly circumstances are identical for both; whence the different results? The answer is clear. The pagan orator Cicero gave it before the coming of Christ: "*Concordia minimae res crescunt, discordia maximae dilabuntur.*" He says, "Union makes the smallest things grow, discord destroys the greatest." This truism is proved daily. "Show us first," said pagans in Asia to the missionaries, "that you agree among yourselves, and we will follow you." In this battle the unbroken phalanx which the Catholic church presents, the identity of doctrines, sacra-

ments and rites, forcibly appeal to the spectator. He feels that union is strength, and he seeks to strengthen himself by uniting with this united body.

The Protestant bodies recognize this and publicly acknowledge it. Protestantism cannot in this duel of spirits hold its own or recover lost ground unless it is able to present an unbroken front. Consequently a union is dear to the hearts of all zealous and well meaning Protestants, and attempts at it have frequently been made, but hitherto always proved abortive. The question now is, will they succeed better in future, or can they ever succeed?

There are only three kinds of union possible, (1) a union of creed, (2) a union of administration, (3) a mere external and accidental union of rites.

This latter could take place if all the different dissentients could at least agree upon certain ceremonies to be used by all in conducting their services. Such an agreement at first sight seems feasible, the more, as Protestants are wont to disclaim any value of external worship and emphasize the adoration of God in spirit and in truth. Yet, if such be the case, the question is legitimate: Why have any ceremonies at all? If there is no intrinsic connection between the expression of the faith and the faith expressed, for what purpose should we keep up this mummery? Do like the Society of Friends do. Abolish the clergy, the altar, the ceremony, and let every individual await the internal inspiration of the Holy Ghost.

If, on the other side, these ceremonies are to be considered as the clothing of convictions, the external manifestations of the faith that is in us, they must necessarily be in keeping with this faith, and therefore where there is no union of faith there can be no union of ritual, and any attempt, to present the same ritual in spite of differing opinions, would be hypocrisy.

The second kind of union, suggested above, would be an union of administration, analogous to the command of an army, in which the different arms, in spite of the different training and different uniforms and equipments, work in union, directed by the decisive will of the commander-in-chief.

Neither such an union is possible. For whilst all the parts of an army present a

perfect unit as to scope, this is not and cannot be the case with rival religions, and the attempt of England and Germany to eliminate jealousy and secure harmonious work, by distributing their territory, allotting to every sect a certain portion to the exclusion of every other sect, is a monstrosity, and in direct violation of the cardinal principle of Protestantism, viz: free interpretation and absolute liberty of conscience.

Hence every such attempt must fail. Every missionary feels, that he has equal rights with the other, to gain converts and to plant his flag upon every spot of this planet of ours, where he can secure a following. Religion is a matter of mind and heart, not of administration. And supposing such an union would be tried, who is to be the commander-in-chief, whose undisputed authority would assign to each worker his particular field? Is it to be an Episcopalian, a Methodist, a Presbyterian or a Unitarian, etc.? Would all the sects be willing to submit to the arbitrary rule of one of their number, or to a composite body of directors chosen from the different sects? The impossibility of the scheme must be clear to every thinking person.

Besides, even supposing this impossibility possible, what good would flow from it? There would be still the difference of doctrine, of practice, and the jealousy of the sects. And consequently the result of such a union would be only to show their differences the stronger.

Therefore the only possible basis of union would be the union of creed. This truth is felt strongly and various means were suggested to effect it. In Prussia, when the quarrels between the Lutheran and Reformed denominations had been raging fiercely for a long time, the government settled the disputes forcibly. It compounded the contradictory doctrines of the two disputants, published and enforced a new "Legenda" and "Agenda," and bound all the ministers to their use, calling the compound the "Evangelical Church." But conviction cannot be ruled by the baton of the corporal, and instead of bringing union, it fostered disunion in Protestant churches, and the child born, was still-born. It is a corpse to-day.

Another proposition was started in

America, viz.: to take for a basis of union those dogmas only on which all agreed, leaving in abeyance all the others as more or less irrelevant. But there we meet from the onset with a very serious difficulty, or rather a number of difficulties. First, there is no necessity of forming a union in points in which there is no difference. Second, it is not a question of words, but of meaning, and such words as God, Trinity, Saviour, Godman, atonement, etc., mean widely different things according to the explanation attached to them. Third: Which doctrines are essential, which are not? What to one appears a matter of indifference, is precisely to the other the cardinal question on which he stakes his faith and builds up his denomination.

Hence all attempts at union must fail, unless there is a tribunal to decide the momentous questions of the character of the church of God, the ways and means of teaching and dispensing graces, in short, of the whole economy of salvation. For if God does not intend to save man by direct and personal action, it belongs to Him and only to Him to ordain how He wishes to see this salvation accomplished, and in view of the efforts made by so many sincere people to bring about union and efficiency of church work, it is worth the trouble to enquire thoroughly into these matters, and this we intend to do in future articles in the REVIEW.

BITS OF TALK WITH OTHER WOMEN.

III.

OF HOUSEHOLD REASONABLENESS.

BY MARIE LOUISE SANDROCK REDMOND.



NOBODY that I am aware of, ever accused Madame de Manitenon of frivolity. It is not, therefore, very astonishing to know that she constantly advocated that the young ladies in the famous school of St. Cyr, of her founding, be trained first of all in the principles of common sense, reason, solid piety. The word reasonable, and in no cant sense, was always at her tongue's end.

In this sense also, would I venture to apply it to the conduct of our every day life, our ordinary household affairs.

If the harmony of many households be but the music of "sweet bells jangled," it is principally because unreasonableness rules there.

In such a household, heaven's first law of order will be found to be mostly disregarded. The general good is but little considered. The heads of the family are known as "Mrs. John Thomas and her husband,"—

proving the latter to be an inert lump of unassertive brawn and muscle—or, as "Mr. John Thomas and his wife,"—the latter designation including Mrs. J. T. among the feminine bundles of simpers, sweetness and husband—adoration.

In such a household, individuality dares not assert itself. The children, ruling and unruly, are the centre of the family solar system, or, cowed and sunless, are looked upon as the inevitable evil attending a matrimonial venture.

The life of such a home is a battle of adverse elements, a shuffle and scramble for necessity and luxury,—never the sweet round of toil and recreation molten in never-jarring companionship that family life should be.

It is easy to point out an evil. More tentatively one puts finger to the remedy.

In the meanwhile, one is met with a shrug, and "ideal," and "Utopian," are contemptuously levelled at one.

I protest, it would be idle to speak practically of the ideal that can never be

merged in the real. And Utopia lies not far off from us sometimes.

Of the orderly ruling of a household, whether simple or elaborate, a volume could be written. It is the alpha and omega of family peace and comfort. Whether the family be large or small, whether there are several servants or one, or none at all, whether the income be generous or scanty, order, however difficult its achievement be, is at once a possibility and necessity. A woman can have no nobler task than to evolve order out of household chaos, and compel its enforcement.

"The marriage of true minds," and no other union is worth considering, can scarcely help but result in reasonable harmony. It will be harmony of ideas with friendly friction among minor details, independent thought and opinion, independent action for each in the duties of each one's sphere.

In such a marriage, and no other need be, the world at large will regard the John Thomases as equally important for they will be so well put together that one will not outbalance the other.

Of the exceeding happiness of such a union, none but the two within the magic circle can know. An attempt to reveal it, would be to wander fatuously in the labyrinth in which, from time immemorial, everyone has lost himself who tried to square the circle.

In every household, individual activity should be as much encouraged as general recreations. If circumstances do not admit of the complete development of the talent of each member of the family—in which direction all that is possible should be done, for everybody possesses at least a grain of talent, a grain that, in the end, may prove diffusive as the musk,—let an effort be made to put each one in the way of helping himself. The best that can be done for all of us is to show us how to help ourselves. It is something, too, that, to a certain extent, we have a right to ask from our family and early environments.

Let the household tasks be equally divided among the daughters of the family. Thus shall no one be idle and none too heavily weighted. Even very little children can have their share of little duties and learn the charm of occupation and re-

sponsibility. It is part of the atmosphere of sunshine and simplicity in which alone children thrive.

The varying duties of the day at an end, the evening hour should bring a truce to each one's separate employments, a truce, if possible, to care and anxiety, a truce to the dissention of morbid and unpleasant topics. The home in which the evenings are spent, by the united family, in light and pleasant converse, in games, or music, or reading aloud, is—at least I never knew an instance to the contrary—the happy home.

One destroyer of peace and comfort in many households is the unreasonable attitude between husband and wife towards money affairs.

Most women are ignorant of money matters, thanks to their fathers and husbands, who, when their means permit, have no objection to their daughters and wives running unlimited accounts, but the strongest objections to trusting them with the smallest of allowances.

The result is that women know little of the value of money, are extravagant in some respects and mean in others, are prone to sum up all a man's virtues under the heading, "generous," and, on the other hand, to balance and outweigh all possible good qualities by the reputation or imputation of stinginess.

Every woman has a right to know the exact amount of her husband's income. Such knowledge is a shield to her against harsh judgments of him. It is a shield to him against unreasonable outlay or complaint on her part.

When circumstances permit, a certain proportion of the income should be given to the wife in weekly or monthly instalments for the current housekeeping expenses. If a certain portion also, be given her for her individual expenses, her husband's peace of mind need no longer be disturbed by the gruesome ghosts of milliners and dressmakers bills.

If the daughters, also, are given an allowance, his peace of mind will increase and his pocket not suffer in the long run. As for them, they will have the felicity of enjoying, and paying for, the rapture of a Paris hat or gown and scrimping for an indefinite period thereafter to make up for the extravagance, or of wearing shabby and

out-of-date garments that they may be rich in matinee tickets, books, or other particular fads, perhaps even in a bit of charity and glowingly feel themselves philanthropists in a small way.

However they spend the money, whether

wisely or not, the spending will always be at once a lesson and a delight to them. It does not take much, indeed, to delight a girl. And in this respect, I am inclined to believe, a woman is always a girl.

A Letter Which Received an Answer.

FROM THE GERMAN—BY PHILIP A. BEST.



OWARDS the end of the seventeenth century the Austrian town of Laimgrube could not boast of such fine buildings as it does to-day. It is true there were a few handsome edifices, but the homes of the inhabitants consisted mostly of small poor cottages or huts, into one of which we intend to bring the reader. This little house was on the principal thoroughfare—Mariahilf Street, situated on the spot where now stands a more pretentious house bearing the number "13." In the same was one room and a small chamber, occupied by Paul Merten, a talented musician and his well-educated daughter Josepha, who had been well-trained in needle work and domestic work of all kinds.

But the father and daughter had nothing whereby to earn their bread, for it was only a few years subsequent to the destruction of Vienna by barbarous Turks. Merten and his child could hope for no work from their fellow townsmen, who being put to a great expense during a protracted siege had no money to spare for musical instruction or entertainment. Finally the landlord, one Schmalhans, took possession of Merten's room, he and his daughter being forced to live in the poor and small chamber adjoining.

One day their poverty had reached that point when it became unbearable. The faithful girl could no longer listen to the piteous complaints of her poor suffering father. "Father," she said, "I will go and try to obtain some work, and I might thereby be able to send you some money."

"Is that so?" asked the old man. "And will you, too, leave me—you degenerate

child? Who will then attend to my wants? No, go not, nothing will come of it."

"But, dear father," replied Josepha, "you have no means to keep yourself. You know well enough that I have long since written to my dear godfather's wife in Neustadt, and have not as yet received an answer."

"I know that," murmured Merten, "it would have been more sensible to have sent a letter to T. rather than to that old miserly godfather of yours, Wild."

"Pshaw! father, after all what is the use of fretting over the matter," exclaimed the girl, "let us rather pray to my holy namesake, and he will obtain help and work enough for us."

"Do you mean that?" said the father, "for my part I don't think that good old carpenter (St. Joseph) above has so much credit as you make it appear. However, write to him, if you wish to try your faith"—so Josepha sat down to the table and wrote as follows on a piece of paper:

"Holy Joseph! pity our poverty! No work, no means of living! Pray God to send me work, for my father needs food.—I remain your true namesake, Josepha Merten, the musician's daughter, Laimgrube."

Josepha folded the note, and, by means of a silk thread, attached it to the neck of a little canary which she had in a cage. Having opened the window, the bird flew away with its message.

An hour had hardly elapsed when a knock was heard on the door. At the "come in" of the old man there entered a handsome and stately citizen.

"Is this where Fraulein Josepha Merten resides," he asked politely. "Yes, and what do you want with her?" replied Merten, who eyed the visitor with suspicion.

"My name is Joseph Charles Hirtl," said the citizen. "I am a jeweller in this city. St. Joseph, to whom I am greatly devoted, has ordered me to attend to a letter which he has received from your daughter. I need a great deal of needle work done and perhaps Fraulein Josepha can do it for me. Likewise for God's glory and a little innocent recreation I now and then play the organ in the Church of the Carmelites, but I need a musical director in order to perfect myself. Wouldn't Herr Merten and his daughter be my teachers?"

"Indeed, with pleasure," answered Josepha.

"Now, you must allow me to pay in advance for your services," said Hirtl, "for it is a principle of mine never to ask work of anyone without giving them their money as soon as they agree to what I ask them."

With these words he laid five shining ducats on the table.

"Now, father," said the girl, "you see that St. Joseph did answer my letter. I cannot properly thank him."

"Thank him at all times, worthy maiden," said Hirtl, "and you will never be without help and consolation. I

shall send my servant to you with the cloth and patterns, and I shall be glad to hear how the work progresses. Here is my address, Herr Merten. You can't miss the house, on which you will notice a statue of Saint Joseph." This friend bidding farewell, then took his departure. Josepha, shedding tears of gratitude, then threw herself into her father's arms, while he, half ashamed and repentant for his want of faith, kept his eyes riveted to the floor.

The bird had not flown far. Being unused to such liberty it flew into the open window of Mr. Hirtl. The latter was somewhat surprised. Having read the message which the bird carried and thought over it, he concluded that it was providential and decided to call on Mr. Merten and his daughter. He did so with the above result.

After that Mr. Hirtl and Mr. Merten and his daughter exchanged many visits, becoming fast friends. For many years the inhabitants of Laimgrube were edified by the lives of two pious devotees of St. Joseph, Mr. Joseph Hirtl and his loving wife, who had been formerly known as Josepha Merten.

ST. PAPTICK'S PRAYER.

A LEGEND.

BY THEODORE VINCENT.



AR in the west of Ireland
 Croachan's peaks arise,
 And lifting high their summits
 Kiss Connaught's laughing
 skies;
 And viewed from Clew's bright
 waters
 Cloud-wrapt they disappear,
 Their sun-tipped heights proclaiming:
 "God's Majesty shines here."

'Twas on this lonely mountain—
 The ancient legends tell—
 St. Patrick oft at eve-time
 His hymn of praise would swell;
 With tears would beg his Master
 To gladden Erin's day,

And soften hardened pagan hearts
 With Faith's enkindling ray.

And oft from highest heavens
 God's Angel, Victor, came,
 To grant the blest Apostle
 The gifts his prayers might claim.
 And back to his bright mansion,
 Each time the Angel flew,
 The holy man would charge him
 With weighty prayers anew.

One eve, as twilight deepened,
 He begged with fervent heart,
 That come what might to Erin,
 With Faith 'twould never part.
 Though every other nation
 From Christ should turn away,
 By God preserved, *his* chosen race,
 Would ne'er in darkness stay.

Then came the flashing Angel
 With lightning-winged stroke,
 And standing near Saint Patrick,
 In stern-toned numbers spoke :
 " Know ye not, Ho'y Bishop,
 What blessings o'er and o'er
 The Infinite hath given thee ?
 Why ask ye then for more ? "

" And know you this, bright Angel,
 That here I kneel and pray
 Till speeding back from heaven
 The boon is mine, you'll say.
 And O ye holy peoples !
 And O ye choirs above !
 In supplication bend, ye Trees !
 Beseech the Fount of Love ! "

Thus prayed all night unwearied,
 Nor ceased when daylight broke,
 Nay, prayed till deepning shadows
 Again the night bespoke.
 Till once again the Angel
 Winged to the Mount his flight,
 And bathed the kneeling figure
 In pure celestial light.

" Rejoice ! I bring good tidings,
 Great joy attends the prayer,
 In Faith thy Isle lives Ever,
 Thus doth the Lord God swear !
 Nay more, thine is the Power Sovereign
He solely claims, or may—
 Thy people thou alone shall judge
 When dawns the Dreadful Day."

FOR OUR YOUNG PEOPLE.

EDITED BY MISS MATILDA CUMMINGS.

[All communications to this department to be addressed to Miss M. Cummings,
 1588 Madison Avenue, New York City.]

SECRETARY'S LETTER.

MARCH, 1896.

Yes, speak little and gently, little and well, little and frankly, little and amiably.
 —ST. FRANCIS DE SALES.

MY DEAR YOUNG FRIENDS,—

The month of March is so brim full of sweet things to think about that one hardly knows where to begin. But say you, " it is Lent, and who talks of sweet things before Easter ? " Well, let us be the ones who will turn the sour into sweet. Philosophy is a big word, isn't it ? Yes, and yet a very simple little sentence will make it very easy to understand. It is making the best of things. So now, even in the midst of these sober solemn Lenten days, we can, and may be very bright and happy and turn everything into joy. Why not ? Our Blessed Lord did all the sad part of the work for us, and it is His sweet will that we be joyful all through our lives. Oh ! if that could be taught to people how much happier, and better, and wiser they would be than they are. First, we will talk of the dear St. Joseph, to whom the month of March is dedicated. Make him your friend,

dear children, and all will be well with you. Ask him to teach you how to be silent in Lent. I think our dear Lord will be wonderfully well pleased with us if we take that for our particular penance. It *seems* easy—well it isn't—try it—see how many times you'll want very much to talk—and then, as St. Francis de Sales says : " button hole your lips." The sweet little maxim at the opening of this letter will tell you more about it. Read it and turn it over and over under your tongue ; see how sweet 'twill be. Then a word, a very loving tender word, about the dear Mother of Sorrows. Yes, I did say we must always be joyful, but that is no reason why we should not run to her every day in Lent and look all that we feel. She will read the love and the sympathy in our eyes. Her sorrows gave us our joys, so spare a few minutes every day to say how gladly you would have shared them with her. Dear, sweet Mother of Sorrows, how much we all owe her. Let us pay it back in love, and ask her to help us make acts of contrition this Lent such as we never made before. What a glorious Easter they will prepare for us. Sorrow is always behind us, joy always coming, dear children.

GRANDMA'S SHAMROCKS.

"Here gran'ma, here's a present, it has
come a distance, too,
'Tis a little pot of shamrocks, and it comes
addressed to you!

Yes, all the way from Ireland, and the card
here mentions more—

They were gathered at your birthplace on
the banks of Avonmore."

"From Ireland! do you tell me? oh darling
is it true?

Accushla, let me feel them—and you say
'twas there they grew?

Why, I can scarce believe it; is it really
what you say?

From my birth-place in old Ireland! dear
Ireland far away.

"I'm old and stiff and feeble, and in dark-
ness, God be praised,

Yet, Kittie, how it stirs me, how my poor
old heart is raised,

To feel it here so near me, the soil that
gave me birth,

The very clay of Ireland, let me kiss the
holy earth.

"These blessed little shamrocks! I can't
see them, yet I know

They bring me back the eyesight of the
happy long ago,

And rushing thro' the darkness comes the
picture that I love,

The dear green fields of Ireland and the
sunny sky above.

"I see, as once I saw them, when a girl like
you I stood

Amid the furze and heather—there's the
chapel, hill and wood,

There's the abbey, clad with ivy, and the
river's winding shore,

And the boys and girls all playing on the
banks of the Avonmore.

"God bless the little shamrocks, then, for
calling back the scenes,

The beauty of the sunshine, the brightness
of the green,

Thro' long, long years to see it, and to see it
all so plain,

Ah! child, I'm sure you're smiling, but I'm
feeling young again.

"And, though I'm truly thankful for the
blessing that God's hand

Has brought around me, Kittie, in this
great and happy land,

I can't forget the old home, 'midst the com-
forts of the new;
My heart is three parts buried where these
little shamrocks grew."

FOR THE PUZZLERS.**XI.**

My first is a grain, my second is part of a
house, my whole is an English county.

XII.

What word contains all the vowels and in
their proper order?

XIII.

What is that which divides by uniting
and unites by dividing?

XIV.

What letter is always repeated in
America?

XV.

Name me and you destroy me.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES.

(IN FEBRUARY NUMBER.)

VI. Because they try to kill time.

VII. In the dictionary.

VIII. When it is Browning.

IX. When they make twenty-two (22).

X. Hugh.

FOR THE THINKERS.

1. Who founded the conference of St.
Vincent de Paul?

2. Where was he educated?

3. Who founded the order of Sulpicians?

4. What poet is called "the poet of the
soul?"

5. What Catholic poet wrote the Irish
Lyric "Inisfail"?

MAXIMS FOR MARCH.

11. How silently the snow comes down!
We see it, we feel it, but we do not hear it.
So it is with true charity.

12. There is a mysterious attraction be-
tween us and heaven. God wants us and
we want God.

EUGENIE DE GUERIN.

13. The bed of a good death ought to
have for its mattress the love of God.

ST. FRANCIS DE SALES.

14. God has the goodness to put some of

our purgatory into each day. Let us accept it.

F. RAVIGNAN.

15. When I see a person who has the courage to rise in the morning, I at once form a high idea of his strength of character.

MGR. LANDRIOR.

FOR THE LITTLE ONES.

GRANDPA'S GLASSES.

My grandpapa has to wear glasses.

'Cause his eyesight is not very strong,
And he calls them his "spees," and he's worn them

For ever and ever so long.

And when he gets through with his reading
He carefully puts them away,

And that's why I have to help find them
'Bout twenty-five times in a day.

But at night when we sit 'round the table,
And papa and mamma are there,

He reads just as long as he's able,

And then falls asleep in his chair.

And he sits there and sleeps in his glasses,

And you don't know how funny it seems;
But he says that he just *has* to wear them
To see things well in his dreams.

CARDINAL MANNING ON CHILDREN.

I have sometimes thought when looking on a church full of children, there is nothing more beautiful in the sight of God. A beautiful garden full of roses, lilies and lovely flowers, is sweet and beautiful to the eye. The hand of man guards and watches over it so that no harm can enter. Sometimes a storm of wind or hail breaks the lilies, destroy the roses and makes ruin where before all was sweet and orderly. The wicked and malicious man comes in to wreck and ruin his neighbor's garden, and when he sees this everybody is touched to the heart. Everything lovely and sweet, trampled down and wrecked, makes one grieved; but in the sight of God, not the most beautiful garden fashioned by the hand of man, not even Paradise, not even the garden of Eden in all its glory and beauty of flowers and fruits, was so bright and glorious as are the souls of little children in whom the Holy Ghost dwells. Such a scene is sweeter and brighter in the sight of God than any garden man ever formed.

THE MOUNTAIN AND THE SQUIRREL.

BY RALPH WALDO EMERSON.

The mountain and the squirrel
Had a quarrel;
And the former called the latter "Little Prig."

Bun replied,

"You are doubtless very big;
But all sorts of things and weather
Must be taken in together,
To make up a year
And a sphere.

And I think it no disgrace
To occupy my place.

If I'm not so large as you

You are not so small as I,

And not half so spry,

I'll not deny you make

A very pretty squirrel-track;

Talents differ: all is well and wisely put

If I cannot carry forests on my back,

Neither can you crack a nut!

THE SEAL-SKIN CLOAK.

BY HENRY COYLE.

(CONTINUED.)

That evening after dinner, Alice held a long conversation with her father in the drawing room; her aunt was present, but when she heard the girls' strange request, she held up her hands and muttering something about turning the house into an "orphan asylum," went to her room in a passion.

"My dear child," said her father, when she had finished her story, "as far as I am concerned, I would not object having the child here, but you know your aunt would never consent; she would leave us at once. But if you really wish to give up your seal-skin cloak, you shall have the five hundred dollars it would cost, to do what you choose with."

Alice had long wished for the cloak; her intimate friend, Vera Alison, was also to have one, and they had even made their selections at Redfern's. It was a sacrifice to the young girl, even in the fresh warmth of her benevolent feelings, to give up the long-wished-for gift, but she did not hesitate.

"Papa," she said, "I will give up the cloak, and pay the little girl's board with the money. I did want the cloak, but I am sure I could not wear it with comfort,

when I thought of poor little Ella without a home."

The next day found Alice in the sick room. Mrs. Morris had already closed her eyes forever on the scenes of earth, but not before she had been assured by the doctor who was present at the time, that her little girl would be tenderly cared for. He called in a few neighbors, and placed a sufficient sum to defray the funeral expenses in the hands of good Father Orr, the parish priest, who had administered the last rites of the Church to the widow.

Alice asked Mr. Murphy to take care of Ella until she could find a suitable home for her, and with a last look at the peaceful face of the dead, she took the doctor's arm, and the two walked in silence across the city.

"How kind you have been, doctor!" suddenly exclaimed Alice.

"Oh, no; I would do much more than that for your sake," he replied earnestly; "dear Alice, I love you: permit me to be a life-long partner in your care of Ella?"

It was a surprise, but a gentle pressure from the hand he held, and a timid glance from eyes beaming with the soft light of the soul's affection, was a sufficient answer, and in love's holiest communings the remainder of the walk was almost unconsciously passed.

There was a heightened glow on Alice's face when she entered the drawing-room, after taking leave of the doctor. Her father and her aunt were seated at a table, the former reading, and the latter working at her lace. In a few words the young girl described the sad scene she had witnessed in the afternoon, and told them the poor woman's story.

"What did you say her husband's name was?" asked her father, suddenly.

"Morris,—Robert Morris, a young lawyer," answered Alice; "perhaps you knew his family, papa; they were very wealthy people, I believe."

"Why, of course," cried Mr. Arthur, dropping his paper; his father was one of my dearest friends! Robert married, and we lost sight of him. It was said—"

"Aunt Mary, what is the matter?"

Miss Arthur had fallen back insensible in her chair. Alice rang the bell for the servants, and in a few moments her aunt regained consciousness. She looked about her in a bewildered way, and then the tears rolled down her face.

"Poor Robert!" she murmured.

"Ah!" Mr. Arthur clasped his hands, and then went to his sister. "Dear Mary!"

"We must have the child here," she said; "She will be my care. Poor Robert!"

Alice was very much surprised, but being naturally clever, she had a suspicion of the truth. When Aunt Mary retired, Mr. Arthur told Alice the story. Robert Morris and Aunt Mary had been lovers, but owing to a cruel misunderstanding, they quarreled and parted. Robert married a girl he did not love: when it was too late he discovered his mistake, and half crazed with grief, he became a drunkard.

The next day Alice and the doctor called at Mrs. Murphy's and brought little Ella to Mr. Arthur's house. Aunt Mary met them at the door; she no longer feared what the neighbors might think or say, but kissed the child again and again, the tears rolling down her face.

"She has a heart, after all," whispered Alice to the doctor.

"Are you my new mamma?" asked Ella.

"Yes, my dear child!" exclaimed Miss Arthur; "I will be a mother to you!"

"And now," said Dr. Marvin, stepping forward to Alice and taking her arm, "there is something else, Mr. Arthur, which only requires your approval to be settled. Is it not so, Alice?"

A modest blush was the only answer—but her father understood, and recovering from his surprise, he took a hand of each, clasped them together in his own, and with a fervent "God bless you, my dear children!" he turned away. Aunt Mary embraced her niece, and hoped that she would be very happy; then little Ella came forward, and had a share in the general rejoicing.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

BY THE EDITOR.

ALL communications to the editor must be signed with the full name of the sender. Literary contributions for the REVIEW must be strictly original work, and vouched for as such by writers whom we do not know. We have received some very creditable articles, which were unavailable, because these rules were not complied with. We prefer, too, to have the articles appear under the writer's name, although we do not wish to interfere with the right to a *nom de plume*. We only wish to state our preference.

* * *

ARE all pleasures forbidden in Lent? No, only those pleasures which are mainly intended for the senses, are to be shunned. And even these only in as far as they are not in conformity with a season of penance. We should mortify the body and elevate our minds and souls. We mortify the body and keep it in subjection by fasting not only from food, but also from pleasures of sight and sound and touch and taste. It is for this reason that theatres and concerts, balls and banquets are to be avoided. We should elevate our souls by good and pious reading, by hearing Lenten sermons, and especially by meditating on the Sufferings of Our Lord and the Sorrow of Our Lady. This is the true Christian method of keeping Lent.

* * *

LENT is a preparation for Easter. We are to die with Christ in order to rise again with Him. Die to our passions and unruly appetites by fasting and mortification, die to our past life of sin by a humble and contrite confession, and rise to a new and vigorous Christian life by a fervent Easter Communion. Since many of us cannot fast, and are dispensed by the Church from this salutary practice, we should all the more practice mortification of the tongue by silence; of the eyes by avoiding worldly shows; of the ears, by keeping them closed against vain and frivolous conversations; of the palate by using only plain foods; of

the hands, by not indulging even in innocent games; of the feet, by going to all the Lenten exercises and not going to any places of amusement: of the intellect, by not reading books of fiction and merely amusing literature; of the heart, by keeping legitimate affections under control, and finally, of the whole man, by not indulging in anything for which we would not dare to thank God. No pleasure is innocent at any time upon which we cannot invoke a blessing of God beforehand, or for which we cannot render thanks to God afterwards.

* * *

THE fact of holy church blessing palms to be distributed among the faithful reminds us that in some cases palms are blessed in honor of certain saints, particularly the martyrs. Pious pictures frequently represent the martyrs holding palms in their hands as a sign of their victory. Hence the expression "he attained the martyrs' palm." In some countries it is customary to bless palms in honor of the Carmelite Martyr Saint Angelus. In many cases has that holy martyr obtained remarkable cures for those who besought his aid. Even when his holy body was transferred to the new and costly shrine prepared for it, many who followed in the procession were delivered from bodily suffering.

* * *

DEVOTION to St. Joseph is steadily increasing. Ever since the time that St. Teresa showed her absolute confidence in the power of this great saint, who, as she says, never was invoked in vain by her—the love of St. Joseph has grown deeper and deeper in Catholic hearts. He was the head of the Holy Family at Nazareth. Of the three members of that family, the Child was the highest in worth and dignity, then came the Mother, and last of all the foster-father. But matters were reversed as regards authority. St. Joseph was the first in authority, the Mother second, and the Child was subject to both of them. What a lesson for our proud and independent

youth, who find it so difficult to be subject to those who are not only their superiors in authority, but also in worth and dignity. Even if their parents were unworthy and undignified, their authority is God's own, and cannot be gainsaid, without infringing upon His rights. Fathers and mothers, too, should learn a lesson from St. Joseph and his family, and if the lesson were heeded holy families would not be so scarce as they are now.

* *

THE Angel of the Annunciation was sent to the lowliest spot on earth to find an humble maiden at her prayers. The Son of God had chosen this unknown Jewish girl for His Mother. Could He have given us a stronger proof of His love for humble souls? Is it not an indication of the highest nobility of souls to be humble? What more befitting attitude can the creature assume towards its Creature? And is not humility, which means a just estimate of ourselves as we are in the eyes of God, and should be in the eyes of others, a proof of true wisdom. Examine vanity, and you will find it to be silly; examine pride, and you will find it to be stupid. Mary, the humblest of saints, is the "Mother of Divine Wisdom."

* *

WE have been asked to give more attention to the news of the day, and do less preaching in our editorial notes. Why? To air our views about things going on around us? What can a friar from the confines of his cell find interesting in the present world? Yes, if the cause of Christ, the kingdom of God and His Justice, were to be consulted in our modern politics, if so-called Christian nations were to unite in their endeavors to suppress vice and cultivate virtue, if anything but low and mercenary motives were allowed to govern the affairs of the world, we might be glad to chronicle the good news. But, alas, our Holy Father, whom the whole world respects and loves, cannot obtain justice at His own door; the persecuted Christians of the East are in vain holding up their bleeding hands in prayer to a Christian world that meets in conventions and passes resolutions on what *ought* to be done. France, the eldest daughter of the church, is taxing the ingenuity of its governors to invent

new methods of crippling her mother; Cuba is in the throes of a revolutionary war, and its instigators, members of secret societies and enemies of the church, not only find sympathizers among their own, but even among Catholic editors who are carried away by an undue love for liberty and independence, beautiful ideals as they are: Ireland, united in faith, is still divided on almost every other question pertaining to her weal: Canada is trying to do justice to the abused Catholic minority of Manitoba, but she is doing so with poor grace and in trembling accents; England is amazed at the audacity of other nations who do protest a little too loudly against her overreaching appetite for the goods of others, an appetite which has steadily been on the increase since Henry VIII began to confiscate. She is now protesting her innocence and wondering how people can be so uncharitable, and she hires another poet laureate, worthy of the occasion, to sing her virtues and glories; Russia, true to her disloyalty to the Catholic church, is not helping the Armenians nor allowing others to do so, but she induces a weak princeling to become an apostate, to break his vows in a most unmanly way, and to sacrifice his innocent son to the demands of a schismatic usurper of spiritual authority; the United States are glorying in their ability to make more debts, and are on the eve of another electoral campaign, which is to be conducted on the lines of unadulterated patriotism and high moral rectitude.

PUBLICATIONS.

CARDINAL GERRAND has written a remarkable commentary on a page of Plato. It is a literary gem, full of genius. It is published by the same French firm and bears the title, *Eurythmie et Harmonie*.

* *

Saint Aloysius Society Manual is the title of a small volume containing prayers for all occasions, suitable for the young. It is cheap (25 cents), although printed and bound in the best fashion. It is published by Fr. Pustet & Co., New York City.

* *

THE same firm also publish a *Manual of the Sodality* of the Blessed Virgin Mary. It contains all the rules of the Sodality, and

the small office of the Blessed Virgin. It is a small volume of 223 pages. Cloth—40 cents.

* *

St. Thomas' Manual is intended for the use of those who venerate the Angel of the Schools, St. Thomas of Aquin. It contains meditation and prayers for the six Sundays preceding the feast of St. Thomas Aquinas, all the beautiful hymns in honor of the Blessed Sacrament, composed by this great saint, both in Latin and English, and prayers used by the Angelic doctor in his own devotions. To make the manual a serviceable prayer-book for all occasions, the Daily Exercises of a Christian, by Father von Cochem, are added. It is published by Fr. Pustet & Co., in paper; price, 25 cents.

* *

ANOTHER little volume, precious to all lovers of St. Joseph, is published by the firm mentioned. It is *Visits to St. Joseph* for every day in the month. They were written by a Carmelite nun, who must have imbibed from her spiritual mother the great love for St. Joseph, which was such a characteristic of St. Teresa. It is only a little book, paper bound, and costs but 15 cents—but it will prove to be a dear companion to those who make use of it during the blessed month of St. Joseph.

* *

WE have received from the publishing house of P. Tequi, 29 rue du Tournon, Paris, France, an exhaustive biography of *Blessed Theophilus de Corte*, who was beatified by the Holy Father with the usual splendid ceremonies on January 25th of this year. A full account of the ceremonies was published in the *Boston Pilot* of the 15th of February. The life is written by the superior of the Seminary of Aix, the Very Rev. Abbe Abeau. It is illustrated with a portrait taken in the lifetime of the saint and many original wood cuts.

* *

THE same firm publishes *Letters de l'Abbe Perveyce*. These charming letters of the popular priest, whose short lived career was so full of promise, are now in their sixth edition. They give us an insight into a most noble and heroic soul. All the intimate correspondence between him and Pere Lacordaire, and his letters to Count

Montalembert, are published, besides all the many interesting notes of travel written by this fervent son of the church.

* *

An Hour with a Sincere Protestant is the title of a little book published by the Christian Press Association. There are many good Protestants in America who will read this truly apostolic book, if it is brought to their notice. And as it is a clear and simple exposition of Catholic truth, with nothing controversial about it, only meeting common objection made by Protestants, it is going to do its noble work well. Protestants, who are of sufficient good faith to read such a book at all, are more swayed by a clear presentation of the truth than by polemical arguments. And yet, the book proves that our homage is a *reasonable* one. It retails at 10 cents; \$5 per hundred.

* *

Orchids.—A novel by Lelia Hardin Bugg. Published by B. Herder, St. Louis. Fine illuminated cloth binding, \$1.50.

THE first effort of a new Catholic novelist, who is true to her high calling, always deserves credit. We are naturally inclined to hail any new competitor in this field, which is so much in need of cultivation. But criticism becomes a grateful task when the work is really meritorious, as it is in this case. The story is one of high motives and noble deeds. The heroine is an unusually heroic type of the American girl. She is educated in a French convent, enters New York society as a rich heiress, falls in love with the wrong man, an English Lord, runs the greatest risk of entering upon a mixed marriage: is saved by the grace of a noble act of justice, and obtains, as a reward, the highest of all graces on earth, that of being numbered among the consecrated spouses of Our Lord. A wholesome tale, full of pathos, and containing many a page of clever thoughts upon our modern questions. The author tries to disarm adverse criticism by an After-Thought, in which she answers beforehand, and in an admirable fashion, the possible fault-finding of the critics.

* *

THE *New Mission Book* published by the same firm (B. Herder) is far superior to the old mission book not only because it con-

tains many selections from the devout writings of Saint Alphonsus, but also because it is such a handy and pretty volume. It contains in 465 pages all that a prayer book and a manual of religion should contain; and has an excellent alphabetical index; is prettily bound in cloth with gilt lettering and is sold at the moderate figure of 50 cents.

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The Comedy of English Protestantism by A. F. Marshall, is now to be obtained in a new edition, bound in cloth and beautifully printed for the exceptionally low price of 50 cents, from the publishers, Benziger Bros, New York. The comedy is a good-natured satire on the futile attempts made by Protestant sects to bring about a union of churches. Delegates from the Ritualistic, the low church, and the broad church parties meet in convention with delegates from the Methodist church, the Salvation Army, the home-made sects and the imported sects, with a view to restore all the sects in Great Britain to the embrace of their mother, the church of England. How they manage it, how they disagree and make "confusion worse confounded" and how the clever writer draws from their unwilling lips the most convincing arguments for Catholic truth, can only be fully appreciated by a careful reading of this delightful "comedy."

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A Tuscan Magdalen, and other Legends and Poems, is the title of the latest book

of poems by Eleanor C. Donnelly. It is published by H. L. Kilner & Co., Philadelphia. The volume is printed in excellent typography, on heavy paper and well bound. Some of the poems, including the one which gives the title to this collection, have appeared before in Catholic magazines, and contributed to the renown of the gifted poet. The book is full of gems. No greater heroes ever lived than our Catholic saints. No more inspiring themes could be selected for the lofty flights of poetry than their lives and actions. What fascinating subjects for the Catholic poet. And how fitting it is that the legends of the saints should be told in musical numbers! As the bards of old sang the deeds of their great heroes, so this Catholic bard of the present day sings of the noble deeds of our Christian heroes. St. Margaret of Cortona, St. Francis Xavier, St. Elizabeth of Hungary, St. Christopher, St. Nicholas, St. Zita and other saints, furnish the burden of her songs. And she sings sweetly and nobly, as it becomes such themes. One of the strongest poems in the volume is "The Drama Spiritualized," read before the convention in the women's building at the Atlanta Exposition last November. Recognizing the vast influence of the stage at the present day, the poet voices in lofty strains the cry of all who are anxious to see this great power enlisted on the side of virtue and purity.

TRIOLET.

BY MARIE LOUISE SANDROCK REDMOND.

The rain falls soft, like hushed outcry,
 And noiselessly men come and go.
 Grey is the earth and grey the sky,
 The rain falls soft, like hushed outcry.

'Tis peace, grey-hued, who passes by,
 Blessing the mournful world below.
 The rain falls soft, like hushed outcry,
 And noiselessly men come and go.





SALVE REGINA.

BY ENFANT DE MARIE.



NOW oft is my spirit silent
 When fain I would sing of thee,
 Awaiting His inspiration
 To pour forth sweet melody!
 To-day there are gentle murmurs
 That echo a well-loved strain;
 The sighing of exiled children,
 Who pray in a land of pain.

O "Salve!" most tender "Mater,"
 Thou beautiful holy Queen!
 Afar in the azure heavens,
 And robed with celestial sheen.
 "O vita, O spes, dulcedo!"
 Our voices in anguish cry,
 In whispering like the night-wind,
 Low breathing a plaintive sigh.

Look down with thine eyes of mercy
 On us in this "vale of tears,"
 O, soothe every pain and sorrow,
 And calm all our anxious tears.
 When exile on earth is over,
 And fades the last weary day,
 O, show us the Saviour Jesus,*
 And lead to His rest away.

No pleadings of wistful mourning
 Shall waft to thy listening ear,
 But songs full of praise and gladness
 To Christ and His Mother dear.
 O, "Salve Regina pia!"
 At morning and restful eve,
 "O, clemens, O, dulcis Virgo!"
 Our prayers in thy love receive.

* "Et Jesum benedictum fructum ventris tui
 nobis post hoc exilium ostende."

"Salve Regina."

LIFE AND CATHOLIC JOURNALISM

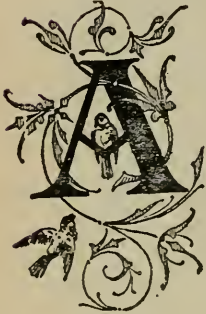
—OF THE LATE—

JAMES A. McMASTER,

EDITOR OF THE NEW YORK FREEMAN'S JOURNAL AND CATHOLIC REGISTER.

EDITED BY VERY REV. MARK S. GROSS.

CHAPTER X.—CONTINUED.



ABOUT that time Mr. McMaster met the Rev. Father M., and almost the very first word he said to him was: "Father M., guess what great present St. Alphonsus made me on the day of his feast, the 2nd of August?" "I answered, I could not guess." "Well," said he, "on that day St. Alphonsus obtained for my daughter Gertrude the grace of vocation to the Carmelite sisterhood." In saying this, a heavenly joy beamed forth from his countenance. He communicated this news also to Father Denny, S. J., who went to him about that time. "I shall never forget," said Father D., "the last time I saw Mr. McMaster; it was on the occasion of his only remaining daughter entering the Carmelite Convent in Baltimore. This act of his daughter, though it broke up the home which would have been so comforting to his old age, gave the father the highest degree of happiness. He turned to me and said: "I am amazed at the goodness of God, that has allowed me the joy of beholding three daughters espoused to Christ." Father Denny adds that he was struck with the remarkable example of Faith which the incident disclosed. He himself led this last daughter to the door of the enclosure. When Miss Gertrude McMaster was on the point to step over the threshold into the enclosure of the convent, McMaster said to her: "Gertrude, allow me to share in the meritorious act which you are about to make." And saying this, he took his daughter into his arms

and put her into the enclosure of the convent. Only once more he held her in a last embrace on the day when she was clothed in the Holy Habit of Our Lady of Mount Carmel. On this occasion, Cardinal, then Archbishop Gibbons, compared his sacrifice with that of Abraham.

"I have seen," said Father Ryan, S. J., alluding to McMaster, "calvaries in Christian homes, and here in this very shrine I have seen calvaries in parents' hearts. I have seen here a man of wondrous daring, fearless courage and heroic faith; I have seen him tremble and humble himself in spirit, his great heart heave, and the tear-drop glisten in his eyes when he severed himself from the children of his love and sacrificed them to God."

"I could spend hours," says Fr. M. Egan, "in the relation of incidents that came under my personal observation, which show, in all the varying lights and shades of changing time and circumstance, the true and noble qualities of McMaster's heart and mind. No language that I could command would adequately express the tribute that my feelings pay to that beautiful character, nor can I convey any idea of my estimate of it. He was a grand and noble man, and never swerved from the path which he believed to be that of truth and duty. St. Paul says Abraham showed his faith by offering up his only son Isaac; and in his Epistle to the Hebrews, commenting on the faith of the patriarchs, he says the faith of Abraham commends itself in this, that he offered up his only son Isaac. Our friend gave up his daughters, taking away the light, so to say, of his widowed home, depriving himself of the consolation of their presence, because his faith made him recognize the voice of God in the call to a higher life."

It may be well to remark here that Mr.

McMaster left all his children perfectly free in the choice of state of life. This is evident from the following letters:

"NEW YORK, March 23rd, 1882.

"*Rev. Mother Louise of St. John, Ev.*

"REV. AND DEAR MOTHER—I break in on your holy retirement, and ask your charity, on a matter that touches my heart very closely. The youngest of my three daughters,—approaching eighteen years of age, has almost from infancy cherished the wish to be a Carmelite of the reform of St. Theresa. It is but a few weeks ago that I learned this secret, that she has kept so well. But an older sister of her's has known it for some years, and by her permission has at last told me. My youngest daughter, Helen, after the death of her good and admirable mother, in 1871, was sent to a convent school conducted by the religious of the 'Society of the Holy Child Jesus'—who are the most successful I have known, among English-speaking religious, for the solid and thorough manner of their training of girls. Her oldest sister, after her two years of novitiate in the society—that follows the rule of St. Ignatius—will, next Saturday, celebrate the completion of her second year of profession.

"My second daughter insists on devoting herself to taking care of me in my declining years,—while doing good to all, rich and poor, with whom she meets. Her only living brother, sixteen years old, is at college.

"I give these brief details Reverend Mother, because it is of prudence, in judging of the fitness of a postulant, to take into account the kind of influences that have surrounded her.

"The immediate object of this letter is to ask of your charity whether it is compatible with your rules to receive a visit in your parlor from my daughter Helen, accompanied by her sister, who lives with me, and especially if this visit could be received by you on Saturday, April 1st. That date would be especially convenient, as my two daughters now with me will on that day be on their way to the convent where they were educated to make their annual retreat.

"You will understand the reason of this visit, as the young girl has never spoken

to any one wearing your holy habit. In a short conference, you, in your charity, can give her some very necessary notions in regard to what occupies her thoughts. Without a true vocation I had rather see the dear girl buried; but if our Lord really had called her, and you will charitably give her a place among you, I will have a new cause for thanking Him.

"Pardon so long a letter, and may I ask you to please let no word get out of my young daughter's hopes and desires, as, from the fact of my being so widely known, the slightest rumor—to her great pain—would be spread and exaggerated.

"Asking you to favor me with an answer within a few days, and to commend this matter to the Sacred Hearts and to St. Joseph and St. Theresa, and asking your holy prayers for my poor self,

"I remain,

"Your most humble servant,

"In the Sacred Heart,

"JAS. A. MCMMASTER."

"NEW YORK, July 13, 1882.

"*Rev. Mother Prioress and Dear Friend:*

"I promised my dear daughter two weeks ago that I would write to you, to say that, as promised, she would knock at your door on the *fifteenth*, about three o'clock.

"Please pray not only for her, but for the dear affectionate sister that will leave her at your door, but whose heart will be too full to speak.

"Pray also for me. I am very glad that our Lord has so honored my daughter; but the heart and the mind cannot refuse recognizing the bitterness of parting with one in many ways dear.

"Commending myself to your prayers, I am, in the Most Sacred Hearts,

"Your brother and servant,

"JAS. A. MCMMASTER."

"NEW YORK, Aug. 7th, 1884.

"*Rev. and Dear Mother Prioress:*

"Two years ago last April I wrote asking of you the grace of admitting to the Holy Order of Carmel, a daughter very dear to me, and very sweet. To-night I write on behalf of my daughter Gertrude. Yesterday she went to Sharon to consult that wise and good Religious Superior—Mother Walburga—who has been a true mother to her. This evening she comes back, to confide to me a secret she has kept well from

everyone for two years past. She believes our Lord has called her to enter the "Order of His Mother." She does not know whether you will receive her. If not, she is ready to knock at the door of some other Carmelite Convent. I state this only as showing that it is the call from heaven she heeds—no *human* attraction towards the Baltimore Carmel. I know what *might* be the objection, sometimes, to two sisters of blood, in one convent. In the present case I am sure no such objection can have reason. Mother Walburga, of the Holy Child Society, is a grand-hearted woman. I know she loved Gertrude with an especial affection. And I think she looked to it as probable she might one day be a Religieuse with them. To-night, for the first time, Gertrude has told me that her purpose of being a Religieuse has never wavered. She has been *fooling me*—thinking her service *necessary* to me! God in His own good time, has shown her that, dear as she is to me—much as she has cheered me—God calls her elsewhere. I bless His Holy Name. From the bottom of my heart I thank Him—that He has given to me, in my last years of life, so sweet and so great a sacrifice to make to Him with exaltation. My daughter Gertrude is one that I feel fully satisfied could save her soul in married life, or in a life refusing marriage, and yet in the world. That is a rare thing to be wisely said of any young woman. She is no *child*, as dear Sister Teresa was, when you kindly received her. Mother Walburga, embracing her with tears on her face, said: 'Go whither God calls! He, not we, gives vocations.' Mother Walburga is a woman of admirable character. Gertrude would have been a very valuable *active* sister for that Community, but the voice has come: 'Go up higher!' The cross burns into my heart also. Blessed be God! I believe that, here again, the call is from God.

"Most devotedly in the Sacred Hearts,
"JAS. A. McMASTER."

After Mr. Jas. A. McMaster had given up his daughters to the service of God, Miss Eleanor C. Donnelly, of Philadelphia, wrote to him the following New Year Greeting:

I.

One amid Sharon's roses,
Two amid Carmel's snows,

Thy youthful, beautiful daughters,
Thy dear, sweet, dutiful daughters,
Have passed to the Land of the Vows;
By the flow of the crystalline waters,
Have followed the Lamb, their Spouse!

II.

Two with Our Mother of Carmel,
One with the Holy Child,
The virginal trio united
Where the lamp of the wise is lighted,
Effulgent, mystical, mild—
Their virginal troth have plighted,
With the heart of the undefiled!

III.

Lilies for crowns, glad father,
Pearls for their nuptial ring;
Thy maidens, lovely and loyal,
Are brides of a bridegroom royal,
(Whose praises the seraphs sing),
Blessed Brides of the Bridegroom royal
Espoused at the Court of the King!

IV.

What tho' the heart be missing
The lov'd and the lost to-day?
—Circled by shadows weary,
What tho' the home-nest cheery,
(In the glow of the New Year gay),
Hath desolate grown, and dreary,
Its bright birds flitted away?

V.

O heart for its treasurers yearning!
O nest of its fledglings bare!
The doves in their cote secluded
Afar from a world deluded,
Afar from a world of care,
Full long o'er their joys have brooded,
In the bowers of Peace and Prayer!

VI.

One amid Sharon's roses,
Two amid Carmel's snows,
For thee, O privileged father!
They plead at the shrine; yea rather,
(In the glorious Land of the Vows),
'Round the Clefts in the Rock they gather,
To bless thee thro' their Spouse!

What greater source of consolation can parents have than to see a son or a daughter consecrated to God, and leading the life of a saint?

Wenceslaus, the son of Leo, a celebrated general of the emperor Ferdinand III., told his parents, even when yet quite

young, that he intended to become a religious. His parents were overjoyed at his intention; they thanked God for calling their son to so holy a life; they encouraged him in his resolution and facilitated his entrance into religion, and when on the point of leaving home for the convent, his mother told him that, should he not persevere, she would never look upon him again as her son.

St. Louis of Gonzaga was the oldest child in the family. However, when his mother, the marchioness of Cástiglione, saw that her son was called to the Society of Jesus, she endeavored to facilitate his entrance into religion.

The sufferings of that brave heart and its great joy in the Lord are best portrayed in his own letters, during the two remaining years of his life.

He paid monthly visits to the Carmel of Baltimore, and to his "little humming-bird" of old at Sharon Hill—to get his "soul-bath," as he called it, and gain strength to keep him going for another four weeks.

Great indeed are the blessings which God showers down upon such pious parents. He does not allow himself to be surpassed in generosity. He rewards them with the hundred-fold of spiritual and temporal blessings for the sacrifice which they thus make of one or more of their children.

Unfortunately, many parents are not so generous towards God. When one of their children resolves to embrace the religious life, they become his worst adversaries. Instead of blessing the child and congratulating him on the choice of so holy a state of life, they turn in anger against him: either from worldly interest or misplaced affection, they become the enemies of their child's spiritual welfare. The words of our Lord come true in their regard: "The enemies of a man are those of his own household." (Matt. x., 36.) What is most strange, is, that even such parents, who generally pass for pious people, scruple not in the least, under any prettexts whatever, to employ all their powers to prevent their children from following the call of God. We read in the life of F. Paul Segneri, the younger, that his mother, although a lady of great piety, left no means in her power untried to obstruct the vocation of her son, whom God called to religion. Also in the

"Life of the Right Rev. Dr. Cavalieri, Bishop of Troyes," we are told that his father, though a very pious man, tried every means to prevent his son from entering into the Congregation of the Pious Laborers (as he afterwards did), and even went so far as to enter a process against him in the ecclesiastical court. And how many other parents do we behold, who, from being devout persons of prayer, seem to be quite changed, and behave in such cases as if they were governed and possessed by the devil; for hell never seems to arm itself so strongly as when it is employed in hindering from the accomplishment of his vocation one whom God has called to the religious state.

God gives to each man his vocation, and chooses for him a state in which he designs that he should serve him. This is according to the order of predestination described by St. Paul the Apostle, when he writes: "Whom he predestinated, them he also called; and whom he called, them he also justified and glorified." (Rom. viii., 30.) He, then, who desires to insure his salvation, must carefully follow the divine inspiration in the choice of that state of life to which God calls him; for it is in that state that God has prepared for him the aids, which are requisite, in order to attain salvation; it is in that state only that he has well-grounded hopes to be saved. Now, it is the duty of parents to assist and induce their children to become saints, by letting them follow that road by which God calls them. To prevent their children from following the voice of God, would be a very grievous sin for parents. As it is an act of great injustice in a man unlawfully to prevent another from taking hold of a great good to which he has a just title, so the act of injustice is still far greater in parents, when they unreasonably prevent their children from acquiring one of the greatest of all goods—the religious life. For, beyond all doubt, to impugn the counsel of God, to destroy that which He builds, to scatter abroad that which He gathers, to cut off the soldiers whom He musters under His standard, is nothing else than to join in league with the devil, and wage war against God. This is an enormous offence, in which St. John Chrysostom finds nine degrees of malice. St. Bernard exclaims: "Oh, hard-hearted father! Oh, cruel

mother! Oh, barbarous and impious parents! Yea, not parents, but murderers, whose sorrows are the safety of their children: whose comfort, their destruction; who had rather that I should perish with them than reign with them. O strange abuse! The house is on fire, the flame singes my back, and when I am flying, I am forbidden to go out; when I am trying to escape, they persuade me to return. O fury! fie upon it! If you disregard your own death, why do you desire mine? If, I say, you care not for your own salvation, what does it avail you to oppose and prevent mine? What comfort is it to you to have me as associate of your damnation!"

WHO ARE THE CARMELITES?

The name Carmelite is derived from Mount Carmel, a mountain in Palestine overlooking the Mediterranean, famed in sacred song and story, and embalmed in the affection of all Catholic hearts. Mystical writers give the word Carmel various significations: "The Circumcision of the Lamb," "Vineyard of the Lord," etc.

Nine centuries before Christ, Mount Carmel was the sanctified abode of the great prophet of God, Elias, the Thesbite, Patriarch of the Carmelite Order and founder of monasticism. On this mount the wonder-worker won signal triumph over the idolatrous priests of Baal and thrice called fire from heaven.

Near its summit he saw Our Blessed Lady prefigured under the symbol of a small cloud overhanging the sea, which, according to fathers and doctors of the Church, foreshadowed her Immaculate Conception and Divine Maternity.

The fame of his sanctity and the splendor of his miracles drew around him numerous disciples, thence called the "Children of the Prophet Elias." The statue of St. Elias has a place in St. Peter's, at Rome, amongst the founders of religious orders, placed there by Benedict XIII., who himself wrote the inscription attesting this historical fact.

It is something grand for Catholics to honor the holy Prophet Elias, for it is of belief that before the Day of Jehovah he and Enoch are the "two witnesses" that are to appear, clothed in sackcloth and ashes, preaching the last call to faith and repentance.

All who have read the Old Testament know of the power the holy prophet possessed, the immense influence which, as a potent sceptre, the man of God wielded as the instrument of the Most High. We read of him in Ecclesiasticus that he had been chosen to appease the wrath of God, and, remembering that at his word the heavens were shut and opened, he is invoked to obtain rain in seasons of drought, and a cessation when the downpour has been too abundant; to obtain peace of soul, union in families, healing of the sick, etc. In the East thousands of pilgrims—Turks, Jews and Christians—frequent his sanctuary on Mount Carmel, on July 20, to obtain his protection on their crops and a plentiful harvest.

He was the first of the prophets of Carmel, and for hundreds of years that holy mountain was peopled by a succession of solitaries, united by the bond of a charity and practising the virtues of an ascetic and contemplative life, according to the measure of the lights and gifts that shadowed forth the coming of Christ. Many of their number were admitted amongst the disciples of our Lord, and were, after His Ascension, efficient co-laborers of the Apostles.

They dedicated on Mt. Carmel the first church of the Christian era to the honor of the Immaculate Mother of God. Hence the Order of Carmel is pre-eminently the Order of Mary. In early centuries the religious were invariably called "Brethren of Our Lady of Mt. Carmel." Pope Urban VI. granted an indulgence of three years to all who give them this title. Our Lord Himself has often designated the Carmelites as "the Order of My Mother." They have ever been foremost in rendering her honor and proclaiming her glorious privilege of Immaculate Conception. Our Lady has, in countless instances, manifested her protection and love for the order, and visited with con-dign punishment those who oppressed or persecuted her chosen children.

The Carmelites are one of the four great mendicant orders of the Catholic Church, embracing friars, nuns, religious and secular tertiaries.

The first written rule of the Carmelites was given A. D. 400, by John, 44th Patriarch of Jerusalem. In 1207, at the request of St. Brocard, the second Latin General of the Order, St. Albert, Patriarch of Jerusa-

lem, gave them an admirable rule, which is the same followed by the Discalceated Carmelites at the present time. This rule is the same in substance as had been observed in the order from the beginning, hence is called the "Primitive Rule of Mt. Carmel." It was solemnly approved in 1226, by Pope Honorius III. Before the twelfth century, more than ten Popes had granted numerous privileges and pontifical favors to the Carmelites.

Early in the thirteenth century, owing to the rapacity of the infidels and the weakness of the Crusaders to protect the Holy Land, many of the monks and nuns of Carmel were forced to seek refuge in Europe, and soon we find colonies of them settled in France, England, Ireland, Scotland, Italy, Germany, etc. In 1243 the first General Chapter of the Order in Europe was held, at which St. Simon Stock was elected General. To him our Blessed Lady revealed the devotion of the Scapular as a pledge of her maternal protection until the end of ages; promising that those who die invested with the Carmelite Scapular will be preserved from eternal fire. This consoling promise was given July 16, 1251, at Cambridge, in England.

From the long-ago vision, when the Queen of Heaven smiled her benediction upon the enraptured gaze of St. Simon Stock, to the present moment, the mission and work of the Scapular, "the little Habit of Our Lady," has been a wondrous history, as wide as the world. The Scapular, properly speaking, constitutes the habit of the Carmelites, and through it the faithful participate in all the good works, prayers and penances offered by the religious. No other association is so vast, none other so richly dowered with privileges and indulgences by a long line of Sovereign Pontiffs.

The escutcheon of the Carmelite Order is of very ancient date; on its shield are emblazoned three stars, typifying the principal three epochs of the order—the Prophetic, Greek and Latin eras—the first before Christ, and the latter two since His coming. The dark ground of the shield represents the Mount of Carmel; the cross on its summit was added in the sixteenth century, as the distinctive emblem of the Discalceated Carmelites. They also adopted in remembrance of their founder, the

Prophet Elias, an arm holding a flaming scimeter, and his motto: "*Zelo zelatus sum pro Domino Deo exercituum.*"

The Order of Mount Carmel has given two Popes to the chair of St. Peter—SS. Telesphorus and Dionysius; it has glorified the Church by thousands of martyrs, saintly bishops, learned doctors, confessors and holy virgins. An old writer says: "Count the stars of heaven and you will count the saints of Carmel."

Owing to circumstances, human weakness, etc., the ancient rule of the Carmelites was mitigated by Eugenius IV. However, in the sixteenth century, God raised up two great saints: Teresa of Jesus, and John of the Cross, who inaugurated the great reform among the friars and nuns which restored the vine of Carmel to its pristine splendor and shed new lustre upon the Church of God. This branch of the order is called Discalceated, meaning barefoot, to distinguish it from the portion of the order that did not accept the reform.

St. Teresa is justly called "the glory" of Spain and of the Church. She accomplished works wherein strong men had failed; her writings have been the beacon guides of spiritual life during three centuries, and have received encomiums from the Holy Church never before bestowed upon a woman. Her sons and daughters, mighty in word and work, whose spirit is of the mountain, have taken possession of the plain and have extended to the farthest parts of the earth. No trials daunt their courage or quench the ardor of their charity.

A Discalceated Carmelite, Father Andrew of the Assumption, offered the first Mass in California in 1721; the heroic sons of St. Teresa were to be found laboring among the Indians and negroes of Old Colonial Louisiana.

Some twenty years after St. Teresa's death a Carmelite Convent was founded by an English lady at Antwerp, which is the parent house of the Discalceated Carmelite Nuns in the United States, four nuns having come from it in 1790, at the invitation of Archbishop Carroll, to found a convent in his archdiocese. Three of the nuns were Marylanders by birth. In 1863 nuns from Baltimore Carmel founded the one at St. Louis, Mo., which, in 1877, sent forth a new off-shoot of the vine of Carmel to shed its aroma on the sunny South, at New Orleans.

THE GRADUATES.

BY MARY ANGELA SPELLISSY.

CHAPTER IV.



RS. VAN BRUNT," announced the servant.

"Yes, and I am right behind Susan. Don't say that you are 'not at home.' But I remember, you never tell fibs."

"Why, Dora," said Margaret, advancing to meet the caller, "this is a surprise."

"Yes; not a pleasant one, I fear."

"Nonsense. You see we have enlarged our family circle. Our neighbor, Mrs. Van Brunt, Mr. and Mrs. Redmond, my aunt and uncle, and their daughter, my cousin Kathleen. In Mr. Dillon you will recognize 'Uncle Edward.'"

"Is it possible? I was a school girl when you went to Montana."

"Yes, and a merry one. So you are now a wife."

"Yes, at present. I don't know what I shall be by this time to-morrow."

The speaker was a little, over-dressed woman. Her eyes shone brightly through the meshes of her veil; her voice was sharp and pitched in a high key. She looked like a caricature of fashion.

"I must apologize for coming in on you all so abruptly, but I wanted to see Margaret, and wished to meet no callers. I followed Susan rather than wait in the parlor. You know I never did mind rattling away before you, Mr. Dillon, and always talked myself out in this family, because I knew what I said would go no further."

"How is Adolph?" inquired Mr. Murphy.

"He was well this morning; he is with that beast of a man to-day. You know I have to send him for one day of every week to his father. The case will be decided to-morrow; I feel as if I shall go crazy. Of course I can never live with him again, but it is perfectly dreadful that he should treat me so."

"Will you please excuse me, Mrs. Van Brunt," said Mrs. Redmond, rising; "My daughter and I have something to attend to."

"And I also must go to my room," said Mr. Redmond; "I arrived late this afternoon, and have to write a letter before retiring."

"It's too bad for me to come here tormenting you with my troubles," said Mrs. Van Brunt, as they left the room; "but I have great faith in your prayers, and concluded to come and ask you all to pray that he wont gain the suit."

"This is a sad condition of affairs, Dora," said Mr. Dillon; "I am truly sorry to find you in such trouble. How long have you been married?"

"Four years."

"You were a very youthful bride."

"Yes, you know I am six months older than Mary. I remember how provoked I was when she refused to join our theatre party. It was on that night I met Mr. Van, I thought he was very elegant; I know now that he was after my money. Papa put a stop to his tricks, but not before \$50,000 were swamped between the stock exchange and the race-track. You never saw such a man for betting! It's not the money I care for; I could be happy in any condition with a man I could respect, but here I am, an ugly old woman at twenty-two, my life blighted and nothing to live for."

"O, Dora," said Mary, "don't say that; you have your darling little boy."

"How long shall I have him? The law may give him to his father when he is seven years old. It's too horrible," she exclaimed, bursting into a fit of passionate weeping.

Tears dropped from Mrs. Murphy's eyes as she took the unhappy young creature in her motherly embrace.

"O, why was my mother so foolish?" cried Dora. "If she had been wise like you, and kept me a child until I had a woman's years."

The family stole silently out of the room, leaving the two together.

Full of compassion, Mrs. Murphy waited until Dora grew calm. Sadly she remembered the scornful reception her words of warning had met in the long ago, and that she herself had been accused of jealousy. Since that insult there had been an interruption of the friendly relations. The story of Dora's marriage, by the Mayor, to a man of fashion and her subsequent departure for Europe, had been succeeded within a year by her return to her father's house, and still later by the scandalous details of the divorce case, all these incidents furnishing spicy paragraphs to the local papers.

"My dear child," said Mrs. Murphy; "no human being can comfort you. I have loved you as my own since the day I held you at the baptismal-font; but, in this matter I can only show you the path, narrow and rugged, but ending at the only sanctuary of the bruised heart—the cross of our loving Redeemer. I know that the conditions in your case preclude all hope of a settlement at present: but have courage, you were always a strong willed little creature, and by that very quality you shall, with the help of Divine Grace, begin life anew. I suppose in all this excitement you have neglected the sacraments."

"I cannot tell when I went to confession."

"Well, dear, can you call for me to-morrow? If so, we will go together as we did when you were a little girl."

"Indeed, I will be very glad of your company."

"I promise you, Dora, that when you draw near our blessed Lord, in loving sorrow for having offended Him, you shall find peace and strength to do your duty. How are your father and mother?"

"They are heart-broken. I suppose you have seen by the papers that my husband has lost nearly all my fortune. I did not suspect him in the beginning, and signed any papers he gave me. When I woke up to the true condition of affairs, and opposed him, the trouble began. Father blames mother and me: he never did approve of my marriage. Mother thought it was a step up for me, because it would place me in society. No one knows the torture I have suffered. I soon saw I was looked on as a vulgar, ignorant creature, and some people ad-

dressed me as if I were worse. My disregard of the laws of the church in the manner of my marriage showed great indifference to my faith, but I did not see how I was acting. I thought only of the devotion of my lover and the pleasures of the life before me. Only since my troubles have my eyes been opened. Since I came home I have seen Mary and Margaret passing. They look so happy, so young and so good. I see what I might have been, and oh, how well I know what I am!"

"My dear Dora, life has still much in store. You have a great work before you. The salvation of each one of us is through the performance of the duties of our respective positions. By your return home you resume your place as daughter. Your parents love you fondly. If you are prudent in your behavior and show an affectionate consideration for them, you can do much toward consoling them for the past. Your darling boy must find in his mother every admirable quality. One resolution I suggest to you: Speak to no one of your husband's faults. Time settles many things; I can foresee that you may probably win him back. When he is without money and without friends his mind will revert to you and to his child. Strive to live in such a manner that you shall be pleasing to God and give no cause for the gossip of the foolish. Come to me when I can be of any service to you. I will call on your mother to-morrow."

"You are very good, but that is nothing new. I must go home, I did not tell any one I was coming out."

* * * * *

One Sunday morning Margaret took Kathleen to Mass at the cathedral. As they rode into town a very sprightly young woman wearing an exquisite toilet entered the car. Her escort, a young man of scholarly appearance, took the seat beside Kathleen. Margaret introduced him as Mr. Stapleton. Kathleen had seen the young lady at the Tea and remembered she was called "Pansy."

"What an elegant prayer-book you have, Margaret. I never can keep one."

"I like this very much; it was commended by the Council at Baltimore. Beside being almost as good as a Missal, it has much information that is very useful to inquirers not of our faith."

"Is it expensive?"

"In this binding it is \$2.50."

"O, my, that is dear!"

"What did you pay for that trimming on your dress, Pansy?"

"It is not paid for yet; the dress-maker put it on. I guess it is about \$6.00 a yard. Now, Margaret, you are coming one of your school-girl dodges on me. I can't wear a prayer-book and I must have a gown."

"Your soul is your own, my dear."

"I am rather flustered. Mr. Stapleton asked me to take him to the cathedral this morning to hear the Archbishop. Since the afternoon I took him to vespers at St. John's he is always asking me questions, 'What is meant by the ceremonies?' and 'Why are vestments worn?' He has me nearly wild, for I cannot answer him."

"Why, Pansy, you heard the instructions on that very subject at the convent. I remember finding them very interesting."

"Oh, I had other things to think of. I was going to the charity ball that week and was in a peppery jig for fear my dress would not be all right. But I am dying to ask you a favor."

"Name it."

"Don't you want to lend me that prayer-book to hand Mr. Stapleton?"

"Yes, for the benefit of Mr. Stapleton. Otherwise it would be a mistake to encourage your heedlessness."

"Say what you like, love, but hand me the book before we leave the car. I don't want him to learn the depths of my ignorance."

"Why not take fifteen minutes every day for a study of your catechism? You need then have no fear of such an exposure."

* * * * *

"How long since you introduced the opera into the choir?" inquired Mr. Redmond at the dinner table.

"Did you not like the singing?"

"I suppose the execution was technically correct, but I considered the interpretation blasphemous in effect. The Miserere in the Gloria was uttered in the tone of a defiant Lucifer, and was rudely out of harmony with the sense. I am familiar with Haydn's No. 2. In my time it was brought out as 'the war Mass,' and was sung with orchestral accompaniment. Such a composition was never intended for the limited

capacity of an ordinary choir. The part for the soprano was evidently written for a voice of unusual compass. When I heard it the singers were believers, and, to quote the Poet Priest, 'sang with their hearts in their voices,' but, with one exception, that was not the case this morning."

"Which was the exception, Uncle John?"

"The contralto who sang '*pro nobis, pro nobis*' in the Crucifixus. In those two words her tones expressed faith, love and sorrow. I have not heard that voice in fifteen years, but I recognized it and remembered its owner, a pious little woman in the days of long ago."

"I had a singular experience during the sermon," said Mrs. Redmond. "You remember, the gospel is that of the sower. The priest compared the various irresponsible souls to the many kinds of unfruitful soil into which the seed was cast. As I listened I became conscious that the face of a woman was mirrored in one of the glasses of my spectacles. She was like Guido's Madonna. Her uplifted eyes were fixed on the speaker with the saddest expression, such as you might associate with the guardian angel of a lost soul. I saw she felt herself alone with her grief before God, and felt obliged to turn my head that I might not intrude on her privacy. I fear she was a heart-broken mother whose child had strayed from the faith."

In the afternoon Kathleen accompanied her cousin Mary to the home for the blind. The Catholic inmates were assembled in a small ante-room, and gave her a gleeful welcome. One of the girls detained her for a minute, saying in a low voice: "Our prayers have been heard; my brother-in-law is to be baptised this afternoon."

"I congratulate you from my heart, Agnes. This will bring happiness to your whole family."

"It will, indeed. He says he owes his conversion to hearing the instructions you gave us here. He was always talking of your goodness in giving your Sunday afternoons to us."

"But, Agnes, you know kindness to the afflicted is shown by many who have no religion."

"Yes, he alluded to that, and said there was a great difference. He noticed that the Catholic visitors met the unfortunate as if

they believed the words of Christ: 'Inasmuch as you do it to the least of my little ones you do it to me.' He found that they not only showed compassion, but they led the sufferer to bear with patience all suffering, in union with our Lord, and in conformity with the will of God."

"Will you please ask your brother-in-law to remember my intention in his thanksgiving after baptism?"

"Indeed, I will."

Kathleen found it hard to believe that the eyes before her were sightless. In some the expression was very intelligent, and nearly every face wore a smile.

After the prayers to the Holy Ghost, Mary began the exercises by reading the answers to questions presented at the previous meeting. To this succeeded a reading of half an hour from "Armine." Ten minutes were consumed in writing the questions; the answers were reserved for the next re-union. The last of the hour was devoted to a reading from "The Paradise of God." A hymn was sung before dismissal.

"Is it not delightful to be able to give so much pleasure?" said Kathleen, as they walked home.

"I consider it one of my greatest privileges; I think my hour with the blind the sweetest of the week. I hope you will fill my place while I am away."

"I will do my best, but you know I am so young, and you are so wise."

"Youth has charms, and you will have mother or Margaret as counsellors."

An additional hat on the rack in the hall suggested a caller. As they were passing up-stairs, Mrs. Murphy opened the parlor door, saying:

"I have a pleasant surprise, Mary; come in, Kathleen."

They found the visitor was a former classmate of Paul Murphy's, who had arrived the night before from his home in Charleston.

"Why did you not come here from the station, Frank?"

"I did not wish to abuse your hospitality. I shall never forget the pleasant Christmas holidays we spent with you before we graduated. I wrote to John last week, not knowing he was from home."

"We received a letter addressed to him and forwarded it, but we are often tempted

to think John reads our letters very hastily. His position is one of grave responsibility, and there is an irregularity in his duties that deprives him of all control of his movements."

Kathleen excused herself and went to lay aside her coat.

"I hope you can remain to supper, Frank?"

"Thank you, Mrs. Murphy; I shall be pleased to do so, if you will not think me rude when I ask to leave early; I have an engagement this evening."

"We shall accept gladly the time you can spare us."

Mrs. Murphy was called to the sitting-room to receive a visitor.

"You have changed somewhat, Frank," said Mary; "I suppose the full beard is accountable for the difference in expression."

"I feel very old. You are just the same; a little taller, I think. Do you ever see Violet, Miss Mary? I met her in Long Branch in July, but there was no opportunity for conversation."

"I visited her there, and though I remained a week, I can echo your own words, there was no opportunity for conversation."

"I relied so much on your influence with her."

"After you left us last March, I called on her twice, and left my card, giving 'Wednesday' as my day at home, but I have neither seen nor heard from her."

"When we parted a year ago, Violet promised to go regularly to church, but she says nothing of it in her letters."

"I am very sorry, Frank, that I can be of no use, but I never could make any impression on Violet; I never felt that she cared for the things that I found interesting."

"You have just hit it, Miss Mary; you move in different circles, and touch only on the outside."

"I am very sorry, Frank, that the boys are not at home," said Mrs. Murphy, as she returned to the room; "we women are poor substitutes, and Mr. Murphy is at a conference meeting."

"I think, Mrs. Murphy, you can be of greater service to me in my present difficulty."

Mary disappeared, saying something about a duty claiming her.

Frank continued: "You know, Mrs. Murphy, I have no mother to consult, and you were so interested in me when I was here that I turn to you now. I came to Philadelphia to have a definite understanding with Violet. Since I met her four years ago, she has been very dear to me. Until recently, she gave me every reason to think she returned my affection. A year ago my father married; since then Violet's letters have been very unsatisfactory. Last night when I told her of my baby brother, she said, 'Don't you want to strangle him, Frank?' I said, no, indeed, I liked the little fellow. 'Well,' said Violet, 'if I were in your place I should hate him.' That remark set me thinking."

"Have you any plans, Frank?"

"I am considering two proposals. A friend of my father's, a government official, offers me a clerkship in Alaska. My father offers me money to go into business near home. I have some money from my mother's estate."

"Have you asked Divine guidance in your perplexities?"

"I have."

"That is the best beginning. Can you think of any cause for the change in Violet?"

"Two days ago I should have said no, but the remark made last night inclines me to think that Frank Barrington to-day is not the catch he was before his father's marriage. Another thing occurs to me this minute: My grandfather died last year and left his money divided between several charities; my aunts have but a life interest in it."

"Do you think you have a rival?"

"I have met a boy there who is about twenty-one; Violet often mentioned his name in her letters, as one of the group in the pleasure parties they are always getting up. I find Violet looking very badly. She lives in a whirl of excitement, and is quite worn out: she tells me that the doctor urges her to go to a sanitarium for rest."

"What first attracted you to Violet?"

"She was pretty and received me very kindly. I knew no girls. I spent my life between school and my grandfather's. My aunts lived with him and were devoted to me."

"What is your ideal of a wife, Frank?"

"She should have ordinary health and a

mind sufficiently intelligent to learn from the varying experiences of life all that is necessary to the fulfillment of her duties as a wife and mother in whatever position fortune places her. She should form her life by religious principles. A woman who loves God, loves her neighbor, will be unselfish and affectionate. With such a companion a man has a visible guardian angel."

"What have you to offer in exchange?"

"From God, I have good health; thanks to my parents, I inherit an unblemished name. My aunts' teachings fortified me against the temptations a man meets in college, and I have the foundation of a moderate income."

"There is one consideration to be kept in mind: neither wife nor husband is found ready-made. If either possesses certain fundamental qualities, such as faith, truthfulness, and the like, certain results may be hoped for; the friction of circumstances shall but ennoble the character. On the contrary, a selfish, silly woman becomes peevish in adversity and arrogant in prosperity. The practical application of these considerations you can now make to your own case. Has Violet the qualities you seek in your help-mate?"

"I fear she is incapable of them. When I first made her acquaintance I put all the blame on her mother. You know she is a Catholic. She had Violet baptized when she was an infant, but gave her no religious instruction. Violet's father has no religion and the family are very worldly."

"There is only one more question and that you alone can put to yourself: Is it prudent to enter the marriage state with Violet?"

The ringing of the supper bell called them to the dining room.

When Frank was taking leave of the family he said: "I shall let you know my destination, Mrs. Murphy, when I know it myself."

"A trip to Alaska may be just what you need."

"Are you thinking of going to Alaska, Frank?" inquired Margaret.

"I have an invitation to spend some time there," he replied.

"I should think such an experience would be very improving: it is a country of such varied and wonderful resources."

"What a wise-acre she is," said Mr. Dillon affectionately.

"You know, Uncle Edward, I am accustomed to think of such subjects from a young man's point of view. Our boys passed through the phase of experience which now confronts Frank—the choosing of the way."

"I shall be happy to entertain you at the ranch, Mr. Barrington. I can offer you some good shooting. We undertake some extensive expeditions occasionally."

"I appreciate your offer, Mr. Dillon, but I fear the party would *make game of me*. I am too city-bred for a sportsman."

"Then by all means go to Alaska. People shut up in the east have no idea of the possibilities of life. I have not seen a real man since I left Montana."

"Look in the glass before you go to bed, Uncle Edward," said Kathleen.

TO BE CONTINUED.

CHURCH UNION.

II.

BY PIUS R. MAYER, O. C. C.



IN the March number of the REVIEW we tried to show that an union of different denominations is not possible, but on the basis of a common creed. The question now arises, which creed is qualified to serve as a basis, or rather, in what way did God intend to communicate to man His will and the measures adopted for man's salvation?

The general answer to the query is, that the Bible amply supplies this want. Examining, however, the matter critically, we are not so certain that this basis is at all satisfactory and sufficient. For, what is the Bible? A collection of writings of different authors, covering sixteen centuries. These writers, though all of the chosen people, yet occupy such different places, and have different scopes, in consequence of which they speak of matters only as far as they touch their individual scope, leaving out very important items as irrelevant to them there and then. The inevitable result is, that the Bible, at least in some portions, is fragmentary. This is true of all its books, save the Pentstauch, which contains the Mosaic laws in their fulness. Now, we ask, can fragmentary records form a sufficient basis, even admitting their genuineness?

And this genuineness, as our readers are well aware, has not only been universally

admitted, but whole books have alternately been received and rejected, and, in regard to numerous passages, the text has been interpolated, misinterpreted or wrangled over. Such an uncertainty disqualified the book to give indisputed evidence, covering the whole ground of the question. Some portions of the Bible are even ascribed to different authors and different times. But how can a record be held a safe form of conduct and guarantee of truth, so long as we are not even certain as to who wrote it, and when it was written? It is evident that the Bible cannot give testimony of itself, there must be some living witness testifying, and by his testimony, corroborating and confirming the statements contained in the book. Such a writer cannot be one man, who, of necessity, would belong to one country and one time only, whereas the salvation of man is a matter of all countries and all the times. Hence the evidence must be of many and constant, or in other words, tradition, oral tradition is necessary.

In order to render tradition an unexceptional witness, it must be not only coeval but anterior in time to the book in question, for only in this case is it qualified to give a perfectly secure evidence as to the writer and his writings. This is the more demanded, as the books of the new testament, which concern us chiefly, do not owe their existence to a divine command to write them (if we except the Apocalypse) but bear the character of memoranda, left

to the people by the departing teacher, in order to more fully preserve the memory of his teaching.

The earliest part of the new testament was written ten years after our Lord's ascension into heaven, the latest only, after two generations of Christians had passed away, and the official catalogue of all the books constituting the bible, was not made until the end of the fourth century. Was there no church in the meanwhile, no preaching priesthood, no sacraments? The very idea is absurd. But, if the faith could be and was transmitted before the parts of the bible were gathered, then certainly were the priests and crowds of laymen of different nations able to testify that the teaching which they now found contained in the Bible was identical with what they had received by word of mouth. Thus the church witnessed the authenticity of biblical teaching, but not *vice versa*. Consequently the tradition settled the fate of the Bible and decided the question which writings were genuine or spurious.

□ But it had to do more. It had to extend not only over authors and time of compilation, but comprise also the compiled matter. Nay, more, it had to supplement the deficiency of matter in the Bible.

⊘ Christ taught his religion in but one country. He spoke to Jews only and Jews only were the first messengers commanded to carry His gospel to the uttermost bounds of the earth to teach all nations. Notwithstanding the inspiration and guidance of the Holy Ghost in the discharge of their ministry, the Apostles and Disciples remained Jews in their way of expressing thoughts, delivering parables, or applying axioms. Therefore also their writings show Hebraisms, and draw parallels, unintelligible to any one not acquainted with the language, history and traditions of the Jews. What was plain to a Jew at first sight, remained a riddle to a non-Jew, unless properly and authoritatively explained to him. Consequently only the writer and those instructed by him can say what is meant by the text. Tradition is the expounder, and it expounds not so much grammatically, but by bringing in parallel passages, adducing words or deeds of Christ, not recorded in the Bible, and thus at once renders clear and supplements the text of the Bible. This is so inevitably true, that

St. Augustine declared he would not believe the Bible if he were not brought to it by the authority of the church, which is the living witness, the living and uninterrupted tradition.

Admitting the force of the argument so far, it has been objected, that this witness was wanted only until the Bible was fully established and universally recognized as the word of God. This achieved, it would give evidence of itself.

This objection is futile. Books can undergo and have undergone such changes that the last edition was anything but a reproduction of the first. Do we not see every day that in subsequent editions statements made originally are retracted, amended, supplemented or new theories advanced in direct contradiction to former ones? And if this be the case in regard to printed books, it holds good much more concerning manuscript copies, each one of which is an edition for itself. Criminal intention or unintentional negligence may be accountable for changes or omissions, which bear weightily upon standard dogmas, and therefore change the faith.

Still greater is the difficulty regarding translations into foreign tongues. Only the man who attempted translations, is a qualified judge of the difficulty, to render a correct translation from a more developed into a coarser and rudimentary language, because it would not serve the purposes simply to render word for word, but idiom must be rendered for idiom, an idea be given by an idea, which, though couched in different words, gives exactly the intended principle or law. There can be no doubt that often times translations of the Bible were attempted by men not qualified for the work, because they had not sufficient knowledge and command over both languages.

Now the result will be obvious, if there is no authority that can and will decide the authentic reading. We will have as many different Bibles, as we have Bibles. Even Origen, living in the third century, complains of the confusion reigning in the copies he consulted, and, remember, the Bible was 1400 years old before the first printed copy of it appeared, and this copy had to be made, not from the original manuscripts which are extant no longer, but from copies of translations.

In the light of these reflections it becomes evident that an appeal to the Bible unsupported by tradition, is as an appeal to a soap bubble, and any building raised upon such foundations is a castle in the air, therefore any union, based upon the Bible alone, is an impossibility.

But, if the union is to be based upon the authority of tradition, instead of a disputed book, the question is necessary and pertinent: Which of the now existing religious denominations can make good its claim, to be the divinely appointed custodian of truth, whom we *MUST* hear, and against whose decision there is no appeal?

In the religious upheaval of the sixteenth century the inner consciousness of the individual believer was declared the custodian, and as a necessary consequence the right of private interpretation was demanded for every one. And the consequence? Our Lord told us, that the tree is known by its fruits. Regarding the church founded by Him, He had prayed His heavenly Father, that those He had given Him might be one, even as He and the Father were one. He therefore places an especial stress upon absolute unity.

A glance at the many church steeples raised in places not populous enough for one good sized church, shows that unity did not result from private interpretation, that the fruit was bad and proved the tree to be bad.

In fact, this doctrine appoints human reason the judge over divine teaching, and makes the teaching of God depend on the consent of man; it is subversive of faith, incompatible with it, and the prevailing infidelity and agnosticism are its legitimate result.

A return to authoritative tradition is imperative, and in order to know where to find this authority, which man is not only able but bound to submit to, we have to enquire into the character of the institution founded by Christ, to convey to mankind His teaching, precepts and graces and thus become an institution of salvation. Finding this, the question is settled; there can be no two teachings, no two guides, no two worships, the union prayed for by Christ and devised by so many, will be an accomplished fact.

BITS OF TALK WITH OTHER WOMEN.

IV.

OF HOSPITALITY IN LITTLE.

BY MARIE LOUISE SANDROCK REDMOND.



HE all wish to be hospitable. If the will prove ineffectual towards the deed, we can always blame circumstances, health, lack of means. We seldom admit that lack of energy or vigor of will is the root of the troubles.

There is really nothing easier than to arrange a course of entertainments for our wealthier neighbors. The ball or dinner party or theatre party that Mrs. Mansion "really ought to give," is soon arranged for her to our entire satisfaction. The result

is a virtuous glow in our conclusion that she has *not* done her duty and that we, with her money and her facilities for entertaining, would have contrived to do better.

As it is, handicapped with our small income, incompetent servants, fretful children, poor health, or a hundred other excuses as valid, it is, of course, impossible for us to do what we would desire. The will we certainly possess and therefore, we feel that Mrs. Mansion is but a selfish creature, given over altogether to her own comfort, and that we are philanthropists in disguise.

Innumerable causes may justly prevent the exercise of hospitality. Some of these

causes, charity whispers, apply equally well to Mrs. Mansion and Mrs. Cottage.

Leaving these aside for the time, however, I shall venture a few opinions as to the hospitality possible to the latter.

One thing I am certain of. For those in moderate circumstances, to allow their minds to dwell upon the magnificent, possible only for the rich, is to paralyze the hospitable exertions within their reach. Everybody, particularly every American, has an imaginative longing for splendor, for generosity, kindness and hospitality on the large scale. To be satisfied with the small things within our grasp is as difficult as to be satisfied with our own lack of ideal, and possession of very imperfect qualities.

We need nothing so much as the lesson of content with the day of small things.

That woman has character and courage who is capable of inviting her wealthy hostess of yesterday, to partake to-day of a simple luncheon or dinner, which does not attempt to vie with the number of courses, or richness of service, displayed at the first.

Social intercourse has become so largely a matter of competition and display, that a little of the spirit of the ladies of *Crawford*, who thought it a great lack of breeding and delicacy to speak of money, and a mark of vulgarity to serve other than the lightest of refreshments, consisting, if my memory be correct, of tea, thin bread and butter and seed cake, at their immortal tea-parties, would prove a desirable infusion in every rank of American society.

What sort of entertainments are possible for the woman of moderate means? A practical question, to which the vague reply might be given that the range is as wide as her ingenuity, tact, and good management.

To be more definite, there are many simple afternoon functions that are within the reach of everyone. Thimble parties and card parties are easily managed, and, with a gracious hostess and congenial guests, can be made most enjoyable occasions. There is always a variety of pleasant games in fashion, over which a merry hour can be spent, and which afford a pleasant pretext for the gathering of friends and acquaintances. Simple refreshments for afternoon parties are al-

ways in better taste than an elaborate luncheon.

An afternoon tea is also a function that any hostess can achieve. The elaborate crush with its expensive floral display and the attendant joys of orchestra, colored waiters, elaborate, caterer-served supper, dazzling and costly gowns, is an indulgence possible only for the wealthy, and generally proves a display more to be admired for its spectacular effect, than envied as an exercise of true hospitality.

Mrs. Mansion can scatter her hundreds, and achieve this social triumph. Mrs. Cottage must forego even thinking of it. But she can invite her two or three score of friends to come some afternoon and exchange cordial greetings with her, and partake of tea or coffee, sandwiches, cakes and ices. These or similar refreshments can be both hospitably and elegantly dispensed by one or two of the hostess' intimate friends whose pretty, bright-colored gowns and pleasant faces will help to put the guests in proper festival spirit. A few flowers and palms judiciously disposed about the rooms and, if possible, a little music, will aid in making a very graceful scene, whose informal character will not prevent its becoming a memory of refined, elegant and very gracious hospitality.

Luncheons and dinners are a little harder to manage and, without the services of a fairly good cook and some assistance in serving, can scarcely be arranged. However, everything is possible to the woman of ingenuity and good taste.

For evening entertainments a good deal of originality can be displayed. The talents of friends can be pleasantly utilized in musical or literary soirees. Conversation parties can be made a pleasure even to shy people, while card parties of one sort or other, are always certain of interesting.

Many of these entertainments, and the innumerable others that this brief talk cannot mention, a warm welcome, a genial host and hostess, and a circle of guests not ill-assorted, and ready to forget for the time their private dislikes, are essentials. The refreshments need never be elaborate, but should always include, whatever the season of the year, a cup of coffee.

Graciousness is, we all realize, the most desirable quality a hostess can possess. It is, like tact, a born gift, but, like tact, it

can be cultivated, and the woman whose days are spent more in thinking of and doing for others than for herself, is apt to unconsciously acquire it. But it is almost impossible for a woman who has spent many hours before the arrival of her guests in anxious, Martha-like ministrations for their comfort, who has swept and dusted and cooked until her entire nervous force is exhausted, to retain enough vitality to have a shred of self-possession or amiability left, far less graciousness, when she endeavors to cast aside her care and greet the appearance of her friends.

It is always wise to recognize one's physical limitations and, smothering one's desire for overwhelming neatness or a culinary triumph, keep a reserve force of strength, which will enable us to make our little entertainments genuine pleasures to ourselves and to others.

Overweening sensitiveness in hospitality, as in every species of social intercourse, can only make us miserable. A series of mischances is occasionally apt to occur to any hostess, by which everything goes wrong, or so her sensitive, nervous imagination represents it to her in the melancholy reflection of next day's reaction.

The good old wisdom of the sufficiency of the evil of the day was never of better application than in our hospitable misadventures. The fact that the salad or the coffee is not as good as usual, that our

waitress has made several stupid blunders, or that any other unavoidable and disagreeable jar has occurred, does not justify a hostess in feeling guilty and miserable whenever, afterwards, she thinks of the occasion.

Even the unkind comments concerning our best-meant efforts that untactful friends repeat to us, are not worth remembering. Treat them as of no importance, trifles forgotten by everybody else, and their bitterness will soon vanish and the remarks themselves fade from our memory.

Let us all recognize hospitality, in whatever form is possible to us, as a duty. We, whose place is in the world, have no right to withdraw ourselves from the intercourse with our fellows, that is necessary to the maintenance of health of mind, body and soul.

In amiably receiving and dispensing hospitality, we are doing what we can towards increasing the world's run of cheerfulness and happiness.

In using our thought and efforts for others, in doing our best simply, without envy or discontent, as in making the most of the kindness extended to us, without critical afterthought, or sensitive misinterpretation, we are learning the Easter lesson:

"That men may rise on stepping-stones
Of their dead selves to higher things."

THE SCAPULAR.

A Medium of Spiritual and Temporal Favors as Attested by Well Authenticated Facts.

TRANSLATED BY S. X. B.

THE ISLE OF MALTA—THE SIEGE AND THE DELIVERANCE.



N the year 1565, the Isle of Malta was besieged by a formidable army of Turks, and in the very first battle suffered the loss of many of the bravest knights and most gallant warriors. After a siege of four months the island was delivered in a most miraculous manner

through the intercession of our Lady of Mount Carmel. The troops sent to their aid by the King of Spain, set out on the feast of our Lady of Mount Carmel, and had upon that day dedicated themselves to the Most Blessed Virgin. They pursued their course under favorable auspices and landed at the most auspicious moment, when the despairing army was about to become the prey of the Ottoman fleet. Heaven blessed their arms in almost visible manner. The

siege was raised, and contrary to all expectations Malta was entirely freed from the inimical Ottoman power. The Grand Master of the Knights of Malta, all the chevaliers concurring, attribute this happy escape to our gracious Lady of Mount Carmel, and sent in token thereof to the Carmelite Convent one of those death dealing balls whose fatal force she had repressed, with an authentic report of the whole, both to be placed in the Chapel of the Divine Protectress. There they were—silent but powerful witnesses of the miraculous preservation.

The Rev. Fr. Daniel has given in detail the contents of the "Authentic." "*Speculi Carmelitani*. Part III, No. 2475.

In the year 1636 all Flanders was devastated by the ravages of a terrible pestilence. Jean Witenbrouck, who had left his native place to go to Saint Trond, in the diocese of Liege, was attacked, and at once gave directions to be taken to a certain monastery where lived Master Mathias, who was most skillful in the treatment of such fearful diseases. But despite the care with which he was attended, Jean became worse, and was in a few days reduced to what seemed the last extremity. He lay there, almost as if dead, for he gave no sign of life. They entreated his wife to withdraw, knowing that she would need to gain strength for what they thought must inevitably come. Seeing that earthly aid was of no avail, she knelt to implore the assistance of Mary, the comfortess of the afflicted. Often had she heard of the marvels effected through the efficacy of the brown scapular; indeed she and her husband had been invested some time previously. Full of confidence then, the now hopeful wife returned to the side

of her husband, took his scapular, removed the coating of ulcers formed by the disease, and applied to the spots the two parts of our lady's livery. Then she poured forth anew her prayers and petitions before the throne of God. At the very moment when the scapular touched the affected parts, Jean opened his eyes, looked around, and pronounced the name of his overjoyed wife. Her confidence grew greater each moment, and she begged her husband to unite with her in soliciting a perfect cure.

Their prayers were heard. On the following day, when Master Mathias made his usual visit to the patient, almost indeed with the anticipation of finding him dead, to his surprise Jean was out of danger, and even conversing with his wife. He was not slow to attribute the happy event to the proper source, and united with the husband and wife in exalting the Divine Mother. On the Feast of the Scapular, July 16, the great festa of Our Lady of Carmel, Jean repaired to Attenhoven, there to offer the scapular which had been the instrument of his wonderful cure.

There, in its beautiful case of silver, which the grateful client of Mary had caused to be made in the most exquisite style, the precious badge was placed upon the altar in the monastery chapel.

Father Daniel, of the Blessed Virgin Mary, relates this fact, which was only admitted after a most rigorous investigation. Master Mathias, Jean Witenbrouck and his wife Marie Putzeel, and Monsieur Jean Baex, pastor of Attenhoven, where the scapular was preserved, all testified to the truth of the above.

(*Speculi Carmelitani Part III, page 642—*
"Pere Brocard of St. Theresa." "*Recueil d' instructions,*" page 286.



SPANISH LETTER.

BY DON JUAN PEDRO.



HE Very Rev. K. Vaughan, brother of the Cardinal, is presently collecting funds for the construction of the new Cathedral of Westminster in Spain, at Seville. He has been very successful. The Infanta Louise, widow of the Duke de Montpensier, and daughter-in-law of the late Louis Philippe—the last of the French kings—heading his list with a subscription of £60, and inscribing herself as an associate in the erection and beautifying of the Chapel of the Blessed Sacrament. Perhaps the fact that Spanish blood flows in the veins of this illustrious Catholic family has its influence in the unprecedented success of his mission. During the penal laws the Vaughans were amongst the exiles, and members of the family intermarried with the grandees of Spain. Similar was the fate of the Wisemans, for the great Cardinal was born in Seville. In those days many of the illustrious sons of Our Lady of Carmel from the Irish provinces received in Seville their education, notably the ever revered prior of Knocktopher, the late F. Cullen, O. C. C., and many others, whose names we will gather from the andalusian chronicles of the order on our next visit to Ierez de la Frontera.

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Although the winter is exceptionally mild, still a wave of influenza has flown over the north-eastern provinces of the peninsula, protracting on beds of sickness many illustrious sons of the Church, notably the illustrious Archbishop of Tarragona, whose health flittered between life and death for over a week, leaving science powerless to offer opinions or prescribe remedies. To-day the Bishop of Barcelona, is in no less critical a state, for last night the High Viaticum was administered, and never have we witnessed so solemn or so impressive a scene as the

streets presented when, after the cathedral bell rang out the "Tomasa," a signal that the Viaticum was about passing to a prelate densely crowded at once became the approaches to the palace. There were the rich and the poor—men of all classes and all grades of society, all anxious to join in the vast procession, with their lighted torches (over 500 participating in the procession). Oh, the sight was something grand, solemn, imposing beyond description, as it passed from the chapel of the Blessed Sacrament in the cathedral to the Episcopal Palace, taking a detour through some of the principal streets and squares. As we write the Archbishop's state is hopeful, whilst that of the Bishop of Barcelona is yet in the balance.

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The Sisterhood of the "La Compania de Santa Teresa de Jesus," lately founded by Father Ossa, has met in his death a few days ago a true earthly loss. In their convent at San Gerasio, one of the suburbs of the Condal City, the Bishop of Chilapa, (Mexico), Dr. Ramon Ibarra, celebrated Mass for the repose of his soul. The Mexican prelate was on his way homeward, having paid his visit to the Vatican and our august and beloved Father, Leo the XIII., when he learned of his death from the Sisterhood. Father Ossa was also director of the "Revista de Santa Teresa de Jesus."

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The Reverend Fathers of the Discalced branch of the Carmelite Order are making preparations to open a convent of the order in Barcelona during the present year. Previous to '35 the children of Our Lady of Carmel were in Barcelona more numerous than all the other religious of the Condal City.

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A SINGULAR PUNISHMENT.

When the Piedmontese invaded the Pontifical States and entered the Eternal City, they at once sacked the Papal

arsenals, and with the unblushing audacity of the highway robber, transferred the valued armament of the Papacy to the Piedmont stores. Some years ago, in an excess of friendship towards the King of Abyssinia, who was then sought to be converted into a powerful ally on the Dark Continent, the same Italian government forwarded to him a large consignment of the newest and most modern implements of warfare, including those they had robbed from the Papacy. To-day these are the very arms which are carrying death and disaster to the armies of the usurper.

OUR PRESENT GRACE. *

BY MARIE LOUISE SANDROCK-REDMOND.



BOTH rose and thorn have come from Thee;
 Guard we alike each preciously.
 O, rose leaves perfuming the day!
 O, thorns that tear the flesh away!
 A gift and grace are both of ye.

In Thy sweet will enwrapped are we,—
 No happier shelter could there be.
 Thy hand has given for to-day,
 Both rose and thorn!

Enough to clasp the cross we see,
 And guard joy's deeper mystery
 As present light's sufficient ray.
 Confiding in Thy strength and stay,
 Grateful we take from Thy mercy,
 Both rose and thorn.

* "Our present grace does not mean unconquered infirmities in which we are to acquiesce. But it consists of the inevitable circumstances which surround us, considered as the ordinance and dispensation of God. It is the exact and infallible will of God in regard to us."—FABER, *Growth in Holiness*, p. 219.

FOR OUR YOUNG PEOPLE.

EDITED BY MISS MATILDA CUMMINGS.

[All communications to this department to be addressed to Miss M. Cummings,
1588 Madison Avenue, New York City.]

SECRETARY'S LETTER.

APRIL, 1896.

The world is a looking glass, and gives back to every man the reflection of his own face. Frown at it and it will in turn look sourly upon you; laugh at it and with it, and it is a jolly, kind companion; so let all young persons take their choice.—THACKERAY.

MY DEAR YOUNG FRIENDS,—

The glad Easter sunshine is pouring its rays upon the earth, and I am very sure that one and all of us are rejoicing for many reasons in this month of the Resurrection. How fitting it is that Easter should come in the spring. How gladly we welcome these April days of sunshine and showers and draw a sigh of relief because the "winter is over and gone." Well, that is just what the Resurrection teaches us. Sin, the winter of the soul, gave place to the new life of perpetual spring when our risen Lord, triumphing over it, opened the gates of heaven, the country of everlasting spring. It is His will that we all keep step with the brooks, which, after the winter is over, leap and run along their way, joining themselves to the larger streams, the great rivers which bear them on to the mighty ocean. You, dear children, are the little brooks—babbling ones—and in your glad way, full of the joy which comes of ignorance and purity, will run and join the company of the great saints who will bear you with them to the ocean of eternity. We all like to be in pleasant company on a journey. Very few care to mope alone along the way. Well, there are delightful companions to be had if one will only cultivate their acquaintance. Why not read the lives of some of them. Take for example St. Philip Neri. So gay, so bright was he that his room in Rome was called "the school of Christian mirth."

I would fain never leave off saying with him, "Be always gay and contented—no melancholy, no scruples, I do not want that. It is sufficient that you do not offend God—then enjoy yourself at will."

There is the secret of all true joy. Do not offend God. Why are religious so proverbially bright and happy? Because God gives them a foretaste of heaven on earth. Some young scholastics in colleges are as frisky as young colts out in a meadow. Why? Because their hearts are as light as sea foam and joy fairly bubbles up in them as from a spring of purest water. The great English writer whom I have quoted at the opening of this letter gives us a lesson well worth learning. A sunny face is a downright blessing from God. It is more than beauty because it will not fade. Watch the people whom you meet. See how much attracted you are to those who wear a smile always—not a grin, nor a merely silly expression which says nothing—but that look of peaceful happiness which is in itself a question: "What can I do for you?" Think of the holy face of our Blessed Lord after the Resurrection. What beauty there must have been in it. What a smile which made men think of God and heaven—and oh, dear children, think of it! It is our happy lot to look forward to a whole eternity of joy in beholding that holy face. It is enough to make us clap our hands and fairly dance for joy at the very thought. Easter means peace, and hope and joy.

All good things because of Him who triumphed over sin and hell. Let us spend the whole month in thanking Him for the gift of the holy Roman Catholic faith, which alone can fill our lives with *true* Easter peace and joy.

FOR THE PUZZLERS.

AN ENGLISH BISHOP'S RIDDLE.

1. I have a trunk;
2. It has two lids;

3. And two caps;
4. Two musical instruments;
5. Two established measures;
6. A great number of articles we can't do without;
7. I always have about me two good fish;
8. A great number of small shell fish;
9. Two lofty trees;
10. Some fine flowers;
11. Two playful domestic animals;
12. A great number of small wild animals;
13. A fine stag.
14. A number of whips without handles;
15. Some weapons of warfare;
16. A number of weather-cocks;
17. An entrance to a hotel;
18. At a political meeting, on the verge of a decision;
19. Two students;
20. A number of Spanish grandees;
21. A big wooden box;
22. Two fine buildings;
23. Product of camphor tree;
24. A piece of English money;
25. An article used by artists;
26. Boat used in racing;
27. Used in crossing a river;
28. Pair of blades without handles;
29. Twelve letters of the alphabet furnished with bows;
30. Instruments used in church music.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES.

(IN MARCH NUMBER.)

XI. Cornwall.

XII. Facetiously.

XIII. Shears.

XIV. Letter A.

XV. Silence.

FOR THE THINKERS.

1. What is "The Ever Faithful Isle?"
2. What is the "jodel," and where is it used?
3. Who wrote "Lead Kindly Light"; when and where was the author born?
4. What is the most noted animal painting in the world?
5. What nation is called the happiest in the world?

Answers to Questions for the Thinkers.

FEBRUARY.

1. "Because," said Pope Innocent IV.,

who first conferred them, "they should be ready to spill their blood for Christ if necessary."

2. Seneca, the Roman poet, orator and philosopher, so called by the Christian Fathers.

3. Shakespeare, so called by Coleridge.

4. Duns Scotus, the greatest teacher of the Franciscan Order, was called by his enemies "Duns-man" or "Duns"—later contracted into dunce.

5. Genesis, chapter iii, v. 15, where it is said of the Blessed Virgin—"She shall crush thy head."

MARCH.

1. Frederick Ozanam.
2. At the Sorbonne.
3. M. Olier.
4. Dante.
5. Aubrey de Vere.

MAXIMS FOR APRIL.

16. O that we could take that simple view of things as to feel that the one thing which lies before us is to please God.

CARD. NEWMAN.

17. And we in silence oft may hear,
The voice of God in us,
And many words oft make, I fear,
Failure inglorious.

LAWRENCE MINOT.

18. Years of ardent devotion; they are precious, undoubtedly; years of sacrifice, they are more precious a thousand times.

FR. MILLEICOT,

(The Ravignan of the working-men of France.)

19. No man was ever scolded out of his sins.

COWPER.

20. Paradise is not for the slothful.

ST. PHILIP NERI.

BEFORE EASTER.

Child.

Oh! mother! I have dreamed a dream.
It was so still, so dark,
I did not hear the whispered sedge,
There was no watchdog's bark,
The leaves all seemed afraid to stir,
No breeze was in the rustling fir,
Hushed was the owlet's cry.
It was so still, I grew afraid

Of the soft beat my heart pulse made,
And e'en my frightened sigh.

Mother.

Alas! our Lord is still in death,
Upon his lips there moves no breath,
Well may earth lie in silentness
Missing His voice her songs to bless.

Child.

Mother! I cannot bear this dream,
So thick, so black the night,
The moon has hidden far away
Her beautiful, white light.
No star is looking through the dark,
No glow worm lends her tiny spark,
The darkness seems to close
So tightly round, it hurts my face;
Not even in the fire-place,
The smallest ember glows.

Mother.

Yes! it is dark in Joseph's tomb;
Our sweet Lord lies amid the gloom,
Death shadows on the close shut eyes
Without whose light, no man can rise.

Child.

Mother! the dream its terror stayed,
A sound woke in the air;
So far, so very far it seemed,
Then grew a song most rare,
And all the leaves in music woke,
The fir tree chanted to the oak;
The streams began to sing;
The lark went warbling up the sky,
The thrushes 'gan to make reply,
And flower bells to ring.

Mother.

My child, you heard the angels call
The earth to wake her singers all;
That should our Holy Sleeper rise
He'll wake to songs of Paradise.

Child.

Mother! can I be dreaming still?
So exquisite, afar
One glow of beauty and of joy
Shines out the morning star.
The golden lights come dancing through
The milk white clouds, the fairy blue,
And now—the Sun—the Sun,
All light and glory from the east
Of life the King,—of joy the Priest,
His happy earth has won.

Mother.

Awake, my child! The Easter day

Has come. Our Lord is on His way;
Come, haste to meet him. Fly to greet
The glory of His Advent feet.

AN ALMOST FATAL CURE.

BY W. R.

“Confound it! There it is again!”

Harry grasped a short piece of flooring board and swept it over the bench. A crash and clatter, as if a sideboard had upset, followed.

“I'll lock that door yet, if things go on in this way any longer, even if father does think me selfish.”

Anger and disgust entirely disfigured the beautiful face of Harry Nollet. His carpenter shop, as he chose to call it, was situated on the ground floor of the large stable. His father had fitted it out for him at no little expense, and Harry was proud of his workshop. Occasionally his cousin Fred and his brothers would go into the shop, work about the bench, and leave the tools scattered all about the place. This was a thing Harry could not bear. This explains his angry words. While he was looking over the bench his eyes met something that made the veins upon his forehead swell anew. In the groove for the tools lay a broken file.

“I wonder who was in here? There's that brand new file broken!”

Picking up the handle and file he hurled them into a corner of the shop. Just then he heard the lock click, and looking in the direction of the door he saw some one peeping in. Then the door opened entirely and a little fairy form came rushing in.

“O, Harry! you're not mad, are you? Here is a half dollar. Fred said it would buy a new file. Please take it, Harry.”

She came up to Harry while saying this, and, as if to soothe him, she got on a little work stool, put her arms about his neck and said again:

“Please, Harry, don't be angry.”

Harry was pacified. He could not resist Nettie; she was his favorite, and he loved his eight year old sister. They looked very much alike; both were fair, had light blue eyes and light hair. Harry was fourteen years of age and quite tall. He was well built and looked strong and healthy. Gazing into the fair face of his little charmer, he asked;

"How did that file come to break?"

"You see, Harry, my little trunk would not close, and I told cousin Fred; he looked at it, and one side of the latch piece was a little too far over, so he took the file and filed a little off and it's all right. Then the file was on the floor and he didn't notice it, and stepped on it, and, crack! it broke. He gave me this half dollar to give to you. Please, Harry, take it."

"No, Nettie, keep it; you can give it back to Fred, and, if he does not take it, you can give it to the little girl you spoke to yesterday at the gate."

"O you're good, Harry!"

A shy little kiss, and in a moment Harry was alone.

He set about putting things into order and also picked up the file and handle to see what could be done. A small piece had plugged the handle. He turned a new one, and in a short time the file was all right. His anger, of course, was by this time gone. Harry was a good boy, if you disregarded his lack of self-control. He had a terrible temper, and it too often ran away with him. Perhaps his father's nature was too well copied in himself. Mr. Nollet was a man of admirable qualities, and he, too, had a fierce temper, but it was completely under his control. He loved his boy Harry, who was so very much like himself. His oldest son James, a young man of eighteen years, was clerk in his large establishment. Paul was two years younger than Harry, and Georgie, the youngest boy, was the baby in the family. Mrs. Nollet, an admirable lady who admirably filled her position in life, was a devout client of the Blessed Virgin Mary. Her oldest daughter, whom she called Mary, was something over fifteen. She attended a convent school. Nettie enjoyed the careful training of her mother at home. Mrs. Nollet also kept a very close watch over her boys during their vacations. She made it her duty to know exactly what boys they associated with. She did everything in her power to have her children enjoy home life to keep them about her. She often told Harry and Paul to bring their friends with them to the house, and here her careful eye could discern the character of their companions. It was not a rare sight to see a number of boys about the lawn enjoying such sport as only an open place, free from the trammels of the

city, could afford. Mr. Nollet seconded his wife's every effort in the great work of educating her children, and encouraged her by every means in his power.

Harry was very fond of carpenter work, as very many boys are. His father encouraged him by his liberal supply of tools and material. But carpenter work was only a pastime for vacation days.

We now return to Harry as we left him in the shop. When he had finished putting things in order, a knock at the door interrupted his musings. He said:

"Come in!"

"Good morning, Harry! Did Nettie give you a half dollar to-day?"

The speaker was Harry's cousin Fred, a boy of Harry's age. They were good friends, of similar tastes and dispositions. They went together to the same boarding school.

In answer to the question, Harry said: "Yes, Nettie was in here a few minutes before you came."

"You are not angry, are you? I did not mean to break the file."

"I know it; Nettie told me how it happened." Showing Fred the file, he remarked: "It's all right, I've repaired it. But I got very hot when I came in here and found the tools scattered all over the bench. Do you see that board up there? Well, I think it's in a place where you cannot help but see it, and I think the rule, 'A place for everything, and everything in its place' is a very good one."

"Well, Harry, that you found disorder was not a fault of Paul's. He was called while hard at work. You see he's making a sled."

"A sled! Now in mid-summer."

"Yes. There's a poor little fellow over at Blands' meadows, and he would like to have one. Paul said he would ask your mother to buy one for him when winter came, but after a second thought he concluded to make one himself, and ask for a pair of gloves and a cap instead of the sled. There is the work he has done, under the bench."

"Let us finish it, Fred! But that sled is too small for two. I'll bet the little fellow would rather have one larger than the little chaser Paul wishes to make for him. We will make one large enough for two. Paul may finish his for someone else, and he will have two sleds to dispose of."

TO BE CONTINUED.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

BY THE EDITOR.

A GLORIOUS and joyful HALLELUJAH to all our readers!

* *

OUR Lord's Easter greeting to us all: "Peace be to you!"

* *

At Christmas the Angels wished peace to all "men of good will"; at Easter, the risen Lord Himself, with pierced hands and open side, comes to offer us His peace.

* *

THE kings of this earth are training, in dogged silence, their cruel and blood-thirsty hounds of war; the KING of kings enters through closed doors and announces to His startled and persecuted disciples that "peace which the world cannot give."

* *

EASTERTIDE! Season of renewed joy and happiness! God, whose spirit is a spirit of "Beauty, ever ancient and ever new," who "renews the face of the earth" every spring, in a material sense, and who creates anew the life of grace in so many Christian hearts during this spring season of the Church, has chosen Easter as the day of triumph in His Kingdom. "This is the Day, which the Lord hath made; let us exult and rejoice in it." And thou, poor sinner, who hadst closed thy heart against the Infant of Bethlehem, do not now try to hide from the glorious sunshine of Easter. Do not remain dead with the winter frosts of sin, but let the Easter sun find that life-giving germ of faith which lies hidden somewhere in thy frozen heart, and warm thee into a new life, full of the blossoms and buds of spring. Then, when the Lord of the Vineyard shall come to thee, at the season of harvest, He will find ripe and luscious fruit, which He will garner unto Himself, the dear Harvester of Souls.

* *

A DECREE, issued by the Sacred Congregation of Indulgences, dated the third of December, 1895, authorizes all Carmelite Superiors to give, according to their judg-

ment, the Papal Benediction to the faithful on Easter Monday and Pentecost Monday instead of the Tuesday in Easter week or Pentecost week. They are thus at liberty to make use of this great privilege on either day; not, however, on both days.

* *

THE infamous resolutions introduced into the American Congress by Congressman Linton of Michigan against placing the statue of Father Marquette in the old hall of representatives, have done more to spread the name and fame of this heroic Jesuit than any more friendly effort to perpetuate his memory could have accomplished. The secular press of the United States has, for the moment, laid aside all its lesser aims, and with, practically, unanimous voice, protested against this contemptible and un-American measure.

* *

OUR Spanish correspondent, Don Juan Pedro, has kindly promised to send us items of news from Spain. Our readers will find the first instalment of this interesting budget on another page. We also have several of his beautiful descriptive sketches of sanctuaries in Spain on hand. They will appear in the near future. His warm and enthusiastic description of the celebration by the Spanish army of its Patronal Feast, which appeared in our January number has been widely copied by the Catholic press of America.

* *

THE usual process of disintegration, which attends all efforts to unite large bodies of religious minded people into human organizations, has now set in to split the ranks of the Salvation Army. It could not be otherwise. Unity is a visible mark of the Kingdom of God. No matter how honest the effort, how sincere the intention, or how productive of good results for the time, no Christian body can gather elsewhere than with Christ. "He that is not with Me, is against Me; he that gathereth not with Me, scattereth."

WE have often noticed, with surprise, the strange craze manifested by a certain class of Catholic writers to glory in very questionable death-bed conversions of prominent persons. But, to glory in the accidental Catholic baptism of a prince, whose life is known to all of us, was left to these last days of the nineteenth century. *The Freeman's Journal*, of Sidney, N. S. W., publishes a story about the Prince of Wales, according to which this prince, after having been invalidly baptized by two bishops of the English church, received a valid baptism at the hands of a Belgian priest, chaplain to the Queen of Belgium. The story, if true, would be an utterly useless and unprofitable one. But, it is a highly improbable one. A priest who will do such a thing must have no theological learning, or no conscience. No priest is allowed to baptize a healthy infant who is sure to be brought up a Protestant. The Prince of Wales, by his very title, according to the present English laws, has a legal claim to be the future head of the English church, and could not, therefore, be raised a Catholic without forfeiting his title.

* * *

OUR Holy Father proposes to the League of the Sacred Heart as the intention for the present month the "Apostleship of the Press." At no time more than at the present, and in no country more than in ours, should this intention be warmly offered up to the Sacred Heart by its thousands of adorers. According to the latest Directory, there are over ten millions of Catholics in the United States and more than two millions in Canada. And yet amongst such a large body of Catholics, who all patronize the press, there is not one single Catholic daily paper in the language of the country. Our Catholic magazines are doing their work, in spite of great difficulties, nobly enough. Among the two hundred or more Catholic weeklies, there are but a score of really good representatives of Catholic thought. It has always been the mission of Catholic clergy to educate their people. To do this efficiently, at the present day, it is impossible without the aid of the press. Wherever the clergy take this mission to heart, they can, with united efforts, further this worthy Apostleship immensely. *The Sacred Heart Review* is a proof in point.

The establishment of parish libraries and Catholic reading circles is another most powerful means. We hope, therefore, that this great object, presented to our dear Lord by the millions of members of the League, may be more and more blessed with fervent and generous devotion on the part of all who write and read.

* * *

ACCORDING to all reports, the Winter School, at New Orleans, has been a great success. We are glad to see the lively interest taken by our young people in these gatherings for the intellectual development of Catholic life. It is a wholesome sign. Especially were we delighted with the circumstance of its southern location. The south is not sufficiently well known to our younger generations of the north. No one can become acquainted with this beautiful portion of our country and its great undeveloped possibilities, no one can meet, in social intercourse, the noble and warm-hearted southern people without falling in love with this sunlit land and its inhabitants. If, therefore, the Winter School should have produced no other result in individual cases than to subdue the natural impetuosity of some northern youth by the reposeful charm of southern hospitality, or to fire the languid blood of some southern youth of talent by contact with the swift heating pulse of the north, this, in itself, would be ample justification for its usefulness.

* * *

WE again call the attention of our readers to the fact that we have bound copies of the CARMELITE REVIEW for 1894 and 1895 for sale.

PAPERS AND MAGAZINES.

THE *Orphan's Bouquet*, one of our ablest juvenile papers, has lately succeeded in adding to its editorial staff a young writer, who has more than once charmed the readers of our REVIEW, by his beautiful poetical tributes to Our Lady, and by his clever prose sketches. We hereby congratulate our excellent contemporary upon the acquisition of its new Associate Editor, Henry Coyle.

THE *Messenger of the Sacred Heart* for April, among many excellent features, contains a beautifully illustrated article on "Golgatha," by the Rev. James Conway, S. J. We also recommend to all our brethren of the press, and to all leaders of thought, a careful perusal of the masterly article on the "general intention of the month."

* * *

THE *Roman Post* is a weekly illustrated Catholic newspaper, published in Rome. It is now in its second year, and has the advantage over all other English papers published in Italy, that it appears all the year round, even during mid-summer, when there are but few English-speaking tourists in Rome. It is excellently printed and contains all those bits of local and personal news so interesting to those who ever have made a short or long stay in Rome. It chronicles the audiences and solemnities at the Vatican, and all the interesting events at the different churches and religious institutions. To give it a lasting value, each number contains some interesting article on Roman monuments. Thus, in its latest numbers appeared a series of articles on the Roman catacombs. No one, who has ever been in Rome, can forget the Eternal City, but we know of no better means to keep alive the many feelings of pleasure and Christian joy experienced on the spot, than the weekly perusal of the *Roman Post*. It is published at 46 Piazza di Spagna, Rome.

* * *

THE *Ave Maria*, in one of its recent issues, says a word "Concerning Casa Braccio." Mr. Crawford "had no intention," it says, "of attacking conventual life, and would regret sincerely to give any of his readers wrong impressions of the Church." He does not express any regret, as far as we can make out, for having created wrong impressions of one of the most illustrious Orders of the Church. He says that his story is based upon an actual occurrence, which took place in Italy a good many years ago, when convents were more lax than is possible now. We believe we know something about the Carmelite Order. Why does he speak of a Carmelite Abbey, or a Carmelite Abbess, or of a life-long Superior in a Carmelite Convent, when

such things have never been heard of? And yet his whole story hinges upon these false assumptions. The most objectionable feature of all is that, although he pictures the Carmelite nun's temptations against convent life so vividly and dilates so much upon the objections, usually made against cloistered life, he nowhere finds a counteracting word of praise for that highest kind of Catholic life, a life of continued prayer and worship. No, if we must judge a man by his works, we can only form the conclusion that Mr. Crawford, "who resents the accusation of not being a good Catholic," has not even an inkling of the sublime vocation of a Carmelite nun. Addolorata waxes too eloquent in her denunciations of a life of penance, not to betray the animus of the writer. We have drawn the same conclusion from all his stories, viz.: that he considers the highest, the very highest perfection of woman to be human love. The great virginal saints of our Church, consecrated victims of divine love, must have taught him no lesson, or he would have found some redeeming word to counteract the sad picture he draws of convent life, especially, as he knew that his Protestant readers, at least, could not supply it.

BOOKS.

"*A Lady and Her Letters*," by Katherine E. Conway, is one of the sensible books which meet "a long felt want." We are, therefore, glad to see this second edition, serviceable, bound in linen and published by the Pilot Publishing Company, Boston. Superiors of religious institutions for the education of young ladies would do well to include this valuable book among the souvenir gifts, bestowed upon parting graduates.

* * *

MISS ELEANOR C. DONNELLY has done our Catholic literature a valuable service, in collecting the numerous little stories and poems which from time to time she published in our best Catholic magazines, and presenting them to the public in the most enduring form of books. "Amy's Music Box" and "The Lost Christmas Tree," published by H. L. Kilner & Co., Philadelphia, Pa., are the names of her two latest publications. The little stories that give the title to the books, have not, be-

fore, appeared in print. Needless to say, they are as bright, as healthy in tone, and as pregnant in moral as all other exquisite productions of her pen. Members of the League, who are praying this month for the Apostleship of the Press, can, practically, become very efficient apostles by introducing these books, so apostolic in their way, into their families and libraries.

* *

A BOOK of fragrant poems, filled with the perfume of Erin, comes to us from Ireland. "Eddies," by T. H. Wright, is printed at Wexford, and published by Eason & Sons, Dublin. There are patriotic tributes to the Green Isle, sonnets on Glendalough, Celbridge Abbey, Grasmere, and others; five exquisite poems to the Blessed Virgin, and songs composed for music. They are all short, lyrical compositions, betraying a highly gifted soul, and nearly faultless in rhyme and rhythm.

* *

FROM the publishing house of P. Tequi, 29 rue de Tournon, Paris, France, we have received a book of devotion to St. Joseph, intended for the use of the faithful during the month of March. There is for every day of the month an exercise of devotion—consisting of an extract from the life of the Saint, according to the works of the Fathers, a meditation and prayer. The title of this excellent book is: *Nouveau Mois de Saint Joseph*. It is written by l'Abbe Joseph Berlier, and is the best manual for the month of March, which has so far come under our notice.

* *

THE Casket Printing Co., Antigonishe, N. S., issues a booklet, *A Catholic Heroine*, containing the history of Sister Flora McDonald, Nun of the Convent of La Trappe, Tracadie, N. S. The story first appeared serially in the *Casket*. The writer remains anonymous, which is rather a pity, for the incidents of Flora's life are so eloquently told, the glorious beauties of land, and sea, and sky, surrounding her wandering, so poetically described that the reader feels a natural curiosity to know the name of the writer, who knows how to throw around a fascinating subject all the witchery of per-

fect style and diction. It is the story of a little Scotch Highland lassie, who becomes a Catholic in her tender childhood, suffers cruel persecution from her Protestant relatives, after several futile attempts succeeds in escaping, and finally becomes a Trappist Nun.

* *

WE have received from the Christian Press Association Publishing Company a book entitled, "The Religion of the World, and how the fifty-eight grand-sons of Noah and their descendants founded the Nations after the Flood." It is written by the Rev. James L. Meagher. A sufficient key to the contents of this remarkable book is to be found in the concluding words of the Rev. Author, which we hereby quote: "Thus reader," he concludes, "we have wandered over the world, both ancient and modern; we have tried to dig deep into the religion, ancient and modern, of the human race; we grasped the traditions of the religion first given Adam and the patriarchs, but scattered by the fall of man by the rebellion at the building of the Tower of Babel, and when the grandsons of Noah separated and colonized the nations. Amid them all we have failed to find a race, a nation or a tribe who did not believe in God Almighty, in the future life, in the rewards and punishments after death. The truths, dimmed more or less by the mists of fable, are natural to man. The modern writers who claim that man was at first a savage; without faith, morals, or religion, are all wrong, ignorant of history, stupid, puffed up with pride, and filled with themselves. Therefore, this work, the labor of many years of deep, ceaseless research day and night, we now close by saying THE END."

PETITIONS.

THE following petitions are recommended to the charitable prayers of our readers: Conversions and reform, 6; employment, 8; vocation, 1; temporal, 16; spiritual, 1; persons in affliction, 3; sick persons, 2; 2 children, 3 young persons, 2 families; 10 special intentions. Thanks are also returned for 4 favors obtained.





ST. MAGDALEN DE PAZZI.

BY MATILDA CUMMINGS.



ONE morning in fair Florence,
 A Carmelite drew near,
 To gaze with holy ardor
 Upon the sacred bier,
 Whereon the flower of Carmel
 In sweetest slumber lay ;
 Love's seraph in that beauty
 Which ne'er has known decay.

“ Behold ! ” he cried, “ the marvel ;
 She lives, my sister saint !
 The wine which maketh virgins,
 Hath conquered nature's taint.
 To suffer, was her watchword,
 No death, but life to die ;
 And now behold, love's victim
 Corruption doth defy.”

And thus the friar musing
 As lovingly he knelt
 Beside the fair young virgin,
 And in his heart he felt
 How God doth work His wonders
 In saints like this great soul,
 Transforming even nature
 To beautify the whole.

THE CARMELITE REVIEW.

In life so sweetly radiant
 Of face and form so fair,
 Of playful mien and loving heart
 While breathing Carmel's air,
 Which all so rare and holy
 Doth nurture souls like these;
 Our Blessed Lady's daughters,
 Blest Carmel's honey bees.

Its mountain slopes are fragrant
 With thyme beds all so green,
 And humming birds all laden
 Are fitting o'er the scene,
 Which ravishes the trav'ler
 Who treads the lonely hill,
 A down whose sides there runneth
 Full many a crystal rill.

Its snows send purest streamlets
 To lave the valleys green;
 Its cloisters, rarest jewels
 Fit to bedeck a queen.
 The Lady fair of Carmel
 She holds them as her crown,
 Her sons and daughters, legion,
 Who wear her habit brown.

Like this dear saint of Pazzi,
 This Magdalen so fair,
 "St. Mary's of the Angels"
 Had never soul so rare.
 And mem'ry looking backward,
 To Florence and its saint,
 Can still recall the vision
 And breathe the perfume faint,
 Which after years still lingers
 Like roses in a jar;
 But sweeter this blest odor
 From Carmel's saint afar.

LIFE AND CATHOLIC JOURNALISM

—OF THE LATE—

JAMES A. McMASTER,

EDITOR OF THE NEW YORK FREEMAN'S JOURNAL AND CATHOLIC REGISTER.

EDITED BY VERY REV. MARK S. GROSS.

CHAPTER X—CONCLUDED.



URING the great Catholic Congress held in Baltimore in 1889, the Boston delegates learned of the esteem felt for the Carmelites of Baltimore by both clergy and laity, and that blessings enjoyed

by that community were attributed to their prayers and holy lives. A wish was felt that the city of Boston might have its house of Mt. Carmel, and, the wish being approved by the venerated Archbishop of Boston, on August 23, 1890 (the Centennial year of the Carmelites in America), five nuns, appointed by Cardinal Gibbons, from the Baltimore Carmel, established a foundation in Boston, and were warmly welcomed by the people of that city. They have since then been living in a rented dwelling-house (corner of Cedar and Centre Streets, Roxbury), awaiting the time when, in the good providence of God, they may be enabled to have a proper monastery built for them after their own model, and adapted to the peculiar needs of a cloistered community: together with a suitable chapel adequate to the wants of the faithful, who bring their petitions and alms, and love to gather near this cloister for Mass, Benediction, Novenas and the numerous devotions springing from the heart of Carmel, and which will be enumerated further on.

The questions are often asked: "What is a Carmelite Nun? and what does she do?" The following answers may be given: She is an elect soul who has heeded the counsel of Our Lord and accepted His invitation to turn from the world, take up the Cross and follow him; undertaking an

expiatory life of penance and atonement for her own sins and for those of others; an apostolic life of prayer for the salvation of souls, and especially for the needs of the Church and clergy; a life of praise and adoration, performing in the Church on earth the office of the beatified in heaven, who praise God without ceasing; a life of intercession for the temporal and spiritual needs of all who seek the aid of her prayers, for health and relief of soul and body, for conversion of heart and perseverance in well-doing. Dwelling in her strict cloister as in the ante-chamber of heaven, the Carmelite daily presents to the King of Heaven petitions from souls dwelling more remote from Him and hindered or delayed from approaching His throne. To make her prayers more efficacious she prepares her soul by penances, by perpetual abstinence, by almost continual fasting, by sleeping on straw, wearing coarse woolen, and by many other exercises of constant mortification.

The Carmelite has always time to pray for the Church and for souls. She is set apart to pray and do penance. These are her duty, her calling, the end and aim (as they are the happiness) of her life, and it is thus she deals a direct blow at the infidelity and indulgence of the world. Any spare time, after her recitation of the Divine Office and devotions, is given to manual labor and needle work—making of scapulars, habits for the dead, articles for the Church, the chaining of Rosaries, etc., to aid in supporting the community; but, owing to the length of time given to prayer (fully eight hours of the day being devoted to spiritual exercises), it would be impossible by these means alone to earn subsistence; so the Carmelite is obliged to depend chiefly on the charity of the faithful for food and support. And the loving God, who feedeth the birds of the air, and who centuries ago fed Elias, the prophet of

Carmel, by ravens and by an angel from heaven, fails not to provide for those who leave all to follow Him; nor does He fail to reward a hundred-fold the charity of all who remember His poor and who nourish Him in the person of His servants.

The life of a Carmelite, though hidden and though dependent, is not a useless life. In this age of materialism it is well to keep fast hold of the truth that all strength in the valley proceeds from prayer on the mount, the upraising of pure hearts detached from the world of sense. It is the spirit of the nineteenth century to decry contemplative orders, because the spirit of the nineteenth century is not the spirit of faith; and the life of a Carmelite is one of blindest faith, requiring the strongest faith in all who would believe in her powerful mission. She has no statistics to show; no record of actions nobly and heroically done; no list of sick who owe restored life to her tender care; no classes of children reared to become useful and intelligent members of society; no aged poor sent peacefully to eternity; all these belong to her noble sisters in the active orders, for whom she daily prays, beseeching God's blessing on their mighty works. Her life is as secret as her cloister; her statistics are written only in the mind of God, unknown even to herself, in the record of souls lost or won to heaven. As long as humanity is composed of body and soul, so long must these loving sisters—Martha and Mary—action and contemplation—dwell hand in hand in the house of our Lord; action seeking aid from contemplation, and contemplator drawing strength from the face of Jesus. And where more than in our own country is the aid of the contemplative orders needed? Where is the harvest so white, so ready for the reapers! Must they not pray the Lord of the harvest to send forth His laborers?

Pius IX., of holy memory, once said to an American priest: "The want of the American Church (U. S.) is religious orders of prayer; America is a young country; she has passed her infancy and is now in her youth, but before she arrives at maturity one essential thing is necessary—the extension of contemplative orders, without which she will never reach perfection."

Cardinal Gibbons, in his introduction to "Carmel in America," says: "If there be

a country in which the contemplative life is needed, it is surely in our young and active republic, where the spirit of action pervades all classes. That action, not to be exclusive and absorbing, must be counter-balanced by reflection and contemplation, and it is from the contemplative orders we must learn this. Thank God, the contemplative life is not unknown amongst us and shows us that the days of heroism are not passed. May it live and flourish.

There are at present four communities of Carmelite Nuns in the United States: at Baltimore, Md.; St. Louis, Mo., New Orleans, La.; and Boston, Mass; wherever located, the sanctuaries of Carmel, besides being the resort of those in affliction, are much frequented because of the numerous indulgences granted by Sovereign Pontiffs to the churches of the order, the greatest of which has lately been granted, by a Brief from Rome, for the feast of Our Lady of Mt. Carmel for this and for all coming years. It is a Plenary Indulgence, *toties quoties*, for every visit paid to a Carmelite chapel, from first Vespers (previous day) until sunset of the feast, on July 16th.

Among the popular devotions that have blossomed in the Carmelite order, and from it have spread to procure blessings upon the world, may be cited the Immaculate Conception, of which the Carmelites were always the staunch defenders; devotion to St. Joseph, foster-father of Our Lord, which, until the time of St. Teresa, lay hidden in the heart of the Church; devotion to Our Lady of Loretto, of whose miraculous "Holy House" they were long the custodians; devotion to the Sacred Infancy of Our Lord, whose apostles they always have been; devotion to St. Ann and St. Joachim, parents of Our Blessed Lady, whose *cultus* they introduced into Europe at the migration of the order from the Orient. Through the Carmelites (as said before) the brown scapular was given to mankind. To them is the world indebted for the "work of reparation of blasphemies and the violation of Sunday," by the *cultus* of the Holy Face, an association that Pius IX. declared was "a divine work, destined to save society," and which has been so privileged and blessed by Leo XIII. From them also sprang the "Angelic Chaplet," a devotion in honor of St. Michael and the angelic choirs; likewise to St. Albert,

Thaumaturgus of Sicily, whose blessed water is so sought after by the sick, etc.

Faithful to their vocation, the daughters of St. Teresa in America are praying in their solitude for the welfare of Holy Church and the conversion of the world. When the day dawns that all things shall be revealed, it may be that even the elect will be amazed at the graces and victories obtained for clergy and people, and the golden merits poured into the treasury of the Church by the cloistered daughters of Our Lady of Mt. Carmel.

CHAPTER XI.

REMINISCENCES OF JAMES A. McMASTER FROM DISTINGUISHED FRIENDS—THE FAMOUS "JUS LETTERS" ON THE CANONICAL RIGHTS OF THE SECULAR PRIESTHOOD IN THE UNITED STATES—THE FAMOUS FOUR POINTS OF McMASTER.

The suggestion that I should put down for use, in the forthcoming life of James A. McMaster, my recollections of the valiant Catholic journalist, comes to me with the force of an authority I dare not gainsay and cannot ignore.

It appeals to the sentiment of old-time recollections and to the loyalty of an early and enduring friendship with which I was honored to the end of James A. McMaster's life on earth.

My first opportunities with him naturally came to me through the *Freeman's Journal*. I early became a subscriber and constant reader of that journal, and soon gained a high esteem for its editor. In those days—I am referring to a period several years prior to the war, 1856 to 1860—a weekly journal possessed vastly greater influence in forming and moulding public opinion, and editorial writers on religious and secular papers possessed and exercised far greater influence than they may be said to do at the present time. I do not need to discuss the "why" and the "wherefore" of this conviction. Conditions of journalism have greatly changed since the war. Perhaps it will be enough to suggest that "personal journalism," that is, the force and authority of a known writer or editor—as in the examples of the elder Bennett, of Greeley, of Thurlow Weed, of Samuel Bowles, and others who might be named, will serve to illustrate what I mean when I

say "personal" journalism is no longer the power it was in earlier times.

And it will not be gainsaid that McMaster was a power and always a recognized authority in his special field almost to the end of his editorial career.

As I now recall it, the *Freeman's Journal* was for long without a rival in the theatre of metropolitan Catholic journalism, and I believe, when other Catholic papers entered the field and, in instances, successfully competed for public favor, the veteran of the *Freeman* always ignored their existence. In those days the *Freeman's Journal* did not hesitate to have its say in politics.

McMaster was first of all a Catholic, and next in allegiance he was a state's-rights Democrat of the old school. He would champion the Pope and advocate the Democratic party and its principles—as defined by McMaster—in the same page of the paper.

I read somewhere that had McMaster not devoted himself to Catholic journalism he would have assuredly become a powerful politician. He was naturally, I should say, a leader among men, though I doubt if he possessed the gift of "organization." He could command a force, without the patience to "drill" it. He had evidently acquired some of the characteristic traits of discipline of the religious order in which at one time he aspired to membership.

Through and by his trenchant writings he became an influence among Catholics in the United States, and his authority was widely quoted in matters of Catholic teaching. His unreserved loyalty to Catholic authority was, perhaps, the most conspicuous characteristic of his editorial career, and his personal devotion to the Holy See passed into a proverb. He was, if possible, more Papal than the Pope. In the educational issue he was equally uncompromising. He consistently advocated, in season and out of season, Catholic schools for Catholics, and opposed all plans and compromises tending in any way towards the modification, or the minimizing the teaching of the Church on this important subject.

In fact he was an out and out *Ultramontane*, as that much abused term is fairly interpreted by and among Catholics. As his religious faith was rock-rooted, so in his principles and in their logical applications there was, there could be with McMaster no question or consideration of

expediency. He would have gone unflinchingly to the stake or the gibbet to vindicate his convictions, had the sacrifice become necessary.

My first meeting with McMaster was on the occasion of his second visit to Chicago in or about 1857 or '58. He had been engaged to lecture under the auspices of the Catholic Institute. The lecture was a success in point of attendance and the lecture itself was greatly admired.

McMaster was not an "orator," as the term is popularly understood. He possessed none of the arts or tricks of declamation. He had something to say and he said it with earnestness and power and there was *thought* in his speech. On this occasion following the lecture he was entertained at a dinner or "banquet" given in his honor by the local Democratic Club—"The Chicago Invincibles." During the festivity he was presented with a gold-headed cane as a token and testimony of friendship and political fraternity. He came again to Chicago, I think, shortly before the breaking out of the war, and lectured on "The Truce of God," a subject which doubtless bore special application to the threatening political conditions of the time.

Once afterwards he visited Chicago. It was, I remember, during or immediately prior to the meeting of the National Democratic Convention which nominated McClellan and Pendleton. There was held in Chicago coincidentally a meeting of the Peace Democrats, sometimes known in the West as the "Sons of Liberty." It is known that McMaster was in the councils of this organization. If I do not mistake Vallandigham was at that time its chief. The Democratic camp was divided. There were "War Democrats" and "Peace Democrats."

The doings of the convention is matter of history to which I have no need to refer, but it was declared at the time that McMaster by his conservative declarations averted a "crisis" in the deliberations of the peace party. He was, in a certain sense, no doubt, an extremist and stood for states rights and constitutional limitations, but his love of country, the whole country, was never questioned. It is true, he wrote strongly, even bitterly, in his paper, of the administration and of the conduct of the war, though I doubt if he criticised one or

the other more severely than certain Republican editors noted then and since for their extravagant "loyalty." The autocratic War Secretary Stanton, who was bitter and unrelenting against those who ventured to criticise his methods and policies, summarily arrested the editor of the *Freeman's Journal* and had him sent manacled under guard to Fort Lafayette. This is only a war reminiscence, the details of which, no doubt, will more fully appear elsewhere in the present volume. After all, the public life and character of James A. McMaster are more truly illustrated and more perfectly seen in the *Freeman's Journal*.

In its columns is to be found his life work, and there unmistakably are recorded his faith and his convictions. He was no time-server. The *Freeman* was never for sale; its columns were unpurchasable and even in its advertising pages McMaster was scrupulous to exclude everything dubious and equivocal. He possessed a chivalrous and courtly manner and an inspiring presence.

I recall him now as he looked at me through his spectacles long, long ago, when we first met face to face, evidently wondering at my youthful appearance. I was at the time already admitted into the columns of the *Freeman* as a contributor, a fact of which I suspect I was not a little vain. I was quite young then.

From the first, Mr. McMaster won my respect. He continued to hold it to the end.

I can recall him now as I saw him on occasions in his own home in New York, surrounded by his family. It was a bright happy circle, his devoted wife, to whom he was tenderly attached, (I remember Mrs. McMaster always called him "Jimmie") and the charming bright-faced children. How joyous he was, how exuberant in spirits!

The death of that dear wife was a cruel blow to him and clouded, I am sure, the remainder of his life. The dutiful and affectionate care of his daughters could not wholly replace the devotion of the companion who was gone.

And then they too were to go from him, one by one, to consecrate their young hearts to a higher and holier service, one in the Sisterhood of the Holy Child Jesus, the

others in the stricter Order of the Carmelites.

There was a strange pathos in this heart trial, this going out from their father's house and leaving him alone in the world in his old age. I thought of Montelambert's sacrifice when his beloved daughter one day came to him and said: "Father, I must go; the Master calls." But in this case the great Frenchman still had a wife and other daughters. It must have been for McMaster a great sacrifice, but I suspect there was in it for him a stern joy. With heroic unselfishness he knew they could make no wiser, happier choice in the world.

With unworldly wisdom, he was concerned for their eternal fortunes, and this assured, what sacrifice for him, what pain could be put in the balance? Who shall say he did not decide wisely?

In convent cells, in the solitude of holy retreat, these holy souls pour out in daily prayer for that honored parent intercession to heaven which we may well believe to be powerful and efficacious.

In the world he may be forgotten, friends may lose sight of his memory. In the convent never—while these pure and tender children remain on earth to pray and plead for a dear father.

WILLIAM J. ONAHAN.

NEW YORK, NOV. 7, 1892.

Rev. and Dear Father Gross:

It has afforded me great pleasure to comply with your request to prepare an article on James A. McMaster for your life of him. I could, of course, have written off a page or two of superficial reminiscences, but I have preferred giving a carefully studied and prepared analysis of his life career and character, which will mirror the man nearly as he was.

Most sincerely yours,

RICHARD H. CLARKE.

The life and career of this eminent American Catholic layman may be divided into six principal parts, or may be reviewed in six particular aspects. First one, his boyhood and classical impressions; second, his Presbyterian training, prejudices and struggles; third, the progressive reasonings

and experiences as an Episcopalian; fourth, his conversion to the Catholic faith; fifth, his association with the Redemptorists and his theological studies; sixth, his career as a Catholic journalist.

The mind and aspirations of young McMaster were formed in a mould unique and enduring, and to the developments of this first period of his life can be traced characteristics which dominated his whole future career. As soon as he began to go to school he mastered all the preliminary tasks of boyhood, almost at a bound. To his bright intellect, reading and arithmetic were almost wholly mechanical, and his spirit rested not until it roved in delight amid classical groves and mounts, and caught the model inspirations of Greek and Latin literature. He scarcely had a boyhood, because he was so far above the boys of his age in mind and acquisitions, that in each step of boyhood and youth he found no companions. His should-be companions were groping among the "three R's," when he was enjoying the orations of Demosthenes and Cicero. At the age of ten and eleven, when most boys awkwardly show their ignorance, he was capable of appreciating Greek and Latin classics. His tastes were thus made classical during his life. To the end of his life, when advanced in years, he was in the habit of translating the great Encyclicals of Popes Pius IX. and Leo XIII. for the *Freeman's Journal*. He could not tolerate an inferior translation, and his own translating of the great Roman documents became the accepted American translation, both among the laity and the clergy. He used to say his prayers in Latin, and he would say to me, generally at the end of Mass or after coming out: "You and I both hear Mass in Latin and say the Mass prayers in Latin. I enjoy it so much more. It would have been hard to put the Mass originally in any other language. It increases my devotion." Then, too, in his controversies of Latin criticism, he never gave up, and was seldom, if ever, not right in the views and side he took. He was always ready for a tilt with any classical scholar upon some critical question of Latinity.

TO BE CONTINUED

THE GRADUATES.

BY MARY ANGELA SPELLISSY.

CHAPTER V.



VISITORS were announced immediately after Frank Barrington's departure. Mr. and Mrs. Butler were old friends of Mrs. Redmond's when both her brother and husband were young men.

"We have you to thank for this visit, Edward," said Mrs. Murphy. "We have not seen these friends since you were here last."

"I am kept so busy," replied Mrs. Butler, "you know the girls are in society, and when the boys are at home they like to invite their Harvard friends. We had some there spending the Christmas holidays with us. It is very nice for the girls to get into that set. You know there are no marriageable Catholic young men any more."

"Is that so, Kate? What epidemic carried them off? We have some splendid young fellows in Montana."

"Catholics?"

"Yes."

"Of good family?"

"As good as our own, and I consider there are none better."

"O, Edward, you always were a wag."

"Let us understand each other, Kate. What do you mean by good family?"

"People that have had money for generations."

"Some of the most dishonorable people I know reach your standard, and I should be sorry to call them good stock."

"I think I can help you to a statement of the case, if you will forgive a little plain speaking—'Precious are the wounds of a friend,' you know. When you see young men and women whose aim is fashion, who dress elegantly, spend money lavishly, and assume a superior tone, you are possibly fired with an ambition to see your sons and daughters attain an equally dazzling position."

"I don't see why they shouldn't."

"Nothing to prevent it."

"Why do you take me up then?"

"Because I am sorry to see you so low down. I will try to give you a nobler object for your ambition. I thought I knew a good deal of life when I went west, but I have added to my experience since then. When I was in my twenties there were young bloods who lived gaily, or as the scripture says, 'riotously,'—jovial men, and fast women, abounded then, as now, and the end of such is usually the same—loss of honor, of fortune, and of health. I have seen the last of more than one prodigal, who began here in glory and ended out west in shame. Do you know anything of the morality of these people, whose companionship you desire for your children?"

"Edward, I thank you from my heart," said Mr. Butler. "I have been too indulgent, and my children have got beyond me. Their mother favors all their notions, and I am of interest to them only as the source of supplies. I should not speak this way but that I am among true friends. The people who fill my house now-a-days are not friends, and I have never been at home since I left the old house next door."

"The sooner you turn your horses the better."

"I find a great change in the tone of our people," said Mr. Redmond. "My long absence from the city furnishes me with an opportunity of comparing the two eras dispassionately. I have not witnessed the growth, I see but the results, and look for the influences that caused them. Some of those who were our familiars when we were boys and girls, attending the same Church, and finding our amusements in the societies connected with it—have made money very rapidly. The sudden inflation of values during the war brought wealth to many. The feverish race for riches dates from that era. The Centennial exhibition succeeded it, and with it came artistic taste, and

luxurious living, thereby increasing the wants of the people. Nothing tries the average man more than prosperity. Take our intimate friends. Many of the heads of families were clerks or mechanics, intelligent and self-respecting. They owned their houses and took an interest in keeping them and their gardens in order. Every member of the family had a sense of proprietorship in the home nest. I return to find some families, whom I left happy in mediocrity, transported to grandeur and discomfort. Edward and I made a call yesterday. We were shown into a parlor in which there was not one chair fit for a man in business suit to sit upon. Scarfs and other incumbrances abounded, and not a sign of christianity in the room. What do you think Edward did?"

"I cannot guess," replied Mrs. Murphy; "either one of you is inclined to be reckless, but when you get together there is no telling where you will stop."

"This wild man from the west gathered a lot of the naked divinities that adorned the room, and stood them in a semi-circle in front of the register. He said they made him think of the Groves of Blarney and the

"Haythen Goddesses and Gods so fair,
All standing naked in the open air."

"You should have seen Nellie stare when she came down; I did not give Edward away, and he did not confess. I suppose the maid was questioned after we left the house, and with Nellie's remembrance of Edward's tricks in the olden time, she will have arrived at an explanation of the irregularity."

"It may set her thinking," said Mr. Dillon. "She was never stupid, but custom dulls the wits sometimes. Her father would never have allowed such images in his house."

"From the way you talk, Edward," said Mrs. Butler, "one would think we should never progress."

"Progress as much as you like, but not crab-fashion. The present tendency is towards paganism."

"Don't you think people have a right to raise themselves?"

"They have every right to improve their condition by legitimate means, but I do not think a man raises himself, when, through worldliness, he turns his back on God and his neighbor, because his children

wish to gain admittance to the society of unbelievers."

"You remind me," said Mr. Murphy; "of an incident related by the late Bishop of Pittsburg: He was one of the first Directors of St. Joseph's Orphan Asylum. After an absence of some years, he visited Philadelphia, and discovered a great falling off in the receipts of the Institution. He called on several of the old contributors, among them one who had grown very wealthy. The Bishop was cordially received, and after the exchange of compliments, made known the object of his visit. His host became very much excited and said, 'I have nothing to give; I have many expenses to meet; only last week one of my carriage horses died—he cost me \$300.' When the Bishop knew him in his early days he had no such luxury, and his heart was tender towards the orphan."

"Yes," said Mrs. Murphy, "as man grows wealthy he grows selfish. Each clique has its standard. In one, it is family, with another, wealth and ostentation; the third affects the intellectual, and excludes all who fail in grammar, or decline to adopt the broad *a*. I hold by the sentiment so well expressed by the late poet laureate,

"How e'er it be it seems to me,
'Tis only noble to be good;
Kind hearts are more than coronets,
And simple faith than Norman blood."

"To take a higher authority: 'Blessed are the poor in spirit, for their's is the kingdom of heaven.'"

"Can you induce the rising generation to adopt that practically?" inquired Mr. Butler.

"Not easily," replied Mr. Murphy; "if they have been educated to compare everything by the world's standard. You remember our parents taught us that if we were faithful to duty the testimony of a good conscience should be ours, and the reward that 'Peace that surpasses all understanding.' They kept before us the principle that pushing was vulgar; that the honor should seek the man. I always maintain that even in these degenerated days true worth is appreciated. All the worthy young women may not find husbands, wealthy and titled, but they who live according to the spirit of the commandments shall have the esteem of those in the community, whose good opinion is worth having.

I appreciate the sentiment of Colonel Newcome: 'It is a grand thing to inherit a noble name; but, please God, you and I, Cline, will do that which is better, we will try to deserve one.'

"An old tree cannot be made in one generation," said Mr. Dillon; "and there is no use setting up pasteboard imitation, to be levelled by the first rude blast. It is for us to plant wisely, as did our forefathers, in order that posterity may honor us in our work. Each day we read of the wrecks of families. The majority are the result of extravagant living. Thirty years ago Darby and Joan were rich on \$3,000 a year. Now they are poor and mean on three times that sum."

"I think it strange," said Mrs. Murphy, "that people are so blind. Everybody is known and talked about. The cook, the dress maker, the grocer, and the others send abroad the injustice of the people, from whose folly they suffer."

"How old are your children, Tom," asked Mr. Dillon.

"The eldest, your namesake, is twenty-three; Imogene, twenty-one; Blanche, nineteen, and Percy seventeen."

"Has Edward any profession?"

"No; he says he cannot make up his mind. He graduated last year."

"Give me his points."

"I think he has some ability; he is an athletic fellow, delights in manly sport, but at present he is such a fop that I can't bear to look at him. He is not a fool, but he takes pleasure in looking like one. He is natural only when in trim for a game of foot ball; he appears to put on silliness with his fine clothes. If he could be taken from the set that flatters him I think his native good sense would assert itself. But we came to invite you to dine with us on Thursday; you can see the young folk then."

"I thank you for the invitation, but I desire to spend my free time with my friends here."

"I should like you to see the children and the place. Can you not go home with me for an hour tomorrow afternoon?"

"Can I come into town before 6.00?"

"O, yes, there is a train every hour."

"Very well, I will meet you at the station."

"Three o'clock sharp."

"All right."

In the silence that ensued, Mrs. Butler's voice sounded sharply from the end of the room where the ladies were conversing:

"What Catholic magazine have we that can compare with Harper's, for instance?"

"I think," replied Mrs. Redmond, "that you cannot institute a comparison between the two. The one is religious, the other secular; they are on entirely different lines. They may be equal in point of style, but because of the variety of subjects treated, the latter will be more generally attractive. Both may be useful, but the Catholic periodical is necessary. You find it difficult to discover any magazine of the kind superior to our Quarterly Review, or the Catholic World. I mention them because they are of our own neighborhood."

"I never see them," said Mrs. Butler, "I have no time for reading, except on Sundays, and then the newspapers take my time. I often wish we had good Catholic fiction."

"Are you speaking ironically?"

"No, indeed; I want something to give the girls; I can't make them read pious books all the time."

"Are they given to gorging themselves with spiritual reading, Kate?"

"No indeed; they read nothing but novels."

"I remember their mother had the same taste when she was their age. I am going to give a suggestion: I wish, I might hope, you would act on it: Go into a Catholic bookstore and ask for a catalogue; from it you can select a variety of delightful fiction, or subscribe for one of the magazines just mentioned, or for the *Ave Maria*. You will find in any of them book notices that will aid you in making a selection. You will find mentioned the works of Conrad Von Bolanden. His story of the Progressionists might have been written in this year, and in our own country, so true is it to life in this city. Mrs. Craven, Christian Reid, Kathleen O'Meara, and a host of others, too numerous to mention, furnish the stories of beautiful lives in exquisite language. There are some who maintain that the character of a man is affected by the kind of food he lives on. Be that as it may, I know that the woman who reads nothing more ennobling than a novel or a Sunday

newspaper, cannot fail to sink to the level of her mental pabulum. The depth she shall reach shall be limited only to the grade of temptation circumstance shall provide for her. The Columbian reading-circles are doing very good work," said Mrs. Murphy.

"Are they branches of the Chautauqua?"

"Better than that. One of them will supply just what you need. Through it you can learn what the church is doing in our own day. All the secular knowledge you need will be furnished from a Catholic stand point, and the meetings will make you acquainted with Catholic society."

"But what kind of people belong to it?"

"Your superiors and your equals, Kate. If there is no circle in your neighborhood you might easily form one. Choose a presiding officer of a liberal tone, who is so noble in herself that she is not afraid of knowing all kinds of people."

"I cannot think of any woman who answers that description."

"I tell you, Kate," said Mr. Butler, "that Miss Johns, whom we see in Church, has that air."

"She is not in our circle; she is a teacher or something."

"The sooner you cultivate her, the better. I see she drives home with the Brookes very often, and you know they are your admiration. She looks like a superior woman."

"I heard her say she was teaching now."

"I think I have the pleasure of knowing Miss Johns," said Mrs. Murphy. "She belongs to one of our time-honored Philadelphia families. She is an esteemed friend of Mary's, and teaches in her turn with her at the hall of the society called 'Our Neighbors.' She is wealthy, and has received an unusually thorough education."

"You would not think she was anybody to look at her; she has no style."

"I disagree with you, Kate; I thought her a grand creature the first time I saw her; but I looked at the woman and not at her dress. I suppose her time is given to better things than fashion."

The young people had been called to the parlor soon after Mrs. Butler's arrival. As they rejoined the family, Mr. Murphy inquired:

"Who were your callers, Mary?"

"Edith Biddle and Mr. Brock."

"Do they visit you?" inquired Mr. Butler, in a tone of mingled pique and surprise that were almost too much for Mary's gravity.

By an effort of self-control, Mary replied with becoming seriousness.

"Is not Miss Biddle very proud?" asked Mr. Butler.

"I have never seen any signs of it," replied Margaret.

"She was very cool to Blanche and Imogene, when they were introduced at Bar Harbor."

"Edith told me she had met the girls."

"I do not see how you get into such aristocratic society."

"The secret consists, Kate, in not trying," replied Mr. Dillon; "our friends here are satisfied with their own position, and live in accordance with fixed principles; their behavior wins for them the respect of people of distinction, who esteem them for their common sense."

"Spare our blushes," said Mrs. Murphy.

"I suppose we have formed many acquaintances through the societies that the girls and I belong to. Similarity of taste, interest in the same good works, have been the point of attraction in many instances. Many of our friends are entitled by birth, education and wealth to rank with the most exclusive people in this most conservative city of Philadelphia, but they view these as accidentals, and recognize that at judgment day the gifts of fortune will be considered only as the talents in the gospel. They will be judged according to their use or misuse of them. Mrs. Brooke, to whom you alluded, is one of the wealthiest women in the city. I am told that, with the exception of certain occasions, when she is obliged to return formal calls, her carriage is used principally to economize time in attending to charitable enterprises. She and Miss Johns are companions in most of the good works the Archbishop has under his supervision."

"I declare," cried Mr. Butler; "It is very late. We have passed a delightful evening, and I hope to repeat the experiment very soon."

"You will bring your welcome with you," said Mrs. Murphy.

CHURCH UNION.

III.

BY PIUS R. MAYER, O. C. C.



SPeaking of a depositary of traditions of faith, there could be a choice between two depositaries—a collegiate one and a single individual.

During the middle ages, and especially at the Council of Basle and in the Pragmatic Sanction of France, there was no doubt whatever that this depositary was the Catholic Church, but opinions differed as to the body in whom the authority was vested to declare a doctrine as founded in tradition, and hence to be believed by all. Some maintained that it was vested in the Pope only, others granted it to Pope and Oecumenic Council conjointly, whilst Basle and France asserted the superiority of an Oecumenic Council over the Pope and saw only in the teaching of the Church assembled in council an infallible witness of tradition.

The latter two opinions were held by minorities and were either expressly condemned or silently repudiated by adverse ruling. Now, and particularly since the Vatican Council dogmatized the infallibility of the Pope, there is not, and cannot be a doubt in a Catholic that the Pope individually is the depositary of faith, and that his decisions in matters of faith are the only ones commanding faithful submission and undoubted faith.

But, is this teaching correct? It is consonant with the bible and sustained through the ages by history.

If these questions be answered in the affirmative, Church-union is no longer a question. It becomes an absolute postulate of conscience, and union in this case means nothing else but submission to the teaching of the Apostolic See.

Now it can easily be shown that the Church founded by God is a theocracy, and that God vested the power of governing and teaching in a succession of individuals, each of whom inherited the full power from

his predecessor, and by this became not merely the director of a temporary organization, but the representative of God Himself, and hence the bearer of the divine commission to teach all nations, and teach them to observe all things.

From the very cradle of mankind God consecrated the power of ruling and teaching in the person of the Patriarch, who before his death transferred the powers thus received to one of his sons. It was an absolute postulate of unity, which cannot be preserved by any other means.

This system was more fully developed in the Mosaic law, where Aaron and his descendants were declared the representatives of Jehovah and the spiritual rulers of His chosen people. But their rule was not to be an arbitrary one. They had to consult God in the Holy of Holies and learn His will by the Urim et Thummim, which contained engraved upon precious stones the names of the twelve tribes of Israel. Thus the twelve different tribes were under the guidance of the High Priest as their centre of religious unity, and he in turn depended upon divine inspiration in his ruling.

As Christ declared that He had come not to abolish the law, but to fulfill it, we must expect to find in the new law an analogous institution, and this the more since the Christian Church is not a building raised upon entirely new foundations, but the final development of the religious shadowy types and figures contained in the old law.

Now Christ very often compares His Church to a plant. "I am the vine, you are the branches. The kingdom of heaven is like a grain of mustard seed." How many seeds are wanted for a plant? How many main roots has a plant? There may be a large number of side roots, but they all communicate with the main root, and though they gather up from the ground whatever may be conducive to the growth and fertility of the plant, they can do so only as long as they are united to the main

root, forming thus one individual whole. Let them be separated, and even if they produce offshoots these do not belong to the parent plant. They may be similar, but not identic. They are no part or parcel of *the plant*.

St. Paul explains in his letter to the Hebrews that in the old law the high priest had to succeed high priest, because death prevented them from remaining, but that Christ in the new law had entered the Sanctuary once and forever in His own blood as the eternal High Priest. Hence the temporal rulers of the Church of Christ do not present to us a succession of bearers of power identical with the high priest according to the order of Aaron, but they are manifestations of one and the same high priest. We might call them changing impersonations of Christ, who thus fulfills His promise to abide with us even to the consummation of the world.

Hence the root once planted in Golgotha in expiation for the poisonous root planted in Paradise is and remains the self-same root through all ages, and, as Pope succeeds Pope, not a new root is planted, but the old one continues to work and to spread, issuing new side roots whenever a bishopric is established, and casting off decayed side roots whenever a bishopric is demolished, whilst the main root lives indestructible and replete with vitality, not being anything else but Christ in His Church.

Whatever may accrue to a plant from elsewhere will increase the bulk, but at the same time it remains a foreign matter incapable of assimilation, not having any vitality of its own, and therefore a hindrance to the plant, not a benefit.

These considerations allow but one con-

clusion. The Church was planted in Paradise, where the seed of the Redeemer was laid into the soul of sinful man. The blade appeared on the surface in patriarchal times, it spread and brought forth leaves and blossoms in the Mosaic law, it matured fruit in the Christian dispensation. It is a full grown fruit tree, incapable of further development and equally incapable of decay and death. The vitalizing, sustaining principle of the Church is the continued presence and activity of Christ, and as Christ is but one, the Church can be but one.

Therefore no scheme of Church union is worth a moment's consideration, if the Catholic Church be left out of it, and no union with the Catholic Church is possible unless it is based upon identity of creed and practice. The Church cannot change, because Christ cannot change. There is no possible compromise between truth and error. There is no possible exemption from the universal duty of submission to this Church.

We have religious establishments in plenty, but they are not the growth of the main root, hence not the plantation of God, and "every plant which my Heavenly Father hath not planted will be rooted up," says our Lord. No Church but the Catholic can lay claim to being *the plant*, as no Church can boast of its length of days, universal spread, external and internal union and the consequent fruits of sanctity. Hence let an union take place, but an union in right order, gathering all those redeemed by the blood of Christ into the one fold, under the one shepherd, and there will be one God, one faith, one body of Christ, and all the members thereof will be living members.



BITS OF TALK WITH OTHER WOMEN.

V.

OF LIFE IN THE OPEN.

BY MARIE LOUISE SANDROCK REDMOND.



NERVES and the American woman, unfortunately for her, have become synonyms. The robust and phlegmatic scoffers who still disbelieve in nervous prostration, insomnia and nervous headaches, grow fewer every year, convinced alas! by melancholy experience.

The American woman as a type has degenerated into, and not yet developed out of, a creature of high-strung nerves, keen sensibilities, immense energy and ambition, fragile frame and very negative muscular force. The life she leads rarely counterbalances her natural short-comings. Rather does it tend to exaggerate them and develop morbid tendencies into actual disease.

The number of nerve complaints grows alarmingly. Every day seems to add to the list. An authority on the subject, in a recent discourse on the species of disorder known as "house nerves," says: "The reason of house nerves are legion. Introspection is one. Let a woman sit at home day after day, week in and week out, and an analysis of everything and person within her ken naturally follows, herself included. A woman who studies herself, her wants and her desires, her ailments and loneliness, is on a fair road to an asylum, did she but know it.

"The cure is simple, but few follow it. Throw away your medicine and dieting. Patronize all the gayeties that your pocket book affords. Take long walks in the sunshine, and whenever a morbid thought comes think up a necessary errand, and it will dissolve like mist before the sun."

By a great many women fresh air is regarded as a more or less unnecessary luxury. Brought up in the school of self-sacrifice, as most of them are, ignorant of the laws

and requirements of health, taught to look upon the beautifying of home and the acquirement of the art of good housekeeping as the be-all and the end-all of their existence, the necessity of out of doors exercise never occurs to them. The benefit and the charm of days spent "in the open," to use a German phrase, are unknown to them.

Spring comes to these women as the season of house-cleaning, of house renovation, of the preparation of summer wardrobes, not as the time of the joyous upspringing of all living things, of the renewal of hope and energy.

The English woman, with her inherited constitutional strength, her placid temperament, her cultivated athletic tendencies, has a thousand advantages over her American sister. But, because the latter can never hope to enjoy, without exhaustion of mind and body, a daily ten-mile constitutional, is there any reason why she should not accustom herself to a walk every day of a mile or two, or five, if possible?

If we women once habituate ourselves to the exhilarating pleasure of a brisk walk every day, no matter what the weather, we shall find it an enjoyment, and rightly regarded, a duty not easily relinquished.

The cause of the wheel-woman needs no champion to-day. The bicycle speeds its triumphant course along, and the good it has done wheels with it, or rather diffuses to right and left through all the world. There are still, one must sadly believe, men and women of the never-to-be-exterminated old-fogy species, who shake their heads over the impropriety of cycling for women, over the woman-cyclist's short-skirted, sensible costume, over the injury to her health that is sure to result from such exercise.

To one who has ridden a wheel ever so little, the only answer to these critics—who are almost worthy of the venerable epithet

of carping—seems to be the silent prayer that they, too, may some day find their physical salvation in wheeling. Then every bone, even after collision with the, to the novice, inevitable ice wagon, will breathe fervent blessings on and gratitude for the bicycle.

Ride a wheel, my dear fellow-woman, even if you do without the new carpet for your parlor, the expensive new gown for yourself, or above all—for I do not doubt he needs some practice in unselfishness—if your husband sacrifice some pet luxury to obtain it for you!

There never was a fit of blues, a worriment eating into the heart, or nervous headache, that an hour's spin on a wheel would not cure.

Therefore, ride if possible, and unless you are a centenarian or an absolute invalid, let no one persuade you that you are too old

or too feeble for an exercise that is so supremely and universally beneficial.

Open air exercise of some sort we must have. It is as much our duty as it is to take care of our houses, feed our husbands and wash our children's dirty faces. All these and other as womanly duties will be performed more cheerfully and more thoroughly if we invigorate ourselves daily in God's fair sunshine.

Then, Browning's verse will become engraved on our memory—our soul will exclaim with his:

"I find earth not gray, but rosy,
Heaven not grim, but fair of hue;
Do I stoop? I pluck a posy,
Do I stand and stare? All's blue."

Nature and nature's God will give us a broader, and kinder, and more cheerful spirit. Ourselves will be a less keen interest to us and our troubles least.

THE CORPORAL OF COMPANY "C."

A MAY STORY.

BY PHILIP A. BEST.

"O tell me, Sergeant of Battery B.,
O hero of Sugar Pine!
Some glorious deed of the battle-field,
Some wonderful feat of thine."

—Anon.



It was the last day of May, and the devotions that evening at the Franciscan Church were unusually solemn. There was a procession of little boys and girls, beautifully attired in white, who carried flowers and banners behind the sodality girls, who were bearing aloft the statue of Our Lady. Our Lady was to be crowned that evening as the Queen of May. The *Te Deum* was solemnly sung by the whole congregation, together with several of the familiar hymns in honor of the Holy Mother of God. When the acolyte commenced to extinguish the candles, the

choir was just singing the last verse of the *O Sanctissima*.

Of course there was a sermon. The preacher was a venerable-looking man, whose silvery hair showed that, for many a year, and, perhaps in many a clime, he had served in the grand army of the Lord. He was a Jesuit. His theme was "Constancy in devotion to the Holy Mother of God." "Mary protects those who honor her," he said, "and among the priests of God there are none, perhaps, who cannot relate one, or more instances in which the Blessed Virgin has shown her great love for her clients. I would, indeed, be an unworthy son of St. Ignatius, did I refrain from relating incidents, in my own experience, redounding to Mary's honor, and which should serve to move us to greater zeal in her service.

"When I was stationed at a mission beyond the Missouri," he continued, "my work was principally among the Indians. Those children of the plains are much

devoted to the Mother of the Great Spirit. At one of my stations it was customary to have the May devotions on Tuesdays and Fridays, and of course I had to be there, in rain or shine. However, on one of those days I was missing. I had had a sick call about forty-six miles away. I was called to administer the last Sacrament to a poor old negro, who in his youth had escaped to the North. Some of the ranchmen employed him as a cook, but his days of usefulness were now over, and he calmly died as a result of old age. On my return from the hut of my colored friend, I found that the creeks had swollen to a dangerous depth, hence I could not reach the agency, and the devotions there were postponed to the next day—Saturday.

"Perhaps my delay was a fortunate one, at least for one poor fellow. On the evening of my arrival, after services, the chief told me that they had a man,—probably a soldier,—in custody, who had been caught pillaging, a very serious offence with the much abused Indians. The unlucky captive had been duly tried and condemned by all the chiefs, and was to have been executed that morning. However, the Indians delayed carrying out the sentence, until they had consulted me on a matter which made them very scrupulous. So in company with the chief I visited the prison. When the door was unbolted, the poor captive hailed my coming with delight. 'O Father,' he exclaimed, 'the Blessed Virgin has sent you to rescue me.' Afterwards, he told me he had never prayed so much in his whole life to the Holy Mother of God as he had during those brief hours of his incarceration.

"What made the Indians hesitate in carrying out the sentence was that, in pulling off the soldier's bluecoat, they discerned what appeared very familiar to them,—a scapular,—or rather the appearance of one. It was well faded, and I observed that it was kept from falling apart by a shoe-string, or something of the sort. 'You are a lucky man,' I said to the prisoner, 'and the best way you can show your gratitude to the Blessed Virgin, who has evidently saved you, is to go to the Sacraments to-morrow morning. By doing so, you will likewise greatly edify my Indians.' The next day, as he was about to return to the fort, I gave him a note to the

colonel, in order that he might escape any punishment for his apparent desertion. It was also a fortunate thing that that soldier escaped, for another reason, for had he been executed, the government would have made the Indians pay dear for it, whether they were in the right or wrong. I do not know what became of this soldier of whom I speak. If he is still living, I am sure he has not forgotten his heavenly benefactress. This whole thing proves, my dear brethren, that Mary truly protects those who wear her livery, and who cry to her in affliction."

Corporal Gunn (I shall so call him, although it is not his real name,) and his family were at the Franciscan Church on the morning when the venerable Jesuit told his memorable story. I ought to say here that the corporal was better known as "the captain," for it seems that all ex-military men receive from civilians a title some degrees higher than that by which they were known among their comrades. The corporal and his family were very devout Catholics, and never missed any church service except for very urgent reasons.

On that last evening in May, Corporal Gunn was walking home from church in company with a neighbor, known as Herr Freidenker. The latter was not known as a Catholic, except perhaps in the baptismal register. That evening Freidenker was going to Germania Hall to see the "Red Flag" played. However, he changed his mind, and went to church, at the earnest solicitation of Gunn, who told him he would hear some fine singing.

That night everything was sung by the whole congregation, except one soprano solo. This tickled Freidenker's musical ear, and on the way home he was saying in an animated way to the corporal: "By thunder! Cap, I think the fraulein nearly reached that high 'C.'"

"What is the matter?" he went on, perceiving that Gunn was very silent. "You had already scared me in the church, you looked so pale."

"Excuse me please, Herr Freidenker, but really I do not feel like talking to-night. Come around to the house to-morrow night after Vespers," was Gunn's brief remark.

The fact of the matter is, that the corporal seemed greatly moved by an air which his little boy, who walked ahead of him, was humming. It was the *O Sanctissima*, the melody of which awakened many past thoughts in Gunn's mind. However, for the nonce, he kept his thoughts to himself.

In dismissing Freidenker with a hearty "good night," he added: "Don't forget to call. It's Sunday, and you have plenty leisure. By the way, how do you use the time on Sundays?"

"Ach!" said Freidenker, "I sleep the morning through. In the afternoon I read the *Teufelsblatt*, and in the night we play sixty-six."

"Well, come around, if you can," said Gunn, when parting.

At eight o'clock next evening, Freidenker could be seen at the corporal's house, comfortably seated in an easy chair, and busily engaged in working a wire through the stem of his long pipe.

"I didn't think that you would be so easily moved, Cap," commenced Freidenker, referring to the corporal, who was so visibly affected the night before.

When his pipe was burning nicely, he continued: "Well, after all, I was glad I was not at that theatre. I might have been hurt in that accident too, by golly!"

"You were very fortunate in escaping," broke in the corporal, but let me tell you of a lucky escape of mine some years ago. After all, Freidenker, it pays to be religious, and—"

"That is enough," interrupted Freidenker, "don't preach to us, captain, the pfaaf is paid to do that. Make some music, Maria," he said, wheeling around towards the corporal's daughter.

So to please Freidenker, Mary played a few pieces, at the same time thinking to herself that "music hath charms to move the savage breast," but she didn't dare express it. She gave in succession, "The Watch on the Rhine," "Sherman's March," and several military pieces, and, as a finale, softly rendered (what was then uppermost in her mind) the air of the *O Sanctissima*, which her little brother accompanied with his sweet treble voice. During this last piece the corporal's watery eyes were alternately resting on a lovely oleograph of the Madonna and a beautiful picture of the "Last Roll Call." Mary

had unconsciously awakened a silent chord in her father's breast. As for Freidenker, he was intently gazing at the rings of smoke which gracefully ascended from his yard and a half of pipe. When the corporal's daughter closed the organ, Freidenker exclaimed: "That was good Maria! If I had much money I would send you to one of those music conservatories in my old Heimath."

"Thank you, Herr Freidenker," said Mary, "but I am content if I know how to play a few simple hymns in honor of the Blessed Virgin."

"Now," said Corporal Gunn, "I do not intend to follow up the music with a sermon, but with the permission of our friend here, (looking at Freidenker) I think I can relate something which will interest the company for half an hour. It will be something new to my own family."

"Let us hear it," answered everyone in course.

"Well," proceeded Gunn, "you all heard Father X.— last evening relate that incident of the soldier who escaped the Indian bullets. I was that soldier."

Mary brought her chair nearer, while Freidenker pulled vigorously at his pipe, being unconscious that it was not burning.

"I was a pretty good boy in my young days," continued the corporal. "I sang in the childrens' choir, and was considered a rather fair singer. Many a time I sang that *O Sanctissima* which Mary has played for us to-night. Whenever I hear it I feel greatly moved. When I heard it in church last evening it awakened many pathetic recollections.

"In 1876, soon after gallant Custer and his men made their last charge, I hadn't much to do. One day, passing the recruiting office in one of the large cities, I noticed the stars and stripes floating in front of the door. I fell into conversation with the sergeant in charge, and some days later found myself a private of Company "C" en route to the plains. I was soon promoted to the rank of corporal, but never reached the captaincy as our friend Freidenker would have you believe.

"We saw little fighting except a few skirmishes with an unruly band of bucks, who were ever on the outlook for some one else's store of 'fire-water,' or in fact anything that was movable. In camp, outside

of drill, we had little to do except spin yarns and play cards. You can easily imagine that we became very neglectful of our religious duties. 'Tis true, we had a chaplain. His name was Voltaire Perfectos (out of respect to the cloth the writer does not wish to reveal the chaplain's real name.) Strange to say, the chaplain was no Catholic, indeed, it is hard to say if he had any religion, while most of the company were Catholics. One of the privates told me that Perfectos had been a cigar-maker, and times being dull, he looked around for a more paying occupation. One day he was inspired to send a box of his namesakes to President Grant, and one fine morning he woke up to find himself a United States army chaplain, and thus got a new handle to his superlative name in the shape of "Reverend." Perfectos was a harmless sort of a fellow, but now and then he gave vent to a little bigotry, mistaking it for religious zeal, which he thought he was bound to practice occasionally in order to keep his hand in, especially when the paymaster was around, and to show that 'the servant is worthy of his hire.' However, Perfectos didn't make much use of his religious ammunition, since the boys were always ready to reply with a well-directed volley of words. Sometimes, though for

fun's sake, they made the chaplain pull his trigger at someone else's expense. I was the target at times.

"One day we heard that a black-gown (as the Indians call the priests) would soon be in the neighborhood. Finally it was announced that the missionary would be on hand the next Sunday. I think it was about the middle of May. Of course we all asked to go to the settlement, except Perfectos, who couldn't go on principle. So the captain announced that 'Corporal Gunn (myself of course) is detailed to bring the company to the church,' or, what served for such. Everyone went, some for duty's sake, some through curiosity, some to do a little flirting, and others—especially myself—to square up their conscience.

"I ought to say here, that only a week before, in a brush with the Indians, a bullet had whizzed too uncomfortably near my head, and I came near being mustered out of service for good. I wasn't yet quite prepared to let any grin over me:

'All honor to our soldier dead—
Who nobly fought to save this land,'

so I thought it was safer not to delay in coming to terms with the heavenly Paymaster."

TO BE CONTINUED.

THE DEATH OF MARTIN LUTHER.

BY CHARLES WARREN CURRIER.



ARDLY anyone in the history of the world has been, at the same time, the object of such admiration and such contempt, such praise and such blame, as the man whose name stands inscribed in the title of this essay. From his fiery youth, when crowned with honors, to old age he possessed a host of admirers and friends as well as numerous enemies who abhorred his very name. Both admiration and contempt survived him, and they have been handed down from generation to generation to the present

day. Of all the moments of his eventful life that which must appear most interesting as well to those in whose minds Martin Luther is enshrined as a saint, as to those who look upon him as a miserable heresiarch, is the moment of his death. If it is true that death is the echo of life, then ought that of Martin Luther to re-echo his career, as death does the lives of most mortals. If he was the saint his followers have represented him to be, then ought his death to have been that of the saint, the death of the just. If, on the other hand, he led the life of a sinner, as others believed, it will not be astonishing to learn that he died the death of the

sinner, which is the worst death. *Mors peccatorum pessima.*

More than three centuries now separate us from the moment when the soul of Luther left its earthly habitation. Much has been written concerning him since that time, both by friends and foes, and it is from the divergent and contradictory statements in regard to his last moments that we now try to gather some satisfactory information.

It was the year 1546, and Luther was about 63 years of age. His long and troubled life was drawing to a close. For some time the head of the Reformer had been greatly troubled; unrest and doubt agitated it, and bitter disappointment added its most poignant grief. His work had been a failure. He had once believed, that during his life time he would behold the end of the Papacy and the complete triumph of his "gospel," but, as his years advanced, he saw his work lose more and more, while the Papacy gained ground. From Luther's rebellion had sprung various sects and numerous opinions. Protestantism was split up. No wonder that his soul felt tired. Being once asked at table whether the words with which Jeremias cursed the day of his birth were not sinful, he replied, that the murmur of Jeremias was justifiable, and added: "One is saddened, when, in spite of the best intentions, things turn out badly. The thought haunts me that *I wish that I had never begun this affair.* I would rather be dead than behold the contempt of God's word and of His faithful servants."

Before the year 1530 he had said: "Let us continue the work of the gospel two years longer, and you shall see where the Pope, the bishops, papists, monks, nuns, etc., will be." (1) Two years and more had elapsed, but the power of the Pope was stronger than ever.

The increasing strength of the Papacy was, however, not the only trial of Luther's last years. The greater number of the princes and nobles whom he had so flattered, held him in contempt. They needed him no longer; they had had their share of the booty. Even many of the people cared no more for him. He often complained that he was tired of the world, and the world of him. His mind was harrassed

by doubts and anxiety, his body tortured by physical agony, while domestic cares added to the suffering he underwent. Is it then astonishing that he longed for death?

Bugenhagen affirmed that, in the last months of his life, Luther had often told him, that he wished soon to leave this valley of tears, that he could do no more on earth, had become useless, and that they ought not to pray that he might live longer. Years before his death, when suffering from the stone, he exclaimed: "I wish there were a Turk here to kill me." (1) He had also frequently the temptation to put an end to his own life. As a proof of this we cite the following instance: It happened once that the parish priest of Guben, while seated at table with Luther, said that he was often tempted by the devil to stab himself when taking a knife into his hand, or to hang himself when he happened to see a rope. Luther answered: "It has also often happened to me that when I took a knife into my hands the same evil thoughts came into my mind." (2)

Luther was in this state of mind when in 1546 he came to Eisleben, the place of his birth. During the latter years of his life he affirmed that the devil tormented him sorely; he had even insinuated that he feared the evil spirit would cause him to be found dead in the morning. His friends were alarmed, lest he might do harm to himself, and, therefore, they gave him a special attendant to watch over him. It was at Eisleben that Luther died. A short time after his death his three friends, Ansifaber, Justus Jonas and Michael Coelius, composed a history "of the last days of their master," which, down to the present day, has served as the only authentic historical source concerning Luther's death.

According to the history, Luther left Wittenberg on January 23rd, 1546, at the solicitation of the Count of Mansfeld. The first night of his journey he spent at Butterfeld, and, on January 24th, arrived at Halle, where he sojourned with Doctor Jonas, and preached on January 25th, the Feast of the Conversion of St. Paul. On January 28th he left Halle with his three sons and Jonas. On his arrival at Eisleben he became ill and suffered from his

(1) Audin—Life of Luther—ch. xxxi.

(2) Frochreden—Eisleben, 1569—p. 277a.

(1) Tischreden—Eisleben, 1569, p. 185.

stomach, so much so that alarm was felt for his life. In the evening, however, feeling better, he took his supper and appeared contented. From January 29th until February 17th he preached four times, received once the communion from the priest at the altar, communicated another time, received absolution and ordained two priests. Every evening he retired at eight o'clock or earlier, and said his evening prayers at the window. On the evening of February 17th he complained of a feeling of oppression in his chest. At nine o'clock he went to bed, saying: "If I could sleep for half an hour, I hope, all would be better." He then slept until ten o'clock, while Jonas, Coelius, his servant Ambrose, and his two little sons, Martin and Paul, remained with him. On his awaking he asked them if they would not retire. He arose, walked through the room, and said: "Into Thy hands, O Lord, I commend my spirit, Thou hast redeemed me, Lord, God of Truth." Having returned to bed, he spoke: "Doctor Jonas and Master Coelius and the others, pray for our Lord God and His gospel, that they may fare well, for the Council of Trent and the Pope are very angry with them." He then slept until after midnight. After this he began to suffer much. About the same time Coelius

ran quickly out of the sick room, followed by Anisfaber, to call the inn-keeper, Johann Albrecht, the town clerk and his wife, and two physicians. All these arrived within a quarter of an hour. Count Albrecht and the countess also hastened to the bed of the dying man. Meanwhile Luther exchanged a few words more with Jonas and Coelius. He prayed for a short while, and pronounced several texts of scripture. He then said: "Into Thy hands, Father, I commend my spirit; Thou has redeemed me, God of Truth." He soon became still. They tried to arouse him; the countess applied various restoratives, but his eyes were closed; he spoke not. Finally Coelius and Jonas cried out forcibly to him: "Reverend Father, will you persevere and die in Christ and the doctrines you have preached?" "Yes," he answered. This was Luther's last word, a confirmation of the work begun on All Saints Day at Wittenberg. He shortly after drew a deep breath and expired. Not willing to believe that he was dead, his friends employed all means to restore him, but it was too late. This is the account of Luther's death given us by his friends, who were said to be eye-witnesses of the closing scenes of his life.

TO BE CONTINUED.

FOR OUR YOUNG PEOPLE.

EDITED BY MISS MATILDA CUMMINGS.

[All communications to this department to be addressed to Miss M. Cummings, 1588 Madison Avenue, New York City.]

SECRETARY'S LETTER.

MAY, 1896.

There are many things we wait to learn in heaven, because out of heaven they are so poorly taught. Mary is one of these.—
FR. FABER.

MY DEAR YOUNG FRIENDS,—

Many people are especially fond of looking for shadows as they walk through life. Nothing pleases them better than hunting for them, and making them—the longer and darker the better. 'Tis fun, of course,

to see one's own shadow, never a beautiful one at best, but something to laugh at even if it is one's other self. Now the delightful month of May has come, and if ever there were a time to forget all things gloomy and sad, to get out of the shadow and look only for the glorious sunlight, it is now.

Dear Father Faber, that most charming of men, the apostle of geniality and the very soul of winning good nature, says: "There is much in the world to make us sad, the sorrows of the Church and our own little love of God, Yet can

we help a certain jubilee of heart in thinking that the Month of God's Mother has now begun, that each day of it is bringing more and more glory to God, and more and more help to the church, because millions upon millions of souls in every clime and of every blood are daily growing in the deep reverence and deeper love of the Immaculate Mother of God? O, that the days were longer and would pass more slowly, that we might fill them fuller of devotion to this dearest Mother!"

There, dear children, is a sermon for you. Now *how* are we going to fill the sweet May days full of Mary the Queen of this lovely month of sunshine and flowers?

First go out to meet her early in the morning. What would the month of Mary be without daily Mass? Oh, that we could have an apostle rise up in our own day to teach us all, young and old, the value of the holy Mass! If the many, nay the multitude of Catholics who are content with the Sunday Mass of obligation, could be convinced of the great gain it would be to them to go to Mass every day, our churches would soon be filled on week days, and the faith of our people made a living thing. Think how the holy souls in Purgatory must envy us who are able to hear Mass, and how keen must be the remorse of many there who loved their pillow better than their pew before the altar. I know someone deeply devoted to them, who never leaves the church without making a second genuflection at the door for the poor souls who would gladly come back to do reverence to our Lord in His holy tabernacle. So, dear children, let this be our one great offering to our Blessed Lady in this her own sweet month. Nothing greater can we offer her. Why even *she* might envy us our privilege of going to daily Mass. Think of her at Ephesus after the Ascension of our Blessed Lord. There, in the house of St. John, the beloved Disciple, the first child of Mary, she assisted at daily Mass and received Holy Communion every day. Remind her of those happy days when her heart was longing, oh! so ardently, for God and heaven. Yes, go to Mass every day in May and you will get *everything* you want—all your prayers *will* be answered. Our dear Blessed Mother could not refuse you after thirty-one days whose first hours were spent on Calvary. Do we think of that, I

wonder, when we are going to Mass? Going to Calvary! And then on May 31 we will celebrate the crowning glory of the month—the feast of Our Lady of the Sacred Heart. That means all things come to us through Mary. She leads us to the Sacred Heart and *no* child of hers *can* go elsewhere. Keep close to her then, dear children. Make a compact with her that you will never take your hand out of hers. Oh! how safe will you be at the hour of death if our dear Mother Mary held your hand. Why, our Lord could not send you out of His presence forever if His Mother must go with you. Tell her so—sweetly and simply. Be a little child and she will not only hold your hand, but carry you—where? To heaven of course—and it is quite possible even that she will not even *let* you go to Purgatory. Why *must* you go there? Is it not the one thing in life to escape Purgatory? So be wise. Let the month of May make misers of us all. Fairly "printing money," to pay our debts, make our Blessed Lady the treasurer, and hold tight the hand of the Mother of Mercy. A child of Mary can not be lost. St. Alphonsus Ligoun knew all about it. Take his word for it and be radiantly happy this May because you are so safe.

FOR THE PUZZLERS.

XVI.

RIDDLING FOREST.

- What tree is the homeliest?
 What tree is an Irish city?
 What tree plagued the Egyptians?
 What tree means a couple?
 What tree has for ages withstood the
 fury of the ocean?
 What tree keeps school boys in order?
 What trees were made for speaking?

XVII.

Who went to sea for fear of drowning?

XVIII.

Why are some people always in a hurry?

ANSWERS TO PUZZLE.

(IN APRIL NUMBER.)

1. My body.
2. Eyelids.
3. Knee caps.
4. Drums.
5. Feet.
6. Nails.
7. Soles.
8. Muscles.

9. Palms.
10. Two lips.
11. Calves.
12. Hairs.
13. Heart.
14. Lashes.
15. Arms.
16. Veins.
17. Instep.
18. Eyes and nose.
19. Pupils.
20. Tendons.
21. A chest.
22. Temples.
23. Gums.
24. Crown.
25. Palate.
26. Skull.
27. Bridge (of nose).
28. Shoulders.
29. Elbows.
30. Organs.

FOR THE THINKERS.

1. When was the Te Deum composed?
2. What town in the U. S. is named for the patroness of Paris?
3. What town for a Jesuit missionary?
4. What city for a Franciscan friar?
5. For whom is Lake Champlain named?
6. Who was the first Christian woman of Europe whose name we know?

MAXIMS FOR MAY.

21. If you love study you will neither be a burden to yourself nor to others.

—SENECA.

22. There is no "to-morrow" for a Christian.

23. Every man has some wealth which is his natural inheritance; mine is cheerfulness, which is the only patrimony my parents left me, but which I value more than all the treasures of the world.

POPE CLEMENT XIV.

24. "Behold thy Mother!" From the cross He gave her—not to one alone. We are His brethren—unto us He gave a Mother, as to John.

—AUBREY DE VERE.

25. Modesty has more charms than beauty.

AN ALMOST FATAL CURE.

BY W. R.

CONTINUED.

They set to work, and under Harry's able hands a fine sled was in a few days a reality. Paint was procured and both sleds were prettily painted and named. Paul very much enjoyed the work of charity. Nettie had told Fred about the half dollar, and had received it from him. Some time after she met Fred and told

him she had given the money to the little girl Harry had spoken of. Paul, who was standing by and heard this, remarked:

"Why, that little girl is Jimmy Carter's sister. Jimmy is the boy the sled is for, and mamma promised to buy him a cap and gloves for the cold weather. When Christmas comes I can bring him a present."

"Me, too, for Mamie," said Nettie, quite interested in the matter.

"Say 1!" cried Paul, who enjoyed correcting Nettie's little blunders.

Some days after we meet Harry in the shop again. Every feature speaks of anger. He has just pulled a case from his pocket, and opening it he takes out a very pretty and neat knife. Harry had bought it for Maggie, the family cook, as a birthday present. But "a knife or fork or anything sharp" was rejected by the cook. This made Harry furious. He plunged the knife deeply into the top of a chopping block and turned over the handle. A sharp crack, and the intended present was a wreck, the pretty case was crushed beneath the angry boy's feet. While in his rage he did not notice a face at the window. It disappeared, and a moment later Maggie stood before him. She said to him: "O, Harry, indeed I didn't mean to hurt you."

"Get out of this and don't bother me," was all he could say. He turned away from the girl. Tears began to fill his eyes at the thought of the humiliation he had suffered. Maggie immediately left the shop. She feared the boy when he was angry and she knew he was not to be tampered with.

Harry began to talk to himself when she left. "If that was a boy of my size, I'd give him a sound beating. That's common sense to refuse a well meant gift! I'll know to whom to offer something the next time!"

He then sat down and brooded over the mishap for some time. While still worrying over the matter, Paul came rushing into the shop without at first taking any notice of him. He picked up a hammer and was about to leave, when Harry stopped him:

"Say, Paul, what do you mean by coming in here, grabbing up a hammer and running out, or trying to, without a word?"

"Upon my word, Harry, I didn't see you."

"What do you intend to do with the hammer?"

"Maggie wishes to put a nail in the wall to hang up a picture."

"A picture!"

"Yes, I bought her a birthday present. It's a picture of Our Lord visiting Martha and Mary Magdalene, and Maggie wants to hang it in her room."

"Has she no hatchet to drive nails with?"

"I don't know that. But I must hurry, or she will think I am never going to come back." Saying this Paul started off, but Harry stayed him again.

"Leave that hammer here. She can use a hatchet and you go and tell her I said so."

"No I will not! Take your bammer. I'll get John's hammer from the stable. Spoil Maggie's birthday pleasure? No, I will not."

In a moment Harry was again alone. Baffled, chagrined at the failure of his attempt to revenge himself, his humor became anything but better. Time and sleep seemed to have had no effect in his case. He was sullen and irritable the next morning. At the breakfast table he spoke little and avoided Maggie, who was very much mortified for her behavior. Mrs. Nollet, to whom Maggie had related the happenings of the day, said to her: "Well, Maggie, I never would refuse ever so small, or even inappropriate, a present if I were certain of the good intentions of the giver. Now Harry's gift was not at all to be despised. I for my part think that you are foolish to believe such a thing as 'A knife or fork or anything sharp is sure to cut our friendship apart.'"

These words explain Maggie's feelings of mortification and embarrassment.

After breakfast Harry repaired to the library to read away his bad humor. He felt and knew that he was faulty in his behavior. The first book he selected had no pleasure in it for him. He began to look for another, and while he was thus engaged Paul entered the library. He also was on a search for a book to pass his promised hour at study. Latin grammar had no charms. The day was too hot, as he argued. He picked up a book he found on the table. It was Longfellow's "Outre-Mere." Harry had kept his eyes on Paul since he had come in. As soon as he picked up the book

Harry said: "Drop that book, Paul. You shall not read it."

"Who said so?"

"I say so."

"You have nothing to say about it and I mean to read it. This seems a good thing, 'Martin Franc and the Monk of Saint Anthony.'"

Having read this title, Paul started away. Harry, who was on a stool to get a book beyond his reach, stepped down, saying "Drop that book."

Paul, however, did not listen. He proceeded to leave when he saw Harry coming down to follow him. Then he began to run. Passing through the sitting room he came to the parlor and tried to escape through the hall. Harry was enraged. In passing the sitting room he had picked up a toy bucket and when he came to the parlor he hurled it at Paul with all the force at his command. Paul dodged and the bucket went crashing through one of the large parlor windows.

"Now you have done it," cried Paul.

"Yes, I did it, and I'll not take a word from anyone about it, you young scamp. Take that book back! Father said I dare not read it and then you are not allowed to read it either."

"Why didn't you say that sooner?" were Paul's parting words as he left to return the book.

Harry hurried from the room. He heard footsteps coming hastily in the direction of the parlor. He feared reproofs and punishment. In a few moments he was out of the house with his First Communion souvenir in his pocket. It was a five dollar gold piece. He had received it from his Aunt Mary on that day of days. His memories of the occasion returned. How Aunt Mary had kissed him after High Mass and said: "Here, my dear Harry, is my little gift. It is gold. Oh! how I do wish your heart would remain ever as incorruptible as this small piece of gold. May you be like it in another respect. Polished in virtue and all good things that should adorn a good, noble boy and a good Catholic. Do not give it away. Cherish it as a remembrance from me."

The thought was extremely painful, but he had not enough of other money to pay for the window pane. He sacrificed the gold coin to his pride and anger. In a short

time Harry reached a paint shop, where he ordered a man to go up, measure for the window and put it in at once. He left the gold coin, remarking that he would return for change. Then he returned home and without anyone noticing it he got into the carpenter shop and locked the door.

During his absence not a little excitement had been witnessed at the house. The crash had called the members of the household to the parlor. Paul explained the whole matter and received a reprimand from his mother. After a few words to the servants Mrs. Nollet went to her room. Here she tried to quiet the emotions which excited her and prayed for her boy who so much lacked an essential quality necessary to every person: self control. Her pain and sorrow were increased when the painter came to measure for the window, and when she heard that Harry had paid with a gold coin. Paul, on hearing this, hurried to his room, took the contents of the savings bank and as fast as he could ran to the glazier's to obtain the gold coin. "I am to be blamed for all this. Why didn't I listen to him. I knew he was wild about Maggie," he soliloquized.

His errand to the glazier was of no avail. The gold coin had been given to a stranger in change for a large bill. But Paul made up his mind to give Harry one-half of what the window pane would cost. When he came home his mother sent him to Aunt Mary to see if Harry had not gone there. But Harry had not been seen. Nettie had looked for him at the carpenter shop and found the door locked. She called, but no answer came. She tried to look in at the window, but it was beyond her height. That the door was locked made her conclude that Harry was there, and to make sure she went to the stable to procure John's help. John was busy polishing the harness, and so she came close without his taking any note of her presence. With her finger on her lips she beckoned him to keep quiet and asked him to lift her up to look in at the shop window. They quietly went around to the shop. John did as requested and Nettie on looking in at the window saw Harry sitting before the bench, on which his arms were resting. He had his head deeply bowed, resting it on his arms. As soon as Nettie was satisfied that it was Harry she asked John to let her down, and after thanking him for his service she ran

to the door. She gave a sound rap, but no answer came. Then she called: "Harry, please open the door." And still no answer came.

"Harry, please open the door. I saw you through the window." Harry was hard this time. It seemed as though Nettie should not succeed. She knocked again and cried louder: "Harry, do come and open the door. It's dreadfully hot out here." Nettie's persistent knocking at last brought him about. He opened the door, and Nettie gazed into a tear-stained face.

Harry turned away and resumed his seat. He deeply bowed his head. Nettie's innocent gaze was too much for him. For some time the little girl did not know what to say. Tears began to fill her eyes. To end the suspense she put her hand on Harry's arm and said to him: "Mamma wants you, Harry."

Harry looked up and saw the same blue eyes intently looking at him. He knew he must do something, so he said: "Nettie, I cannot go up now. I will be up after awhile."

This was not what Nettie wished. She would have him come with her at once. She now began to coax. "Do come on Harry. Mamma cried because you ran away."

"Oh, I cannot talk to mamma now. She would scold me."

"No she won't. She just said to Mary: 'I wish Harry were here.'"

Harry had yet a short struggle with himself and, at last, determined to go up to speak with his mother.

It was an unusual sight to see the two go so quietly up the walk to the house. Nettie was so very thoughtful. She did not speak a word, but quietly walked at Harry's side. His excellent training alone could influence him to the action he was about. He was nervous, but determined to have the matter adjusted. Entering the house he at once repaired to his mother's room. The door of the room was open and his mother sat at the window sewing. Harry paused at the door while Nettie ran in saying: "Mamma, Harry's here." This caused him to enter, but he was at a loss how to proceed. His mother, while earnestly gazing at him, discerned what had gone on in his heart. His tear-stained face told her a story of painful remorse. Prudence and kindness would do here what no scolding ever effected. Tears again began to make objects dim before Harry. A choking sensation made him feel miserable, and he could not speak a word, but the suspense was soon at an end. Mrs. Nollet with a kind voice which told, however, how painfully she had been touched by his behaviour, said to him: "Harry, I hope this was the last time your temper mastered you. You will be a more manful, gentle boy after this."

EDITORIAL NOTES.

BY THE EDITOR.

THE month of May is the month of Mary. The month of flowers is the month of the "Flower of Carmel."

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MANY of our Catholic journals published richly illustrated Easter numbers. Among others we noticed especially *The New World* and *The Western Catholic News*, of Chicago, *The Freeman's Journal*, New York, *The Orphans' Bouquet*, of Boston, with its pretty colored cover; *The Notre Dame Scholastic*, &c., &c.

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EVERY Catholic Church in the world will have an altar, or at least a statue of the Blessed Virgin, decorated with flowers and ornamented as far as means will allow, in honor of Mary, during this lovely month. Every Catholic home ought to have some representation of the Heavenly Queen in prominence, before which the family can pay their devotions to the "Mother of beautiful love."

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THOSE who are unable to attend May devotions in church, should make it a point to substitute some practice of devotion to the Immaculate Queen in their homes. Many indulgences can thus be gained at home. And all of us should erect a shrine in our hearts to the "Mother of Divine Grace" and there pay our daily homage to the "Queen." There is surely no Catholic, who still has a spark of faith in his soul, who has not a warm corner in his heart for our "Mother."

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THE feast of St. Mary Magdalen de Pazzi on the 25th of May is dear to every lover of Carmel. Through the kindness of Senor Lino Soler, the venerable editor of the *Revista Carmelitana* in Spain, we are enabled to present our readers with a good picture of this great saint of prayer and divine love. The poem on our first page is a glowing tribute to the dear Florentine saint, whose body, as tender and pliable as on the day of her death, and free from all

corruption, lies under the high altar of the chapel of the Carmelite Nuns in Florence. It will be exposed to the veneration of the faithful during the octave of her feast.

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ANOTHER great saint of the month is St. Simon Stock—the sixth Latin General of our order. His feast is on the 16th of the month. He was an Englishman. It was in the oratory of the Carmelite Priory in Cambridge, England, that the Blessed Virgin appeared to him and gave him the Scapular of Mount Carmel. It is now more than six hundred years since this heavenly gift was bestowed on the Christian world. England has become untrue to Mary and her Son since then, but we may be sure that our saint has not forgotten his native land. Love for the Mother of Jesus is beginning to revive in that remarkable country, which has so long remained in the shadow of the valley of death. But England needs a visitation of God, before she will again bow in humble supplication before the "Mother of Mercy." And if signs deceive not, she is rapidly approaching her days of visitation. May she know them when they are upon her before it is too late, and again become the "dowry of Mary."

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DURING the beautiful month of May, many devout clients of Mary seek the shrines dedicated to her honor. It is also the beginning of the season at Niagara Falls. We invite our friends, who may choose this month for their visit to the Falls, to pay a visit to the shrine of Our Lady of Peace, attached to the Carmelite Monastery at Falls View. A plenary indulgence can be gained by such a visit, and seven years and seven quarantines for every subsequent visit during the same year, both indulgences applicable to the souls in purgatory.

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DURING these days of Apaisim, it was an act of unusual significance to present the "Laetare" medal to the sole survivor of the

great generals who brought the late civil war to a successful issue. The choice of such a representative Catholic patriot and hero by the faculty of Notre Dame University was a most conclusive answer to the silly and malicious calumnies of those foul-mouthed disturbers of the peace. A man like General Rosecrans could not be bred in their ranks. Patriotism and heroism are natural to a good Catholic, and the heart of this noble soldier did not beat less loyally in his breast, because he had been taught to look upon love of country as a Christian virtue. Such a breast deserves the decoration awarded by an institution of learning which teaches the same lessons to the Catholic youth of the present generation. Long may the brave general live to wear it.

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WE were reminded of apostolic times when we read in the papers of the noble and magnanimous refusal by Archbishop Elder of a residence valued at \$100,000 because it would detach him too much from the people of his Cathedral parish. They were bearing the burden of a heavy debt, he said, and he could not reconcile it with his idea of duty to live at a distance from them, when his presence among them seemed to be so necessary to make them bear their burden cheerfully, while his departure might have an opposite result. This is the language of a true shepherd.

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THE General Intention for the "League of the Sacred Heart" during the month of May is "Pilgrimages to the Shrines of Our Lady." Our readers and friends know that we have such a shrine attached to the Carmelite Monastery at Niagara Falls, Ont. "Our Lady of Peace" has been erected into a pilgrimage by Pope Pius IX. at the request of the late Archbishop of Toronto, the Most Rev. J. J. Lynch. The votive offerings, crutches and other signs of former devotion at this shrine had been removed at the time, but we have authentic proof of many a grace received in this humble sanctuary. It is as highly indulged as any place of pilgrimage in the world. A plenary indulgence is accorded to all those who make the pilgrimage and receive the sacraments. They may go to confession and communion at any other church. This indulgence can be gained

once a year. But there is an indulgence of 7 years and 7 quarantines attached to *every single* visit made to this shrine at any time. Besides it has all the indulgences attached to Carmelite churches—as it is continually served by the Carmelite Fathers. In carrying out the Intention of the League, therefore let our friends remember the shrine on the banks of the Niagara. We shall send a beautiful letter on this pilgrimage shrine, by Archbishop Lynch, to all those who wish to know more about its beauties.

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WE were very near having Salvation lasses in brown. When Ballington Booth decided upon separating from the army controlled by his father, he cast about for a new name for his followers and a new uniform for his soldiers and amazons. He called them "God's American Volunteers," and thought of a brown uniform. Luckily, the lasses objected to the Carmelite color, and he had to pacify them with costumes in cadet blue. We are heartily glad that we were spared the infliction of a sham brown habit on a salvation lass. Another Booth, sister of the above, married to a Mr. Tucker, and called Mrs. Booth-Tucker, came over across the ocean to take charge of the original Salvation Army, while her own infant child was dying in England. It has died since, and Mrs. Booth-Tucker, whose place as a Christian mother should have been at the bedside of her dying child, is fighting the devil in America.

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A FRENCH priest, Monsieur l'Abbe Parrand, of the diocese of Avignon, published a short time ago a life of "St. Peter Thomas," one of the great saints of the Carmelite Order, Patriarch of Constantinople and Papal Legate of a Crusade. When the life appeared we wrote to l'Abbe Parrand asking his permission to publish his work in English. He very kindly and generously granted us all rights to publish his book, either in the pages of this REVIEW or in book form. We wrote to him again asking for some information. To our great sorrow we received in answer a letter from his brother containing the sad news of l'Abbe Parrand's death. He died a few weeks ago, a holy and edifying death. We ask all our readers to offer up a prayer for

this zealous priest, who, in the midst of his pastoral duties, took time to make the necessary researches and to write a most remarkable biography of a Carmelite saint, as a tribute of love to Our Lady of Mount Carmel. Our readers will soon have an opportunity to enjoy the work of this learned and pious priest.

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THE *Kansas City Catholic* pays us the following compliment: "THE CARMELITE REVIEW," it says, "is truly a creditable publication. It is so neatly gotten up that its very appearance invites one to read it." Then, commenting on the "Life of McMaster," it says: "We really don't see what there was in the life of McMaster to warrant his life being written." We all feel inclined to poke fun at Western journalism—but it is refreshing, nevertheless, to come across such an unadulterated sample of it as the above. We advise the aspirant to journalistic fame to read what has appeared so far of the life of this great Catholic champion, and he will see what there was in the life of McMaster to make even a Western journalist look out for his laurels.

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PROFESSOR RÖNTGEN has become famous by his discovery of the X rays. Bodies that were hitherto considered opaque have become transparent to these wonderful rays. Already scores of practical uses have been found for the application of this astonishing discovery. Science is great, and true science is only a means of discovering more and more of God by the manifestations of His divine perfections in the created world. Religion can find no fault with genuine science—and, as a rule, the greatest scientists are men of faith. We expected the news which has reached us, that Professor Röntgen is a practical Catholic. The church, far from hampering genius, rather fosters scientific research, and hails every new discovery as another truth leading to the God of truth.

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WE call the attention of our clerical readers to the article on the Brown Scapular, contained in the last number (April) of the *American Ecclesiastical Review*. As the question mainly concerns the clergy, we shall not enter into it here. But there is a

statement in the last paragraph which we call in question. The reverend writer states correctly that the Redemptorist Fathers have the privilege to invest a multitude of faithful at once in the scapular, a privilege which, according to the decree of July, 1887, is to cease in July, 1897, after which the Brown Scapular will have to be given separately and individually. But we have not been able to find any document exempting those invested according to this privilege from having their names inscribed on the registers of the Confraternity. The writer refers to a book: "Tresor Spirituel," by Ulrich, published in Paris in 1863. At that time the law of inscription had been suspended in all missionary countries, but this law has again been made universal in July, 1887, without any exceptions, as far as we can ascertain.

* *

KING MENELEK, of Abyssinia, must have had the idea that the Italian soldiers have no love for the Blessed Virgin. When he called his people to battle against the Italians, he issued a proclamation, which began with these words: "Hear! Hear! May he lose hearing, who is the enemy of our faith and country. Hear! Hear! May he lose hearing, who is an enemy of the Virgin Mary." The proclamation was dated the 20th September, 1895. As our readers will recollect this was the day on which the Italian government celebrated the jubilee anniversary of the taking of Rome. Another strange coincidence was that the proclamation concluded by calling the troops to a final review on the feast-day of the Rosary, the 6th of October. Everybody knows how utterly the Italian troops were defeated by this same Menelek who issued the above proclamation. We are going to be surprised by a few more coincidences. God's mills grind slowly but surely.

* *

ONE of the most consoling signs of the times is the ever growing influence of holy lives on our mixed communities. That the Catholics of Buffalo should deeply feel the loss of their beloved bishop and should gather in vast multitudes around his bier was to be expected. But the death of the venerable Bishop Ryan gave occasion to an extraordinary demonstration on the part of

the Protestants of Buffalo. An immense Protestant audience assembled at Music Hall, and on the motion of one of their ministers, the Rev. Dr. Fitch, passed the following warm and Christian resolution:

"Resolved, that we, a body of Christians, representing forty Protestant congregations, assembled in Music Hall for special evangelistic services, express our esteem for the personal character and public services of Bishop Ryan, and our sense of the loss for education, temperance, morality and religion sustained by this community and by his diocese and our hope that the good work committed to him may be continued by a worthy successor. The workman may die, but the work is immortal."

About forty Protestant clergymen assisted at the Requiem High Mass and at the funeral.

BOOKS.

BENZIGER BROS., of New York, publish a handsome new edition of the "*Imitation of the Sacred Heart of Jesus*," by Rev. F. Arnoldt, S. J. It is a well bound volume of 810 pages and has an appendix containing morning and evening prayers, devotions for mass, confession and communion and devotions to the Sacred Heart. This well known work has been compared with the "*Imitation of Christ*" by Kempis. It is in many respects a more satisfactory guide to spiritual life, as it is far more methodical. Our Lord in colloquies with the soul, gradually unfolds all the treasures of His Sacred Heart, in doctrine and example, and the soul responds in practical applications. It is a book for constant use and one never grows tired to learn of "Him who is meek and humble of heart." The fourth book, like that of the "*Following of Christ*" is entirely devoted to the Blessed Eucharist and Holy Communion.

PIERRE TEQUI, of Paris, has published the sixth edition of that best of all biographies of the Cure of Ars, *Le Cure d'Ars*, vie de M. Jean Baptiste Marie Vianney, by l'Abbe Alfred Mounin. Those of our readers who understand French will find in this book a delightful and comprehensive life of this saintly priest, the process of whose beatification is now under way.

NOTES FROM SPAIN.

DON JUAN PEDRO.

ON one of the last days of March, in the Chapel of the Archiepiscopal palace of Sevilla, Dr. Marcello Spinola, the illustrious Metropolitan of the ancient See of St. Isidore, administered the sacraments of baptism and confirmation to a young English gentleman, an engineer, connected with the vast and prolific mines of "Rio Tinto"—Huelva, Mr. Hector MacClean. His sponsors were Father Parreno, Chaplain of the hospital attached to the mines, and Miss Fermina Stourton, of Stourton Castle, Knavesboro, England, for whom the Very Rev. Kenehu Vaughan (who is presently in Sevilla) acted as proxy. This conversion, under God, was due to the instructions previously given by a cousin of Cardinal Vaughan, who was a brother engineer at these mines, but whom Almighty God had called to his reward before he had the pleasure of seeing his apostolic labors recognized and crowned by the blessings of the Church, and the reception into her bosom of his well-prepared catechumen.

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THE Holy Week solemnities were blessed by "jubilee" weather. The cathedral cities had never witnessed such throngs of strangers and tourists from the old and the new world.





La Madonna del Pesce.

BY RAFAEL.



TO THE DIVINE "PRISONER OF LOVE."

Exitus matutini et vespere delectabis.—Psalms LXIV, 9.

BY ENFANT DE MARIE.



HERE was light in my spirit at early morn,
 Illuming the sky with its gleaming;
 And into that radiance soon faded away
 Bright visions of earthly dreaming.

How soft through the sanctuary's mystical shade
 It shone o'er the pathway before me;
 With lustre as fair as the silvery rays
 From the Altar-lamp beaming o'er me.

Ah! Yes, there was light in the early morn,
 And gladness untainted with sorrow;
 That came from the Heart of the "Prisoner of love,"
 No thrill from earth's joys did it borrow.

O sacred, O beautiful Heart of our Lord!
 What thanks shall my spirit render
 For e'en the remembrance of that bright beam,
 Illuring to love so tender?

O Star of the Altar! though darksome clouds
 Oft veiled thee with mournful shading,
 Yet still dost thou shine with a golden ray
 Of love everlasting—unfading.

When evening has come wilt thou gladden my soul,
 And still all its pain and repining?
 Wilt thou rise o'er the shadowy vale of death,
 And light up the night with thy shining?

LIFE AND CATHOLIC JOURNALISM

—OF THE LATE—

JAMES A. McMASTER,

EDITOR OF THE NEW YORK FREEMAN'S JOURNAL AND CATHOLIC REGISTER.

EDITED BY VERY REV. MARK S. GROSS.

CHAPTER XI—CONTINUED.



HE Presbyterian life of Mr. McMaster was a most interesting chapter. Even after he had repudiated Presbyterianism, its early and strong impressions, discipline and training gave to his manners

and struggles a certain charm of sternness, sincerity and vigor. Even his fondness for the classics was an inheritance from the higher Scotch life, and Edinboro was to him in a certain sense a modern Athens. He was the youngest son of a distinguished Presbyterian minister of one of New York's rural districts, and the young Covenanter was brought up under parental and church traditions. He learned from practical experiences what authority and obedience meant. In any relation of after life when he was a subject he implicitly obeyed—so likewise when he was a superior, as he certainly was in the office of the *Freeman's Journal*, he made everyone feel that he must be obeyed. I could name more than one assistant who realized this condition. The positiveness of the Presbyterian tenets so harmonized with his character that he was long blinded to their inconsistencies. He never liked anything half way. He could tolerate water, he could relish milk, but he abhorred milk and water mixed. While he did not find in Presbyterianism, nor could his aggressive mind have found it in any of the sects, all that his heart sought, yet he found in it elements that went to create and foster a strong belief in a personal God and in the revealed system of divine rewards and punishments. As his active and vigorous mind canvassed and

scrutinised unsparingly even the religious society and tenets of his youth and young manhood, he was not slow in detecting its weak points and untenable assumptions. In this he was chiefly struck with the claim of the Presbyterian Church to be the Church of Christ, while the absence of the Apostolic Succession was fatally absent. It was in search of the Apostolic Succession that his journey through the logic of religions led him to the Church nearest to him that laid claim to that indispensable mark of the true Church, and this was the Episcopal Church. It claimed the Apostolic Succession.

Mr. McMaster had now started in search of the true religion, as revealed by Our Saviour to the Apostles. He scanned the claims of the Episcopal Church even more closely than he had those of the Presbyterian sect. Assertion was not enough for him; proof was the duty of truth, and truth must be the possessor of proof. He found the claim of the Episcopal Church to the Apostolic Succession to be a mere pretension. The Presbyterian Church, not claiming it, had never possessed or severed it. But the Episcopal Church, claiming it, had both severed it and forfeited it. It was, however, sufficiently removed from the errors of Presbyterianism to be a safer guide, an intermediate ground. But it proved itself so near the Catholic Church as to show how openly rebellious it was against the Church of God, and how inconsistent it was with its own tenets. It was an easy church to live in, and it was in a worldly aspect so very respectable. He could not feel satisfied with this, for his Presbyterian training even had taught him the spirit of sacrifice for conscience sake. But in the Episcopal Church he found the conscience had quite an easy time. I once heard a prominent public man, an Episco-

palian, give a queer reason for adhering to the Episcopal Church in preference to any other: "Because," he said, "it is the only church which I know that does not interfere with a man's politics, his morals, or his religion." The church was too easy going, and not sufficiently aggressive for the aggressive mind of our deceased editor. Little did he know, while a Presbyterian, of that ancient and venerable teacher of truth, that infallible guide in matters of revealed religion and morals, the Catholic Church; except as an abomination, the Anti-Christ. But in the Episcopal Church he gained the inestimable benefit of hearing more of the Church of Rome as distinguished from the Church of England, and his Presbyterian prejudices were so far modified as to lead him to the conviction that the Roman Catholic Church was at least a "branch" of the Christian Church. In the Episcopal communion he received baptism. It was not long, however, till his logical mind discovered the Catholic Church to be the trunk and the tree, and that the sects were the lopped off and decaying branches of a vigorous and indefectible original, the pillar and ground of truth. Episcopalianism made but little impression upon his mind or character. He brought with him into the Catholic Church more of the methods, the thoroughness, the sense of submission to a teacher, the exactness of the Presbyterian, than the liberal, indifferent, easy and accommodat- ing features of the Episcopalian.

Having become a Catholic from overpowering conviction, his conversion was complete, and he joyously believed "all that Holy Catholic Church believes and teaches." Like Dr. Brownson, he found all he needed in the children's Catechism to convince his intellect, while he always attributed his conversion to divine grace. But how could such a mind remain inactive? He was too constitutionally aggressive to rest content with his own convictions; he must at once become a teacher to others of the truth he had received, and this leads us to the fifth aspect of his remarkable career, when he offered his life to the apostolate of Catholic truth, and sought the commission to teach in the authorized priesthood of the Catholic Church. And even here he manifested the thoroughness of his character, its essential-

ly aggressive nature, in preferring to the secular priesthood, which is the great militia of the Church, the more compact and rigidly trained regulars, a religious order.

It was such a train of circumstances and characteristics that led James A. McMaster to enter the Congregation of Our Most Holy Redeemer. He entered the Novitiate of the Redemptorists in Belgium. The training which he had received was of inestimable service to him in after life. He was a close and earnest student. He had been such from childhood. His mind was stored with solid learning. He became acquainted with the writings of the fathers and doctors of the Church to a remarkable degree. He was now in touch with Peter and his successors, and his loyalty to the Church was chivalrous. The Patristic theology and the methods of the schools gave a strict, cogent and logical trend to his methods of thought, argument and controversy. But it was the Ligourian theology, a splendid development of the Patristic, which peculiarly saturated his expansive intellect, because it was the application of the Patristic theology, of the mediæval and scholastic epochs, to the needs and requirements of modern times. What could be more striking to such a mind as Mr. McMaster's than the contrast and yet the concordance between the theology of the angelic doctors of the thirteenth century and the practical doctrine and spirituality of St. Alphonsus in the eighteenth? This period of his life and studies gave a peculiar and interesting turn and expression to the thoughts and sentiments of the great American Catholic journalist. It has been truly said of St. Alphonsus de Ligouri that "in theology he was a warm opponent of Jansenism and rigorism, and he was remarkable for his profound contempt for all exterior show, for the extreme austerity of his life, and activity in reforming abuses." The same can be said of Mr. McMaster. There are many articles from his editorial pen in the *Freeman's Journal* which ably and unsparingly combat the false tendencies and errors of Jansenism. His disregard, amounting to an openly expressed contempt for all outward show was displayed in his whole life; his rejection of conventionalism and hatred of fashion were decidedly Ligourian. In his

life he was a rigorous observer of the fasts, penances and holy days of the Church, and yet, apart from this, he was not rigorous in his methods of living; and here we find the only remaining influence which his brief Episcopalian association had made upon him, for he was sociable, convivial, easy-going and indulgent in other relations of life. His studies among the Redemptorists in Belgium had given him powers of close, rapid and logical reasoning and argument, and he was quite scholastic. His sojourn among the Redemptorists made him devotedly attached to them through life, and he preferred them for his confessions to all others.

But now a remarkable result came from his *religious* life in Belgium. His avowed purpose in becoming a novice of the Redemptorists was to test and ascertain his vocation, and he was most anxious and zealous to attain the holy priesthood. But in this, his cherished pursuit, he was destined to meet with disappointment. His spiritual directors and superiors in the Congregation of the Redemptorists frankly told him that he had no vocation to the priesthood. This was a great blow to so resolute a man, but he had to submit. But his confessor did not stop at this unwelcome revelation; he went so far as to declare to him his true vocation. He imposed it upon Mr. McMaster to return again to the world and become a journalist. Strange as it may seem he obeyed this injunction, much as it was against his strong will, and obeyed it to the letter, even so far to become a Catholic journalist.

We must now review Mr. McMaster's career as a journalist. Had he entered the field of secular journalism there would certainly have been presented before him a field of brilliant success. There was not a journalistic pen at that time in the country that could have successfully coped with him in varied learning, in boldness, energy, fighting qualities, satire, ridicule, repartee, and brilliancy. But he had almost an excess of these latter qualities, and had he entered upon a career of secular journalism he would have been perpetually in hot water. He would have had to encounter many personal conflicts; personal self-defence would have become a frequent necessity; personal collisions might follow, and society and the public would have been

entertained. One thing is certain, with his moral courage, he never would have consented to accept a challenge to fight a duel, but with his tall and powerful frame he was well able to defend himself from assaults, and his pen would do the rest. Such an antagonist would have been certainly let alone. His weapons were powerful enough in the end to conquer peace. To appreciate these observations it is only necessary to recall the condition of the press and of secular journalism half a century ago.

But Mr. McMaster became a Catholic journalist, and, in 1848, he purchased from Bishop Hughes the *Freeman's Journal and Catholic Register*. For nearly forty years he was the leading Catholic editor in the United States, while he and Louis Penillot, editor of the French *L'Univers*, were the recognized leading Catholic editors of the world. The columns of the *Freeman's Journal* were instructive, entertaining, and educational, almost bordering on, if not quite sensational. The editor was an uncompromising champion of religious truth, and also of secular truth as he said it and understood it. He was honest, faithful, chivalrous, and brave. The journal of to-day, even the Catholic journal of to-day, has been transformed by the community of journalism and the community in the news of the world. The telegraph has placed them all nearly on a par, members of a profession and of a craft. But forty years ago every journal was, besides its public functions, the personal organ of the editor. It took its character, its form, its fire, its impulse, its creed, its opinions, and its scope and trend from its editors. His individual pen infused soul into the paper. There were not many Catholic papers in those early days, and hence the *Freeman's Journal* became a force in American Catholic life, its personal editor a striking figure.

But his fire, his independence, his lack of human respect, his fighting qualities, his antagonism to everything wrong and every person doing wrong, made his paper a power in the land. If he assailed the policy or measure of a bishop or priest, it was not because he did not venerate the hierarchy or the priesthood, but because the individual and his acts alone were under review. So bold and fierce were his attacks upon whatever or whomever he regarded as hurtful to

religion and the church, that many good and learned men in ecclesiastical life regarded the effect of his censorship as wholesome. It became a standing joke each week for us to seek with eagerness the *Freeman's Journal* and ask, *who or what is to catch it this week*. There were undoubtedly eccentric features in his editorial management, but they certainly made the paper very interesting. While the paper was chiefly devoted to Catholic news and Catholic questions, it was not exclusively so, for he was a Democrat and was ready to espouse the cause of his candidate in his paper. There was only one Democratic candidate for the gubernatorial or presidential chair that he ever opposed, and this was Samuel J. Tilden. He was too ardent a friend of the Hon. John Kelly, politically and personally, ever to support Mr. Tilden. Besides religion and politics, he enriched the columns of the *Journal*, as he used to call it, with vast materials in history, biography, science and literature. It was a most readable journal.

Mr. McMaster was a Union man, but he did not approve of the measures of Mr. Lincoln's Administration. Hence he was opposed to the war against the South, just as Mr. Charles O'Connor was. He was also a lover of the South and of the Southern people. These circumstances led to his violently opposing Mr. Lincoln, Mr. Seward, Mr. Stanton, and their war measures. Any violation of the personal liberty of the American citizen was the greatest of crimes with him. No administration could do this with his support, even in time of war. His editorials on the war policy of the administration were unsparing. He thus brought upon himself what he had been resisting for others. His paper was suppressed in 1861, and himself arrested by orders of the administration. He refused to be submissively arrested and succumbed only to force, and, as he was driven in a carriage through the streets of New York under arrest, he thrust from the carriage windows his manacled wrists, that the public might see how the constitution was violated in his person. He was sent as a prisoner of state to Fort Lafayette for eleven months, and on his release the *Freeman's Journal* resumed on April 19, 1862, but with little modification of its tone.

Mr. McMaster's fame as a Catholic

journalist was worldwide. He was frequently called the Abbe' McMaster, a name for which he had no relish. He was a powerful writer. He was astute yet cold, correct in his theological opinions yet untrammelled, aggressive yet logical, unsparing yet generous to an opponent, and well informed generally yet not pedantic. He was very tenacious of his opinions. When the Catholic Union of New York, at my suggestion, adopted as its festival days the 22nd of February and the 4th of July and celebrated them with High Mass and sermon, he openly criticised this action. But he was capable, though not easy or frequent to change his opinion. It happened one Sunday morning, shortly after our celebration of the 22nd of February, he and I had gone to communion at the Paulists Church, and on coming out he commenced in a friendly way to criticise such religious celebrations on non-religious days. I answered, that it was in consonance with the practice of the early Christians, who turned many of the pagan festivities of ancient Rome into Christian holidays. He answered, "that's so." In the next issue of the *Freeman's Journal* he gave a characteristic account of this brief and passing colloquy, and made much of it, gave my answer and his change of opinion, and strongly advocated the custom. Some of the clergy laughingly remarked that this was the first time they had ever known Mr. McMaster to admit a change of opinion. Mr. McMaster was unique. It was difficult to find his exact parallel. He was heroically devout.

RICHARD H. CLARKE.

364 GORDON AVE.,

CLEVELAND, O., SEPT., 1892.

Rev. Dear Sir,—

In reply to your letter, I would say that whatever merit (if any) the letters signed "Jus" (in the *N. Y. Freeman's Journal*) possess, I am the writer of them. *I have no need now of concealment*. At first, it was expedient, for if it were known that a poor ignorant fellow like your humble servant wrote them, they would probably have been left unread; the rumors as to the source whence they came and the mystery as to their authorship gave them perhaps more extrinsic value than anything they intrinsically possessed. The occasion that called

them forth was when, in 1869, a letter appeared in the *Freeman's Journal* relating to ecclesiastical affairs in Canada. I wrote to the *Freeman* commenting on the state of the Church (as to discipline) in Canada, and which I thought far more conformable to Canon Law than that of ours. This letter was signed "Ecclesiasticus." McMaster wrote to me that many priests had applied to him that more should appear in his paper on this subject and requesting him to develop it. As some priests knew that I wrote the letter signed "Ecclesiasticus," I signed the succeeding letters "Jus." In some things I also differed from "Ecclesiasticus," while in the main, I agreed with him. So much for the occasion of them. I do not know how many letters I wrote, nor have I them. They continued to appear until November, 1869, when I went to Rome. Before sailing I despatched two letters from my hotel and they appeared in the *Freeman* during my absence. I have had some interesting letters from McMaster and I send you a few, which assure you that I am "Jus." Others claimed the authorship of the letters. I hope that the biography will do ample justice to McMaster, the able exponent and defender of the Church in this country.

Yours, etc.,

(REV.) E. M. O'CALLAGHAN.

The Rev. James J. Dunn, of Meadville, Pa., in forwarding the following, renders the highest testimonial to the qualities of mind and heart of the Rev. Father O'Callaghan, whose modesty is a pointer to the soundness of his character.

MEADVILLE, Sept. 20th, 1892.

Very Rev. Mark S. Gross :

VERY REV. DEAR FRIEND, — Rev. Eugene M. O'Callaghan, the only graduate of this year (1856), was born on the 4th of May, 1831, near Newmarket, in the County Cork, Ireland. His parents were in comfortable circumstances, though not possessing a superfluity of this world's riches. Being the youngest of the family and of a delicate constitution, which disqualified him for labor on his father's farm, he was permitted to attend school regularly till his twentieth year. During this time he devoted himself to the study of English and mathematics. At the age of twenty he left his native land and came to the "land

of the free and the home of the brave.' The young student proceeded at once to Detroit, Mich., where a brother and two sisters dwelt in comfortable circumstances. They knowing how entirely unacquainted their younger brother was with anything like labor, wished to maintain him until some suitable occupation could be obtained. The young "Irish boy," however, valued his independence more than an easy life, and accordingly shouldered his axe, determined to make his own living; and after a painful apprenticeship of some weeks, succeeded in doing a respectable day's work, at the honest trade once exercised by a late president of the United States.

In 1852 Father O'Callaghan went to Toledo and engaged as teacher in the Catholic School, then under the direction of Rev. Father Foley, since deceased. During this time he pursued the study of Latin with that energy which is a distinguishing feature in his character. In 1853 he entered the University of Notre Dame, and after three years of assiduous application, during which time he won the esteem of his professors and fellow students, he received the degree of A. B., and left Notre Dame, taking with him in addition to his degree, the premium of honor for that year. Two years later he received his second degree of A. M. In September, 1856, Father O'Callaghan entered the Theological Seminary at Cleveland to prepare himself for the ministry. The superior of that establishment soon discovered that the regular studies of the young seminarian did not occupy all of his time, and moreover that he was of too energetic a disposition to remain unoccupied; he therefore requested him to teach at the preparatory seminary, which was then adjacent to the seminary proper. Father O'Callaghan cheerfully accepted the offer, and undertook the classes of English and mathematics. The writer of this brief sketch (Joseph A. Lyons, A. M.) having enjoyed the benefits of his teaching, takes sincere pleasure in testifying to its thoroughness and systematic clearness.

In 1859 Father O'Callaghan was ordained priest, and since that time has been dealing out the benefits not only of his zeal for the spiritual welfare of those committed to his care, but also of an extensive and varied knowledge, rendered pleasing and attrac-

tive, by that suavity of manner which always accompanies a well cultivated mind.

Whilst stationed at Youngstown, Ohio, where he wrote the famous letters signed "Jus" for the *Freeman's Journal*, his business tact and management was of immense benefit to the congregation over which he was placed. He is now pastor of St. Colman's Church on Gordon Avenue, Cleveland, O.

Yours sincerely,

JAMES J. DUNN,
Rector of Catholic Church.

Very Rev. Sir,—

In asking have I the "Jus" letters, or if not, to give you a synopsis of them, you set me a difficult task. I have not the letters and know not where they may be found except in the files of the *N. Y. Freeman's Journal* if these exist. As to a synopsis, not having read the letters since their appearance in 1869, you will understand how hard it is to undertake such a task. Many questions which I now quite forget were discussed in the series. However, I remember a few points.

I. The Irremovability of Pastors. It was urged that in a well-established permanent congregation the pastor whose life was irreproachable and who was acquainted with and acceptable to his people ought not to be removed *ad nutum*. 1st. He can truly say: "I know mine and mine know me." 2nd. Whilst he may labor successfully in this congregation, yet through want of knowledge of another congregation and of the individuals composing it, he may make many serious blunders that may require years to remedy. 3rd. Whilst in a missionary country the right of removal *ad nutum* is a necessity, the United States in many places have lost this character and grown entirely out of it. We

have congregations as permanent as in any Catholic country, and therefore in such congregations there ought to be permanent pastors or parochi, as in Catholic countries. 4th. As well try to govern a man with the government suited to a child or feed him on the food of a child as to govern dioceses with permanent parishes by a system suited to a missionary state. Martial law is not exercised in times of quiet and peace. 5th. We have a fully established hierarchy and therefore we ought to have its complement — permanent pastors, parochi. 6th. It does not indicate that a priest is a mercenary or a hireling even if it is said that he would labor more zealously and assiduously if assured that he should enjoy the temporal fruit of his labor. 7th. Such is the law of the Church, and we ought to conform to it when and wherever practicable.

II. It was advocated that pastors ought to have at least a voice in the nomination of Bishops. 1st. Priests know their fellow priests better than do the bishops, and are capable of judging of the qualifications of him who is to rule them. 2nd. The bishops of to-day were mere priests yesterday, and if fit to judge to-day it would be offensive to suppose they were not fit yesterday. 3rd. It is absurd—nay, monstrous, to imagine that any sinister or unworthy motive would influence priests to place in irrevocable authority over their own heads one who in their conscientious judgment is unfit to exercise such an exalted and awful responsibility. 4th. In Catholic countries the priests (either the chapter, or the parochi)—not the bishops, nominate the future bishop. 5th. How conformable is this system not only to Canon Law but also to the civil law of this country in which we elect our own rulers.

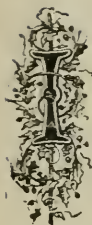
TO BE CONTINUED.



THE GRADUATES.

BY MARY ANGELA SPELLISSY.

CHAPTER VI.



SHOULD like to see you in the library, Mary," said her father one morning. He held in his hand an open letter. Mary found her mother awaiting her.

"This letter, daughter, is from the father of our friend Dr. Vinton, and concerns you very intimately. Before leaving Philadelphia the doctor made known to me his intention of becoming a Catholic, and requested my permission to his proposing to you to become his wife. The doctor has been examining the teaching of the Catholic Church for some months and he is to be baptized by Bishop Francis next month."

"This is good news, dear father, and an ample return for my prayers. For the past year I have sent each month his name to the League. I have always esteemed him very highly and confess that I have never met anyone I liked better. He is so earnest and kindly, and always so respectful in speaking of women."

"His mother is a Presbyterian and has a very poor opinion of Catholics," said Mrs. Murphy.

"Yes," replied Mary, "but his uncle is an officer in the regular army. He married a Catholic lady in New Orleans. I am told she is a noble woman."

"Well, daughter, I must be off; here is your letter."

With a glance half shy, half tender, and altogether loving, Mary kissed her father fondly. Her mother's open arms received her.

"My daughter, I have watched the conflict between love and duty, and I bless God that you have been faithful to principle. 'Seek first the things of God and His kingdom, and all things else shall be added to you.'"

"The little prayer you taught me, mother, when I made my first communion,

has been my help and comfort. 'May the holy will of God be accomplished in me, and through me in others.'"

When Mr. Dillon returned from his visit to the Butlers, he propounded a question to the family circle:

"Who is going to Montana with me? I will give a prize to the one who guesses first."

"Man or woman?" asked Mr. Murphy.

"It is knowledge you want," replied his brother-in-law.

"I know," said Kathleen, "it is Edward Butler."

"You are a witch, young woman; how did you guess?"

"Well, uncle Edward, when you were all talking the evening the Butlers called, you inquired particularly about him."

"I must watch myself. Can you tell what I am thinking of?"

"Only sometimes."

"I am glad you have your limitations, Kathleen is correct, I am going to take Edward to the ranch."

The girls exchanged glances.

"I know it appears a very ridiculous undertaking, but he is not as big a fool as he seems. When his wings are clipped he will show that he has good stuff in him. Removed from his companions, I shall be much disappointed if he does not show that he has been foolish rather than wicked. I met an old servant of the Butlers the other day who gave me a very good idea of the lad. Kate's sister, Mrs. Sarsfield, is a widow, and blind. She is dependent on her daughter, a young girl who is a cashier in one of the large shops. Edward is very kind to his cousin, Gertrude. The girl has no amusement. He noticed the monotony of her life, and has made it a rule to give her some pleasure every week. In the winter he is her escort to the theatre or concert, and in summer they have many a pleasant excursion. Such kindness proves he is not a senseless fellow. The removal of the family to that palace was a great

mistake, and they are all very glad to leave it. They have proved the folly of trying to force themselves into a social circle to which they have nothing to commend them but money and the finery it brings. The slights they have met turned honey into gall. I was very angry at Kate, and could not help showing it the other evening. Her visit here set her thinking. I had seen Tom the day before they called, and promised to use my privilege as Kate's cousin in trying to open her eyes to the folly of her fashionable aspirations. Tom has an excellent offer for his place and intends looking for a house in this neighborhood. Kate was quite amazed to find your daughters on familiar terms with the very people whose intimacy she vainly desired, and whom she had disgusted by her vulgarity. She asked me if it were true that Mary was engaged to Dr. Vinton."

"I think she is near the mark, Ned," said Mr. Murphy.

"Well, Mary, I am glad of it; I think he is a fine little fellow."

"Thank you, Uncle Edward; I share your opinion. I received delightful news from him this morning; shall I read it?"

"I will be delighted to listen."

"I will not bore you with the whole letter."

"Ah, do," rose in chorus.

With a pretty shake of her head, Mary began:

"In my case I find the verification of the French proverb, 'it is the first step that costs.' I shrank from telling my mother that I was about to become a Catholic. When I left home she considered the name synonymous with everything bad, thanks to the misrepresentations she had listened to from the pulpit and read in Sunday school literature. While making my toilet, I saw from my window a new building, a pretty gothic chapel, the spire surmounted by a cross. I postponed all inquiry until our evening chat. 'Are there any changes in the neighborhood, Mother,' said I. 'We have some new neighbors since you left us; they are now like old friends. It is now two years since they bought the Carter place. They are Catholics and have a very romantic history. Mrs. Sherwin is a very unusual woman. She was born in Dublin, and lost her mother while a mere child. Her father was a scholarly man,

and devoted to study. The responsibility of his little daughter appalled him. He wrote to his sister, a nun, in New York State, asking her to take charge of the child. He received a cordial affirmative, and gladly left the home where everything reminded him of his loss. The little Berenice passed a happy, holy childhood, between the convent and her vacation visits to her father, who doted on her. Just before she graduated he died. In her desolation she shrank from going out into the world, and asked to be admitted as a member of the order. The superior advised her to remain for the post-graduate course and to make no further change for a year. During that time a venerable priest visited the convent. The superior advised Berenice to consult him as to her future. The good man compelled her to spend a year in New York before entering the novitiate, and told her that in his opinion her place was in the world. She established herself in the city with an old friend of her mother's. She met Mr. Sherwin at a large party one evening, where both were strangers to the majority of the company. Mr. Sherwin had been in public life for many years, and had just returned from Egypt. Berenice attracted him by her exquisite grace and womanliness. She proved an intelligent and sympathetic listener, and in the enjoyment of each other's society the evening passed delightfully. Their chance acquaintance ripened into intimacy. In six months they were married and became our neighbors. They are a great acquisition. 'Yes,' said my father, 'wonders will never cease. I am inclined to think, my boy, that your mother's admiration will soon lead her to imitation. The Sherwins have built a little church, in which they have Mass on Sundays and holy days. To it your mother tries hard to persuade me to accompany her.' You may be sure this surprising information made me very happy."

"My throat is husky," said Mary, "I will not read any further."

"Let me relieve you," said Mr. Dillon.

"I prefer to spare you the effort," she replied, laughing.

"This is indeed wonderful," said Mrs. Redmond. "I confess I entertained some apprehension for your happiness, when I

thought of your entrance into a family who held your faith in abhorrence."

"I, too, congratulate you, Mary," said Mr. Dillon, "that the way is prepared for you. It will be pleasant to think of when I am again an outcast from society. Perhaps you will visit the Yosemite on your wedding trip. If you call for me I shall be pleased to do the honors. I must turn my face homeward this week."

The approaching separations threw a shadow over the circle. Mary was to spend a month with the Redmonds, and, with the prospect of the longer separation, in the near future, would gladly have remained at home, but her parents generously urged her to accept the rest and wholesome change that her aunt's invitation promised.

Dora called one afternoon. She was much changed; an air of sweetness succeeded the excitability which formerly controlled her; her toilet was tasteful, but very quiet. Mr. Van Brunt had failed in his suit for divorce. By Mr. Scott's advice his daughter had secured an agreement which compelled her husband to contribute to the support of herself and child. In parting from her husband, at the lawyer's office, she said to him: "I am always your wife, Max. Perhaps in the future you will be truly my husband." The quiet dignity of her deportment and the calmness of her utterance affected him strongly. He turned, as if to follow her, but shrank back muttering, "too late." Dora suffered in the thought of Mrs. Redmond's departure. They had been frequent companions in the walks to daily Mass and the afternoon visits to the Blessed Sacrament.

"Why do you not leave home for awhile? You need a change, my dear."

"I am yearning for quiet, and long to hide myself far from the people who have made me and my sorrows the subject of their idle gossip. If I go to the sea shore my movements will be public news. I wish to drop out of sight and be free to live as a Christian."

"Will you come with us, Dora?" asked Mrs. Redmond. "Our neighborhood is very beautiful and the mountain air bracing. Mary will be an agreeable companion for you, and Mr. Redmond and I will be glad to have our empty rooms occupied. Adolph will be a sunbeam to all of us."

"I know your offer is made in kindness, and I will gladly accept it. I try to comfort my father, but he cannot recover from this cruel sorrow at once. In spite of my indignation at the behavior of my husband, I find my love for him remains. I did not separate from him until on two occasions my life was in danger. When Max reforms I am ready to return to him. My father cannot understand my entertaining any other feeling for Max than repulsion. It is better for my boy to hear no mention of his father's faults. If I go away for a time father will not have my presence to remind him of my misfortunes. I feel now that I stand between my father and mother. I am like an orphan, and bereft of my husband. But my desolation has brought me nearer to God. Had I never turned from Him I should not be as I am."

The brave little woman choked down her tears and took leave.

After the departure of the travelers, Margaret and Kathleen applied themselves to their studies at the institute. Margaret resumed the course in dressmaking. Kathleen choose the course in stenography, hoping to aid her father in his growing business by her services at the type-writer and in drawing.

For the first time in her life Kathleen had the opportunity of witnessing the ceremonies of the Church. She drank in fervently their spirit and significance. With her missal, a present from her uncle, she followed the services of the different festivals. The blessing of the candles on the Feast of the Purification she found very interesting. On the evening of the feast she placed herself on a little stool at her aunt's feet.

"I want to ask you something, Aunt Fanny. I hope you will not think me impertinent."

"That is not probable, my darling."

"During the blessing of the candles this morning your eyes were closed. I happened to glance at you and saw you were smiling. May I know what you were thinking about?"

"Indeed you may. Candlemas is one of my favorite feasts. I am so familiar with the service, that although I had forgotten my book, I could, with the word I overheard occasionally from the priest, follow the ceremonies with ease. I saw the

lovely young Mother presenting her Divine Child in the Temple. Simeon's venerable face was illumined with loving adoration as he received the babe. The eyes of Anna rested on Mary, while Simeon uttered that wonderful canticle: 'Now, oh Lord, dost Thou dismiss Thy servant in peace, because mine eyes have seen Thy salvation.' Then came those solemn words, so pregnant with mystery, prophesying sorrow to that innocent creature: 'And thine own soul a sword shall pierce.' The conclusion: 'Mary kept all these things in her heart,' is an eloquent lesson. I shall always remember the Candlemas ceremonies in the chapel at Ranelagh. We were in the gallery; the body of the church was filled with the hard working people of the neighborhood. Every one held a lighted taper, no thicker than my little finger. The dense fog outside served as a background to the window glass, and the scene within was represented outside. Behind the grille the nuns were chanting the 'Nunc dimittis'; their voices reached us distinctly, and we heard 'A light to enlighten them that sit in darkness.'

"How beautiful. You lived in Dublin for some time?"

"I spent a winter there. During the week we attended Mass at the Nun's chapel. It stood within an inclosure, secluded from the publicity of the streets, by high walls. The avenue was shaded by magnificent horse chestnut trees, many of them centenarians. Ranelagh had been a famous resort of the wits and nobility in the last century. The Carmelite nuns hallow the spot to-day by prayer, silence and fasting."

Lent came quickly and was sanctified in Mrs. Murphy's family by work and prayer. Kathleen attended the ceremonies of Holy Week at the Cathedral. From the Tenebrae of Wednesday afternoon to the Mass of Holy Saturday morning, she followed the services with which Mother Church commemorates the awful mystery of man's redemption. It seemed to her that never

until now had she realized the wondrous gift of faith.

When Mary returned home in March, she was pronounced an advertisement of the wholesomeness of Sargent's Ville. Dora remained with Mrs. Redmond. She was very fond of music, and devoted herself to training the choir. The work gave her occupation, and the drive between Mrs. Redmond's and the church was enjoyed as much by Adolph as herself. She became quite an idol with the villagers, who loved her frankness and were lost in admiration at her musical ability. The tranquility of her life had brought back much of the beauty of her girlhood. Of her it might be said: "The beauty of the king's daughter is from within." Her charm was something more lasting than that of brilliant color and beautiful form. Holiness shone from her eyes and gave to her movements a gentle grace. Mr. Scott was so interested by the description Dora sent him of the beauty of her surroundings that he surprised her one day by appearing, quite unexpectedly, at Mr. Redmond's. Secretly he was pining to look once more on his beloved daughter and her boy. He was much gratified by the improvement in both, and concluded to build a nest, to rest in, when jaded by the friction of city life. He chose a beautiful site, on a hillside, midway between the little church and Mrs. Redmond's. From it could be seen the Blue Ridge mountains, in the distance; in the foreground, the valley, already green with the upspringing wheat. A busy little tributary of the Susquehanna gave life to the picture. Mr. Redmond accepted, with pleasure, the contract to build a home-like cottage, designed for comfort, not magnificence. Dora's heart was very joyful at the thought that once again she might rest peacefully with her parents. She never alluded to her husband, but her silence was most significant. The friends who knew her well recognized that Dora's life was inspired with one thought, to atone for the past by fervent love of God, offering all her life in petition for her husband's conversion.

TO BE CONTINUED.

THE SOCIAL QUESTION.

BY PIUS R. MAYER, O. C. C.



NO question in modern times has been more anxiously discussed and found more widely different solutions than the social question. The very name is vague, because any question affecting human society is a social one, and it speaks in volumes about the all-pervading materialism of our age that the thoroughly material question of the relation of capital and labor and its annexes should be *the* social question.

Before entering upon a consideration of the merits and demerits of this matter from a Catholic standpoint, we crave pardon for a little digression into the past in order to show that not only science, but art, trade and commerce as well owe their development to Catholic times, and that the unadulterated basis of our present social system is of Catholic origin. This is the more necessary as we are accustomed to hear daily that the Catholic Church did everything in its power to prevent progress, and that only since the Reformation the world advanced materially. In this digression we gather our information chiefly from the standard work of "John Janssen's History of the German people since the end of the middle ages."

During the rule of pagan Rome sculpture and architecture were highly developed, but the social question then had the face of slavery. Independent artisans there were none, since manual labor was held to be degrading to man and fit for slaves only.

Hence slaves were taught trades and arts, and the fruits of their industry and skill filled the coffers of their spendthrift owners. A friction between capital and labor was impossible, as all the capital, even that represented by muscle, was concentrated in one hand, whilst the laborer had only those

claims to the necessities of life, which his master allowed him.

As the political power of Rome declined, arts and trades became discouraged and corrupted likewise, until in the flood of the fifth century, the irruption of barbarous nations, nearly all vestiges of former civilization disappeared. The conquerors brought fresh blood and iron sinews, but also a very decided distaste for labor of any kind. Former masters from among the conquered became slaves in their turn, and as their mechanical skill was little above par with that of the conqueror, the cause of civilization appeared hopeless.

Obviously barbarians cannot be changed into a cultured nation within a lifetime. Their manner of living, tastes, religious and political traditions, disqualified them from at once availing themselves of the remnants of the ancient civilization and building thereon. Only as the leaven of Christian dogma and moral gradually permeated the masses, the foundation was laid for every kind of progress and development. The baptism of Clovis was the dawn of the new era, but it was left to Charlemagne to bring order into chaos, and to systematise the isolated efforts at moral and economical improvement.

The vast extent of his empire seconded him well, for it comprised according to modern nomenclature Spain north of the Ebro, all France, Switzerland, Austria, northern Italy, Germany, Belgium, Holland and Denmark. Thousands of imperial crown domains were scattered over these countries, all of which he controlled with a sway absolute, not allowing anybody or anything to interfere with the execution of the designs of his giant intellect and will power.

He gathered model farmers and gardeners, tradesmen, artists, musicians, and distributed them over his domains so as to make of each one an agricultural, polytechnic and art school, a model for the surrounding country. In person he watched the enforcement of his regulations and

allied labor and religion by intimate bonds, thus becoming the creator of the new Christian civilization.

The only power that could second his efforts, and did so effectually, was the Catholic Church. The monasteries and convents became at once the centres of religious unity and life, and the model schools for all the branches of human activity, and the bishops were the greatest builders of the age. They raised from their ruins and enlarged the destroyed Roman towns and military camps; wherever a bishop established his chair or the gates of a monastery opened they formed the nucleus of a town, which by its fairs, shops, traders and as the natural centre of the agricultural population was a most efficient means of civilizing the people, bringing at once the blessings of religion and the material comforts, just as the wants of the churches fostered domestic art.

These towns formed independent and self-sustaining, self-sufficient communities, which considered the maintenance of religion and material progress a duty devolving upon them. Thus they protected their citizens, created local monopolies for their trades, restrained foreign competition and legally recognized the right to labor for all their population. Here we have a first sample of the nineteenth century cries, "America for the Americans," etc.

The right to labor was expressly acknowledged as given by God and the civil authorities. The labor itself was looked upon as an office given in behalf of God for the benefit of the commonwealth.

The work done in the imperial demesnes was executed chiefly by serfs, who, however, could redeem themselves and when set free flocked to the Episcopal cities and monastic grounds to work as independent artisans. Both bishops and monasteries offered them liberal terms and every inducement, obtained for them imperial safeguards and liberties and encouraged technical studies with a view to outrivalling all competitors. Hence the intended scope of the imperial schools was obtained, labor was honored and prized, wealth was amassed and in its turn fostered a high development of skilled labor and art in all the different branches of labor, the cities superseded the imperial establishments

and soon monopolised trade, commerce and art.

The commonwealth as such was supposed to give the right to labor and its emoluments to the different groups of laborers as a fief, and the laborers themselves united their several classes into guilds and unions, thus forming a ring within a ring and attending to their affairs as an independent body over which the municipality exercised only the control necessary to prevent a clash between the different guilds and to insure an output satisfactory in quantity and quality of goods.

It would be an error to suppose that the guilds and unions of the middle ages were merely associations for acquisition of wealth they were rather confraternities which made it obligatory on their members "to preserve brotherly love and faith and to assist each other according to the ability of each not only in personal matters, but in civic matters and whenever it was necessary."

Labor was looked upon as a pious work and a necessary concomitant of prayer, and hence the intimate union of both. Religion and workshop was symbolized by the tools which these guilds placed into the hands of their patron saints, for, as a book of the time puts it, "a Christian shall see by the work the saints have done how noble labor is, how much a man may do by work to promote the glory of God and benefit others, and how he himself by the mercy of God can gain heaven."

This union of labor and prayer gave to each separate guild the character of a pious sodality, who had a saintly patron who formerly had followed the particular trade or art, whose statue was placed into their guildhouses, whose feast was kept solemnly by all the members, to whose honor a chapel or altar was dedicated in the church where the members of the guild assembled for prayer. After the death of a member of the guild the latter provided for the widow and orphans, if necessary had masses said for the repose of his soul, at which the whole guild was present.

In perfect keeping with this spirit was the careful vigilance practised by the guild masters over the moral conduct of the different members and the kind of work and material they used in their workshops. All the different workshops were looked upon as branch houses of the one undivided

guild. The success or failure of one master was such to the whole guild, and therefore they provided sufficient work for all, helped one another in filling orders and provided expert foremen for the widows of the deceased masters so as to allow them to continue the work.

Any aspersion of character was considered an affront to the guild, that took up the defence of the accused member, but on the other side did not hesitate to expel from the guild anyone that was proved guilty and had to undergo the punishment of a felon.

Thus we have a thoroughly Christian, even ecclesiastical framework in the labor and

trade associations of the middle ages. Their constitutions put faith and morality into the foreground, they enforced a Christian life, they acted as benevolent societies in case of sickness, death and destitution, they were the rampart of civic liberty, the glory and power of their commonwealth, the backbone of the social fabric. They even took the place of police magistrates regarding their own members, they were the chief instruments in developing the new Christian civilization.

Our next article will treat of the position of journeymen and apprentices of these guilds.

THE CORPORAL OF COMPANY "C."

A MAY STORY.

BY PHILIP A. BEST.

CONTINUED.



ALL went to Mass that Sunday, and were very much edified by the devout attention with which the Indians assisted at the service. It would cause many of us to blush with shame. What

good people they would be if the whites only left them alone. After Mass, May devotions and Benediction followed. I was much affected when I heard the Indian choir sing my old familiar hymn *O Sanctissima*. I couldn't refrain from joining in the singing.

"I called on the priest after Mass. He asked me if I was enrolled in the scapular. I told him no, but that I always carried one, which was rather faded, in my pocket, although I hadn't worn it. The priest was very sorry he had not a supply of new scapulars, so he invested me in the old one. I remember he said to me: 'That is the best bullet-proof cloth for a soldier to wear.' Afterwards I likewise discovered it was a good thing to have about you when in Indian prisons.

"When we had again all filed into the fort and were just sitting down to our mess, Mr. Perfectos ventured to ask: 'What price is the black gown asking for absolution to-day?'

"But he had no more questions after one of the boys asked him: 'How many bad smelling cigars is the U. S. chaplaincy worth?'

"None of our company knew of my having received the scapular on the preceding Sunday, until one night, feeling unwell, I retired before the lights were out. This gave one of my messmates a chance to see 'my charm,' as he called it. He said nothing though, at least not then.

"One day at mess, this private was at a loss for a subject, so he planned to have a little 'battle between the Chaplain and the Corporal.' He whispered something to Perfectos, who, imagining he was at his old stand working a customer, said in his bland way:

"'Corporal, I hear you made quite a conquest at the settlement last Sunday. Remember what the book says: Thou shalt not—(he forgot the rest of the text. However, he was never known to be stuck when

quoting Hoyle. The Captain came to his rescue by prompting him) A-a-ahem!—Thou shalt not covet thy neighbor's wife.' 'And a squaw, at that,' chimed in one of the privates, sotto voce.

"My Irish blood was boiling, as I opened up fire on the Chaplain, by shouting: 'What do you mean, sir? Clergymen of your denomination, whatever it may be, can't afford to fire at random.'

"Unfortunately for himself, Perfectos had a good memory. His consciousness of the past bothered him, so he blushed at my remark, and said, half apologetically:

"Well, I don't blame any young man in getting all the fun he can out of life, providing he doesn't get caught in doing wrong.'

"That may be your doctrine,' said I, 'but it is not Catholic teaching. We are allowed by our Church to amuse ourselves as much as we please, provided in doing so we commit no sin. A sin is a sin, whether men see us or not, God sees everything. Every little Catholic child will tell you that.'

"Perfectos winced, but he didn't like to unfurl the white flag at once, so as a parting shot, he said:

"Well, it's nice and proper to keep about you some little souvenir of a sweetheart. I myself, wear over my heart a locket with a portrait of my dear wife.' (*Wives* whispered somebody, hinting at Perfectos' polygamic tendencies.)

"You are right, *reverend* (with emphasis) 'Mr. Per-fec-tion,' I answered ironically. 'Every man to his taste; that's why I carry on my breast a miniature picture of the greatest, holiest and most perfect woman that ever trod this earth. I can never praise her too much. She is my blessed Lady. When I honor and pour out my heart's affection to her, she is always by my side ready to protect me. Her power transcends that of the whole United States army. I speak of the Most Blessed Virgin Mary, whose picture adorns this small woolen garment—what we call the scapular—and I consider it greater honor to carry it upon my bosom than all the military regalia ever invented.'

"Bravo, comrade!' shouted everyone except Perfectos, who didn't dare to lay himself open for any more such broadsiders. He saw that I had on my war-paint, and con-

cluded that 'discretion is the better part of valor,' and kept silent. After that, not wishing to have any more of his guns spiked, he confined himself to moss-covered stories, which usually commenced: 'When I was with Grant, during the late unpleasantness.'

Here Corporal Gunn stopped in his narrative, and Freidenker took advantage of the intermission to remark that "When we fought with Siegel—"

But his story was left to hang fire until some other evening. Corporal Gunn begged pardon for interrupting, and continued by saying:

"Now I come to the most critical moment of my life.

"One day some of the blue coats, including myself, stole away from the fort in quest of a 'little diversion,' as one of our good-natured comrades put it. Getting out was an easy enough matter, but in order to get in it was necessary to have on our return a bountiful supply of rations (wet and dry—the latter was tobacco) in our canteens to propitiate the sentry. We took our noon-day's meal at a settler's hut, and while there some of the boys took aboard too much damp ballast. This moved them to all kinds of deviltry. 'Let's pay our respects to the Indians,' some one said. 'It's a go,' they all answered, except myself, but go I must; there was no retreating. When the boys struck the agency, they knew the agent's weakness, and he got his share of 'Johnny Barleycorn.' The agent said the trail was all clear, which meant there were no black gowns in sight, for the missionaries were the only ones whom Indians, agents or blue-coats feared, or respected. We had a gay old time, but it didn't end gay for myself. The boys screamed and yelled and pillaged right or left. The Indians were justly furious and gave chase. All the boys escaped, except poor me, whose only crime was joining in the war-cry, and carrying an insignificant part of the spoils. I was surrounded by the native police, who supposed they had caught me *flagrante delicto*, and I was duly escorted into durance vile, to suffer on behalf of my erring but more fortunate comrades.

"A council was called immediately. All the evidence went to show that I was guilty of a very serious crime, and I was duly condemned. It is true the Indians had the

alternative of handing me over to the commander of the fort, but they would not do that, because they knew I would go scot free. Too many precedents had taught them that there was little justice to be expected from the whites. My only hope of escape was blasted. I thought there was a chance to get away that evening while the Indians were at May devotions, but ill luck would have it that the priest didn't come that night. In the morning I was to be executed. The thought was fearful. To be shot down as a soldier is honorable, but to be executed as a culprit by a lot of savages was awful. My God! how I prayed that night! My whole life flew past my eyes like a rapid dissolving view. 'O Mother of God, save me!' was my uninterrupted prayer. My only consoling thought during those hours was the fact that I had been to confession and communion only a few Sundays before.

"In the morning early—May 31st—I'll never forget that day—I was led out to execution. When my coat was pulled off the old chief looked puzzled, and he waved to the six Indians who stood ready with their shining Winchesters, to retire. Something had been discovered about my person, of which I myself, for the moment, was unaware. It was my scapular! The chief looked toward the sun, as if calculating the time, and then whispered something which was interpreted for me afterwards by the priest. It meant—'Let us wait till evening.' So I got a short respite, but what a terrible suspense! The Indians seemed to look upon my person as something sacred. They brought me plenty of eatables, but you can easily imagine that I had no appetite.

"Night came. A blessed night for me! The priest was there, but when I made signs that I wanted to see him the Indian didn't understand me, and I feared my last chance of escape would vanish as soon as the black gown departed. But my sign-language was heard in heaven. The devotions commenced; I could hear everything. The Indians sang very nicely, and never did anything sound sweeter to me, as I heard it floating over the prairie than the air of my old familiar hymn *O Sanctissima*.

"After devotions, the priest paid me a visit, which was a thousand times welcome. Never before, or since, did I so deeply

fathom the good old Irish saying of '*Cead milie failthe!*' I was free! After the priest had concluded the *entente cordiale*, I was on a double quick march to my fort. God and His Holy mother be praised! Father X—has told you all the rest.

"I saw no more of that priest until last night, when he preached in the Franciscan church. How my heart fluttered! Little did you think that he was referring to me. I called on him this morning at the monastery. He was surprised, but glad to see me, and received me very graciously. He very much regretted he could not accept my invitation to call at the house. His time, he said, was limited. A telegram had just been received telling him at once to repair to one of the big universities, where on the morrow he was to commence two series of lectures, one on Chinese literature and the other on higher mathematics, so we missed the pleasure of his visit. He gave me some pretty scapulars as souvenirs for the family. I have enough to go around, and one to spare for some friend. This ends my story."

Everyone was much affected by the Corporal's long narrative, and didn't complain if he did exceed an half-hour. The first to break the silence was Freidenker, who remarked:

"Was that all true, Cap?"

"Certainly, and without a word of exaggeration," said Gunn; "what object could I have in manufacturing falsehoods?"

"Well, then, I will also wear the scapular," said Freidenker.

"Not too soon, Freidenker," said the Corporal. "First you ought to go to the Sacraments. Clear up your conscience, and turn over a new leaf, and then you will be fit to receive Mary's scapular."

"That's right. Maria, you give me the scapular," said Freidenker, turning towards the Corporal's daughter.

"I meant the scapular of Mary, the Holy Mother of God," said Gunn. "Say the *Hail Mary* to her daily to make you worthy to receive it."

"O ja, I think of that prayer; I used to say it years ago. *Vater unser, der du bist*. Is that not right?" asked Freidenker.

"No," said Mary, who knew some German; "that is the *Our Father*." She then taught him the *Hail Mary*, after much patient labor.

Soon after that our friend Freidenker again made his peace with God. He was enrolled in the scapular—the same one which the Corporal received from Father X—. Freidenker was a better and happier man after that.

If any one should follow Corporal Gunn

to that beautiful little Franciscan church during the evenings of May, he would observe that in Gunn's pew there regularly sits a very devout stranger.

That's Freidenker.

(THE END.)

THE DEATH OF MARTIN LUTHER.

BY CHARLES WARREN CURRIER.



CONTINUED.

HOWEVER, Luther had hardly expired when various rumors concerning the manner of his death were put into circulation in the very city of Eisleben. One of these is mentioned by Coelius in a sermon

held by him in the same city on February 20th, shortly after Luther's death. "We will now," he said, "speak of the manner of his death. He is not yet buried, not even dead a day, and still there are people who, driven by the evil spirit, are said to pretend that he was found dead in bed."

Besides the "Historia," composed by Jonas, Ansifaber and Coelius, we have a few other sources whence we glean information concerning Luther's last moments, or at least the opinion that existed about them. Cochlæus (*De Actis et Scriptis Lutheri*) has incorporated into his work the account of "a certain citizen of Mansfeld," from which we learn, among other things, that the evening before his death Luther had, as usually, amused those who sat at table with him by his ordinary gaiety, but that about 8 o'clock he felt somewhat ill. After midnight the two physicians of Eisleben were suddenly summoned to his bedside, but on their arrival they could notice no beating of his pulse. They sent for the apothecary, but the latter insisted that remedies were useless, as he was already dead. The two physicians disputed among themselves as to the cause of his

death, one ascribing it to apoplexy, the other to catarrhal suffocation. After his death several persons arrived. Jonas sat at his head, lamenting and wringing his hands. Being asked whether the evening before Luther complained of any pain, he replied: "Oh, no! He was yesterday more jovial than ever. O, Lord God, Lord God." All the restoratives which were applied failed to resuscitate him.

When we compare this account with the "Historia" there are especially two things that strike us, the sudden summoning of the physicians after midnight and the use of restoratives, which facts would seem to indicate an unexpected death.

In the year of Luther's death there appeared at Cologne an *Address to the Lutherans*, by Longolius, in which he says that they knew that Luther had died a miserable death. The Franciscan Helmesius, in his *Captivitas Babylonica Martini Lutheri*, writes that a sudden death had cut him off. According to Genebrard in his "Chronographiæ," the evening before his death Luther ate and drank freely. Floremond Ralmund says that he died as Arius died. Cardinal Bellarmine said that after a sumptuous repast the evening before Luther died with contorted mouth. The contortion of the mouth is also mentioned by the citizens of Mansfeld.

The most important account, however, which we have of Luther's death is from one of his servants. Unfortunately we do not find the name of this man. We know that Luther had several attendants. First there was his faithful old Neit Dietrich, but he cannot be the man in question, as the latter was quite young at the time of

his master's death. The "Historia" mentions his servant Ambrose, and adds that there were other servants present in his last illness. From which one have we the account we know not.

This servant of Luther was converted to the Catholic faith after his master's death and became one of the acquaintances of Cardinal Bozio. From this man Bozio learned the fact which he published in his "De Signis Ecclesiae" in 1593. We read as follows: "Luther, having supped plentifully and retired joyfully to rest, was suffocated the same night. I have heard by the testimony of his servant, who then served him as a boy and later became one of ours, that Luther miserably put an end to his own life by hanging, but that all the members of the household were made to take an oath not to divulge the fact out of respect for the gospel." (1) This testimony

(1) Tit. II, lib. xxiii, c. 3.

of Luther's servant was in 1606 published by Sedulius, who affirms that he obtained it from a trustworthy man at Triburg of Brisgari.

The testimony is as follows: "Although I am pushed on to cast aside all fear of human indignation and offence, and am begged to give just testimony to the truth, I am impelled much more powerfully by the reverence I have for the Supreme Deity and all the blessed. Nor do I ignore that everywhere glory must be given to the wonderful works of God, and that I ought rather to obey the divine precept than a human command. Hence, although the distinguished men of Germany have most strictly charged me not to make known to a mortal the horrible end of my master, Martin Luther, I will not conceal, but to the glory of Christ and the edification of the entire Catholic body, I will make public what I saw myself and particularly found out and what I made known to the principal men who were themselves gathered together at Eisleben, neither urged by hatred of anyone nor influenced by the love or favor of any. It happened, therefore, that when on a certain occasion Martin Luther among the more illustrious of distinguished German men had plentifully indulged his propensity and, being entirely overcome by drink, was

conducted by us to bed and placed on his couch, we wished him a beneficial sleep and retired to our apartment, and then, neither expecting nor suspecting anything evil, quietly fell asleep. The following day we returned to our master to assist him in dressing, as was our wont, and, alas! we saw the same Master of ours, Martin, hanging beside his bed strangled miserably. At the sight of this horrible spectacle of the hanging body we were struck by great fear, but without long hesitation we hurried to his fellow drinkers of yesterday and the principal men and made known to them the execrable end of Luther. They, struck with a no lesser dread than ourselves, began to promise everything and to implore much: First of all that we would keep the affair suppressed under a constant and faithful silence, that nothing might come to light; then that we should untie the foul corpse of Luther from the halter, place it on the bed and then spread among the people the rumor that my master Martin had died suddenly. This we intended to do like the guards who had watched by the tomb of our Lord, being ourselves corrupted by abundant promises, if a certain strength of unconquerable truth had not persuaded us differently. This truth may be kept down for some time by the fear or respect of men or the hope of gain, but on account of the impelling action of religion or conscience it cannot be forever suppressed."

Protestant authors in dealing with Luther's death have evaded this document as if they felt their weakness in its presence. It stands opposed to the "Historia," which is also the testimony of those who say they were eye-witnesses. Which of these two documents deserves greater belief it is for a careful historical critic to decide. If the testimony of the servant of Luther is not to be accepted as conclusive evidence it at least casts a strong doubt on the veracity of the account of Jonas, Coelius and Ansifaber.

The foregoing essay we have composed principally from a German pamphlet published at Mentz in 1890 by Paul Majunke, entitled *Luther's Lebensende*, the "Death of Martin Luther." Further discussion and investigation may throw more light on the end of the Apostle of Protestantism.

The Eucharistic Miracle at Alcala de Henares.

BY DON JUAN PEDRO.



HIS being the month which the Catholic Church specially consecrates to the devotion towards Our Divine Lord in the Sacrament of His Love, no subject can be of more thrilling interest or more timely, than the relation of some of the many well-authenticated miraculous events associated with this Divine Mystery of our faith, and which the ecclesiastical records of Spain so abundantly furnish.

The particulars of these miracles are unknown to English or American readers, and, therefore, all the more worthy of their attention.

There are three sanctuaries in Spain, blessed by the possession of miraculous Eucharistic species.

The first is in a city one and one-half hours' journey from Spain's metropolis, the ancient university city of Alcala de Henares, the scene of the martyrdom of Sts. Justus and Pastor, and the birthplace of the Spanish Shakespeare, Cervantes.

The second is in the Monastery Church of the Augustinian fathers, in the world-renowned "Escorial" whose situation is so well known that it needs no further description.

The third is in a small town—San Jose de las Abedesas—in the plains of Olot, beneath the shade of the Spanish Pyrenees, distant some few hours' journey by rail from Barcelona, and within one and a half hours' journey by coach from the French frontier.

The miracles of these places have one circumstance in common, viz., the well-authenticated "incorruptibility" of the sacramental species, preserved in each of these churches after a lapse of centuries; in the first of four, in the second of three, and in the last of seven centuries. In all other circumstances they differ widely.

For years past the scene of the first is the destination of numerous pilgrimages, which

annually flock there from Madrid and all other parts of the Castillas, on the second Sunday after Easter. The last pilgrimage was presided over by no less distinguished a member of the Spanish Episcopacy than the eloquent and illustrious Archbishop of Santiago de Compostella, Dr. Martin Henera, accompanied by the Bishop of Madrid, who headed the procession of the various confraternities, sodalities and pious congregations of men and women, with bands and banners, which in the early dawn of a beautiful spring-like morning, wended its way through the silent streets of Madrid to the railway station.

The history of the occasion which gave rise to this annual pilgrimage is one that is placed beyond doubt by documentary evidence, but which it would be impossible to transcribe within the limits of this article. It has withstood for centuries the criticism of the infidel and the scepticism of the freethinker.

We will strive to condense the facts of the miraculous event so as not to exceed the limited space, which the generosity of the CARMELITE REVIEW can place at our disposal.

The devotion in honor of the sacred "Forms" of Alcala recalls one of the many momentous interventions of Almighty God's power, which are met again and again in the historic diocesan records of the Peninsula. And these have not the fleeting character which usually attends even great events of worldly interest, but on the contrary, they are so permanent that they annually acquire additional interest.

In 1597, a Jesuit priest, Father Jaurez, was, as usual, at an early hour in his confessional in the Collegiate church of this ancient city. An unknown man entered the confessional and accused himself of having led an abandoned life in company of a vicious marauding party of confederates of Moorish origin. In such company, it was no wonder that he dare to brave the might of God's omnipotence and led a life regardless of his duties to Him, and utterly

oblivious of his eternal salvation. In one of their pillaging excursions they had made churches the hunting ground of their depredations. Accursed as was his mode of life, and frightful the record of the crimes in which he participated with his infidel companions, yet, at times, a ray of faith would seem to have penetrated his guilty conscience, as the subsequent incident discloses. Having, in various churches, robbed the "Hermit Home" of our Divine Lord, and abstracted the ciborium with their consecrated contents, yet notwithstanding the horrid crime of sacrilege which he thus added to his guilt, he, on one occasion gathered up the sacred particles, wrapped them in paper, carried them away, and hid them amidst the heap of rubbish, within an old unused beehive, lest they should suffer fresh outrage from his Moorish companions.

Time passed, and he heeded not the sacred deposit, until accidentally he had occasion to remove the rubbish surrounding the beehive, when, to his surprise, he saw that from the old unoccupied beehive, in which he had placed the consecrated hosts, there oozed out honey in abundance. This discovery excited his curiosity no less than his cupidity. On examination he found that the hive was occupied by a colony of bees and that they had formed an arched comb, which covered as a tabernacle the Holy of Holies. This precious honeycomb was the bountiful source of the overflowing supply of honey, which had occasioned his surprise and which now excited his fears. Yet, stupendous as the miracle evidently was, he schooled himself into believing it a mere accident.

But he feared, from the unceasing buzzing of the bees, that the attention of his neighbors might be attracted to their precious laboratory and thus the proof of his hidden guilt unveiled. He therefore determined to remove it and place it in a site more difficult of access. He withdrew the sacred deposit and having placed them into another beehive, he secreted it under the roof of his house, and covered it completely with briars.

Some time afterwards, he returned to look at it again, and to his intense astonishment he beheld again honey distilling from this new hiding place. Bees had again constructed a new tabernacle of greater beauty than the former one, over the place where

the sacred forms were deposited. Seeing that the sacred particles, now so long hidden in different places, and subject to all atmospheric changes were still uncorrupted and that the honey still continued to flow abundantly from their vicinity, he began to reflect on this singular coincidence. He began to fear more acutely, than ever the danger their possession entailed, and determined to get rid of them at any cost.

With that determination he proceeded secretly to deposit them in a church, and there to deliver them, under the seal of confession, to the first priest he would meet. He would thus shield himself from the direful consequences, which in that age, would have been meted out to his guilt. Taking them from the unwearied protection of God's creatures, he carried them to the Collegiate Church of "La Campania," and the first priest he met was Father Jaurez, S. J., to whom, after narrating all the circumstances, he handed the "Priceless Treasure." Father Jaurez, treating him with the charity of an angelic soul, told him that his human fears of being discovered added to his utter forgetfulness of his obligations to Almighty God, were not the proper disposition to receive absolution then. But he encouraged him and impressed on him the necessity of returning again to the tribunal of penance, in the meantime imploring God's pardon for his past crimes, which had now occasioned his present unrest and remorse. Notwithstanding the gentleness of the devoted confessor, the penitent did not again seek the Father's absolution.

After his departure the holy priest carefully guarded the restored deposits and minutely examined its contents. He saw that the particles must have been trampled upon when abstracted from the ciborium, as four of them bore distinct traces of the outrage. But they were all surpassingly fresh and white as if freshly made. The impression of the stamp used in the church to which they formerly belonged was clear and distinct.

The fact of their restoration being submitted by Father Jaurez to his confessor, a prudent and learned theologian, the latter advised him to be very cautious, and not to consume them, lest they might be the product of some satanic malice, and contain poison. Although his doubts were thus

aroused, Father Jaurez reverently cared for them, and frequently returned to see them.

At length, having accidentally heard a confirmation of the facts attending the church robbery, he felt impelled to lay all the facts before his Provincial, submitting to him the sworn testimony of one of the leading merchants of the city, to whom his Moorish servant had confided, that he and his companions had robbed the church, and how, under seal of confession, one of them had delivered the "Sacred Particles" to the Jesuit Fathers.

To test still further their miraculous preservation, they were placed in a cupboard with other relics, and for months subjected to minute investigations, but they were always found as fresh as years before.

At length, inspired by holy awe, the fathers caused all the facts to be judicially examined so that, if there were a miracle, it might be made manifest.

The distinguished and learned dignitaries of the Church, to whom the examination was referred, determined to deposit them in a damp subterranean crypt, and to place with them four other particles freshly made and *unconsecrated*. Every precaution was taken that there should be no tampering with them, and the crypt was sealed, rendering all ingress impossible.

At the end of a considerable length of time the commission proceeded to examine them. They found the unconsecrated hosts yellow, decomposed and emitting a foul odor, whilst the others were, as they had been during all the years, which had already elapsed, *and as they are to-day, in the last decade of the nineteenth century, as fresh and glossy, as if newly made.*

The matter became the general topic of

conversation, and all the details were publicly made known. This led to further detailed examinations by the most learned and astute ecclesiastical dignitaries, assisted by the most distinguished medical experts, who subjected them to still further experiments. The sacred "forms" were found to be "incorruptible" after all these proofs. After this triumphant vindication of their miraculous state, they were carried in procession and permanently placed in the chapel of the Blessed Sacrament. A "conclave" of the most learned theologians of the Church of Spain, having declared them miraculous, these "sacred particles" have for centuries been the "Mecca" of many a Spanish heart.

No procession can be more imposing, none more solemn, than that of the second Sunday after Easter, when the "Sacred Particles of Alcala" are carried by the priests amidst clouds of incense and hymns of thanksgiving, followed by tens of thousands, assembled from all parts of Spain, to kneel in reverence and in awe before Him who, to-day, hides His Divinity and His Humanity beneath the rescued "forms" of three centuries ago, as He once hid His Divinity under the flesh and blood, which He received in the chaste womb of His Immaculate Mother, the Sinless Queen of Carmel, who now, and for all eternity, rules the angels of heaven in queenly supremacy.

The history of the miraculous host of the Escorial, which had been rescued from the sacrileges of the impious sectaries of Zwingli in the Netherlands, and carried by the pious intervention of Philip II. to the Spanish "Escorial," as well as the history of that of "San Juan," we are obliged to hold over for some future article.



FOR OUR YOUNG PEOPLE.

EDITED BY MISS MATILDA CUMMINGS.

[All communications to this department to be addressed to Miss M. Cummings,
1588 Madison Avenue, New York City.]

SECRETARY'S LETTER.

JUNE, 1896.

Oh! how sweet to die after a life of constant devotion to the Heart of Him who is to judge us.—BL. MARGARET MARY.

MY DEAR YOUNG FRIENDS,—

The dear month of Mary has passed and now in her sweet winning way this gracious Queen of angels and men leads us to the Sacred Heart of her Divine Son. That is the doctrine of the Church about the Blessed Virgin. She is the way to God. Dearly as we love her, sweet Mother of Mercy as she is to us, we would never dream of being satisfied with her alone, nor would she in turn suffer us to do so. In the beautiful prayer which is so familiar to us all, the *Salve Regina*, we say so touchingly and pleadingly, "after this our exile show us"—not thyself, sweet Mother, but "Jesus" the blessed Babe our Brother. Only this—they are never separated. The Mother and the Child will both welcome us after our exile. 'Tis such a sweet pretty thought to think of heaven as our home. Perhaps none of us who are not yet very old people know what it is to be an exile. But we have heard those who were homesick for the dear old land beyond the sea talk wistfully and tearfully of "home," which meant for some of them the home of their happy childhood long years ago. Now that is just the feeling we should have about heaven. You read at the opening of this letter the bright happy words of that charming young nun of the Visitation, Bl. Margaret Mary. She who has taught us so much about the Sacred Heart. How ardently she loved our Lord and how hard she worked as apostle of His Sacred Heart. Now that June has come you too, dear children, are going to work for the same dear object. Let one and all be little missionaries hunting up members for the League of the Sacred Heart. What a grand

army it is now, all fighting for God and His holy Church. It would be a shame to be idle when all around us are so busy. So let us be up and doing. You know the great enemy of our souls is a mighty busy spirit, flitting here and there, never tiring, never ceasing in his unholy warfare against God and souls. Why not outwit him? Get the best of him every time. Miserable wretch that he is, *he* cannot laugh, but we can and let it be *at* him. Fear him? Yes, I suppose so, but I'd rather laugh at him and forget him, because this is the month of the Sacred Heart and we have no time to waste even a thought on His enemy and ours. How many of you, dear happy children, will make your First Communion this blessed month. So I have put in your corner a very beautiful piece of poetry which I cut out of a Sunday school paper twenty-four years old. Think of it. I wonder how many of you will keep this number of the *CARMELITE REVIEW* for so many years. Well, at least you will keep until the end of your life the memory of your First Communion day, that day which the great Napoleon called the happiest of his life. How the angels envy the children at whose side they stand in lowliest adoration when they receive for the first time the Bread of Angels. Happy children! So very dear to the Sacred Heart, which draws them so close to Himself in the sacrament of His love. Surely they at least will not forget Him any day in June. No, I am sure they will go to visit Him daily in His own House and *tell* Him they do not forget Him. He knows it, you say? Of course He does. So does your own dear mother know it when you put your arms around her and say you love her. Still she likes to hear you say so, and so does our dear Lord. No mother's heart so loving and tender as His. Who should fear to die after loving the Sacred Heart faithfully and well in life?

No one, because "like all good fathers He wants His children home." Do not forget that sweet truth, dear children. Heaven is our true home and there only shall we really know how much the Sacred Heart loves us.

FOR THE PUZZLERS.

1. What word is that which if you add a syllable it will be shorter?
2. What most closely resembles a half moon?
3. What is that which, though always invisible, is never out of sight?
4. What can pass before the sun without making a shadow?
5. Where do figures go when you rub them out?

ANSWERS TO PUZZLE.

(IN MAY NUMBER.)

16. Plane, Cork, Locust, Pear, Beech, Birch, Tulips.
17. Jonah.
18. Because they are trying to catch time.

FOR THE THINKERS.

1. Who was the Pope who sent missionaries to England?
2. A King, Crusader and Saint.
3. Whose version of the scriptures is used by the Church?
4. Who was the first christian painter?
5. The Angelic Doctor?

Answers to Questions for the Thinkers.

MAY.

1. At St. Augustin's baptism.
2. St. Genevieve, Mo.
3. Marquette.
4. San Antonio, Tex.
5. A French naval officer, Governor-General of Canada, and a Catholic.
6. Lydia of Thyatira, converted by St. Paul at Philippi. Acts xvi, chap xiv, verse.

APRIL.

1. Cuba.
2. The call of herd boys in Switzerland.
3. Cardinal Newman, London, 1810.
4. Rosa Bonheur's "Horse Fair," bought for \$53,500 and presented to Metropolitan Museum of Art, New York.
5. Japanese — because their needs are small and they are satisfied with little.

MAXIMS FOR JUNE.

1. Our Lord assured me that He took a singular pleasure in being honored under the figure of that Heart of Flesh, the image of which He desired should be publicly exposed so as to touch the insensible hearts of men, promising me that He would pour out abundantly on those who honor It the treasures of grace wherewith It is filled.

—B. MARGARET MARY.

2. I believe the first test of a truly great man is his humility.

—JOHN RUSKIN.

3. One may live as a conqueror, a king, or a magistrate; but he must die like a man.

—DANIEL WEBSTER.

4. God's ways seem dark; but, soon or late, They touch the shining hills of day; The evil cannot brook delay, The good can well afford to wait.

—WHITTIER.

5. What is it to be wise? 'Tis but to know how little can be known, To see all others' faults, and feel our own.

—POPE.

6. Who will not mercy unto others show, How can he mercy ever hope to have?

—EDMUND SPENSER.

FOR THE LITTLE ONES.

TOM'S EYES AND MINE.

My brother Tom is just too mean,
And says the very worst of things
About my lovely doll Irene,
Who's just an angel, all but wings.
He says her face is made of wax,
And that her curls are not true hair,
But only common yellow flax,
And that 'tis paint that makes her fair.

Tom's eyes are not like mine I know,
Or he could see her almost cry,
To hear him talk about her so,
And not be able to reply.

But boys are only boys, you know,
You can't expect too much of them,
I only wonder that they grow
In one and twenty years to men.

A MIRACLE OF THE OLDEN TIMES.

IN the land of Palestine, many years before the birth of our Lord, lived Eliseus, a holy man who went through all the land, telling the people about God. In his

travels he often came to a village called Sunam, where there lived a very worthy woman, well known for her charity and good will to God and man. The prophet so often stayed at her house in his journeyings that she said to her husband, "Eliseus is a very holy man; let us build a little chamber for him, that shall be his alone, so that if we have other guests in our house there will always be a place for the prophet of God." So they built him a little room and put in everything he needed to make him comfortable. Not long after he came as usual and saw what the great heart of this good woman had made for him—even a home in her own house. After he had rested and slept in the snug little room prepared for him, he sent for the woman and said to her, "What can I do for you, who have been so kind to me? Shall I ask something of the king for you?" She told him she was very contented and had no wish for anything the king could give her. Then Gehari, the servant of Eliseus, said in a whisper to his master that she had no child. Eliseus said to her, "In one year God will give you a son. She could not believe him, for this, of all things, was what she most wanted. But in one year God did send her a fine boy, who was a great comfort to her as he grew to the age of twelve years. About this time he went out into the fields one day with his father and the laborers. They were cutting the wheat, the weather was very hot, and they did not notice the boy till he called out to his father, "My head aches! my head aches!" His father told the servant to carry him to his mother; she held him in her arms, watching his failing breath, till noon, when he died. She carried her dear, dead boy, with great sorrow, to the room of the man of God, and laid him on his bed, and then begged her husband to let her go and seek the prophet. She knew if any one could help her, it would be the holy man of God. Her husband did not refuse this request, though he did not believe the journey would do any good. But the believing mother saddled

an ass and rode hastily to Mount Carmel where Eliseus spent much of his time in communion with God. The prophet saw the afflicted mother at some distance, and sent his servant to meet her and ask if all were well at home. She would not stop to talk with the servant, but only said "Well," and rushing forward, threw herself at the feet of the man of God in an agony of grief. The servant, Gehari, wished to take her away, but the good prophet said, "Let her alone, her soul is in anguish." Then the weeping mother cried out in her grief, "You prayed God to give me a son; I did not ask it. But now, oh, now I am childless!" Eliseus said to his servant, "Go forward; speak to no one by the way, but hasten; take my staff, and lay it on the face of the child." Gehari went, but the mother did not stir; she waited, imploring in her grief the presence of the holy man of God in her own home. Eliseus seeing her determination and her great sorrow, went with her; and as they went they met the servant, who told the prophet he had done as he bade him, but that there was no life in the child. When Eliseus came to the house, he found the dead child laid upon his own bed, and going into the room alone, he shut the door and prayed most earnestly to God that He would give back the boy to his mother. He then went to the bed and put his mouth on the child's mouth, his eyes on the child's eyes, and his hands on the child's hands, and the child's flesh, that had been cold, grew warm; and Eliseus went out and walked through the house, and came back and stretched himself again upon the child, and presently his breath came again, and he gaped and opened his eyes. The man of God called the mother, and she came fell down at his feet, thanking God and His prophet with all her heart for giving her again her living boy.

If you wish, my dear children, to find this story for yourself, it is in the Old Testament—the fourth book of Kings, the fourth chapter, beginning at the eighth verse.

FIRST COMMUNION.

Down the long aisle they walk with
reverent tread,

Folded the hands, and lowly bent the
head,

With robe of white, and veil, and flowers
most fair,

And hearts all purified by love and prayer;
Down the long aisle, while all is hushed
and still,

Save the low *non sum dignus*, and the bell

That bids the kneeling worshippers adore
The Lamb that died, but lives for ever-
more.

Up to the altar steps, and then within,
To-day they cannot come too near to Him,
Even to the holiest place, and there they
kneel,

So still, so reverent, and so fair withal,
That most we think the angels have come
down

To taste this Heavenly Food prepared for
men.

Oh, blissful hour! their hearts' desire has
come ;

Rejoice, oh, angels, God and man are one!
Oh, happy hour! for this our Lord has died,
And only this His love has satisfied!

Oh, blessed hour! for this they too have
prayed,

And wept for sins and preparation made.
Oh, hour of joy, and love, and holy peace!

Would they could always stay in God's em-
brace;

But ere the crown is worn it must be won,
And all life's duties lie before undone.

Then, while they kneel, oh, God, we pray
thee bless,

And keep in faith and holy innocence,
These little ones, whom Thou hast loved
so much

As even to give Thy kingdom unto such!

Oh, happy hour of life's most happy day!
Sweet First Communion, may thy memory
stay

In these young hearts, a blessing and a
grace,

While life shall last, and when their death
shall come,

Be a sure passport to their Father's home.

BITS OF TALK WITH OTHER WOMEN.

VI.

OF FAMILY COURTESY.

BY MARIE LOUISE SANDROCK REDMOND.



JUNE is generally the month of
of family re-union. The closing
of school and college sends the
young flock back to the parental
nest or, if they be attending
day schools, gives more leisure
to young and old for fuller and
freer daily intercourse.

Discontent with the imperfections of
their family environment, as well as a keen
eye and a sensitive feeling in discerning
these imperfections, are a part of every
youthful nature. The sense of proportion
is mostly lacking in youth. The difficulties
of life are only vaguely realized and, quite
ignorant of the stern uses to which, in

most ordinary households, every dollar
must be put, the boy or girl of dreamy,
esthetic notions, thinks querulously that
it is hard to be deprived of the beautiful
and harmonious surroundings, the delight-
ful and, of course, expensive amusements
that more fortunate school fellows and
most fortunate heroes and heroines in
favorite novels, are so abundantly blessed
with.

Querulousness is seldom confined to
thought nor is it commonly the fault of
one member of a family circle. Where it
exists, peace and good will and the beauti-
ful flower of courtesy, never flourish with it.

It was courtesy, that outward sign and
symbol of inward truth and purity, that
vanished from Arthur's court when evil

found place among the Knights of the Round Table. It was courtesy that was the outward badge of mediæval chivalry; courtesy that marked the lives of the early Christians so beautifully that even to the material Romans their love for one another was a subject of open admiration, and to-day it is courtesy that proves the distinguishing test between the well-dressed snob and the true lady or gentleman. Above all, in family life it is courtesy that makes the home an earthly paradise or an ideal Inferno.

The genial autocrat's opinion that much of the misery of unhappy marriages was due to the intimate knowledge, and the consequent power of bitter taunt and jest, possessed by husband and wife of each other's weaknesses, applies with equal force to family life in general.

Each member of a family is thoroughly aware of the weak point in the armor of each of the others. Father and mother, brothers and sisters, know where to touch one another's sensitive spot and seldom refrain from yielding to the temptation when a fit of anger or even a momentary vexation leads them into it.

Life in a large family that is governed partly by impulse, partly by that unwholesome candor glorified sometimes as truth and sincerity, and partly by quite uncontrolled fault-finding, leaves much to be desired. One condemned to such a circle is apt to occasionally long for the less affectionate and familiar but more comfortable intercourse of friendship and pleasant acquaintanceship.

It is indeed a subject of devout thanksgiving that the accepted ordeal of civility compels those not of kith and kin to speak and listen to each other with outward deference and amiability and that it is only afterward that the observant eye, the ill-natured thought or construction, and the sarcastic speech find vent.

Let us be really grateful that the candid, and therefore scarcely complimentary, opinions of our friends are seldom given in ear shot. And shall we not preserve at least a like measure of prudence and charity in our family intercourse?

It is not a dream of an impossible ideal to speak of a large family, not blessed with sufficient wealth to be removed from the temporal anxieties and cares of existence,

whose life, passed mainly at home, is full of interest and happiness.

In this home, from tiny child to grown up sons and daughters alike, justice is the first rule. Complete impartiality guides the distribution of pleasure and work. Whatever luxury or amusement may be obtainable, is shared equally by all, if not at once then in turn.

In such a family, there is an atmosphere of frank and wholesome admiration for one another's good qualities, a silent pity for the warped or stunted character growth that may exist in the group. Inquisitiveness and reserve contrive to hold the balance in a wise, affectionate and not too familiar confidence.

Such people are strangers to idleness, though they are neither driven by work nor totally unacquainted with leisure. Each possesses an individual work, interest, ambition, and all work and play in harmony together.

In this family, the parents frankly explain to the children, when they reach a proper age, what outlays and amusements are possible to them and what are out of the question. They live in the blessedness of content with the measure of prosperity given them, free from envy of those more richly dowered.

Deeply conscious of the serious purpose of life, they are, however, full of a humorous appreciation of the incongruities of every day existence. But they are never morbid and never flippant. With them physical defects are never a subject of amusement. Neither the thin and fragile looking member of this family, nor the stout and aggressively robust one, is made the butt of jest or the theme of commiseration. For indeed with these people, personalities are never a part of an evening's amusement.

I might expatiate further on the various aspects in which this family intercourse presents itself to me, but I shall summarize it all by saying that, though no wondrous fairy gifts of wealth or genius or personal beauty or fascination, were showered upon these friends of mine, they have been given the greater grace of upbringing in that genial, peaceful, sunny climate of the soul whose abundant and beautiful flower is courtesy.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

BY THE EDITOR.

THE month of Mary is a worthy introduction to the month of Jesus. The love of Mary and the love of Jesus are inseparable. After we have offered the flowers of our affections and good resolutions at the altar of the Queen of May, we are ready now to offer the first fruits of divine love at the altar of the Hidden God—the throne of the Sacred Heart.

* *

THE article in this issue on Eucharistic miracles in Spain, from Juan Pedro, forms very interesting reading during this month of the Sacred Heart and the Blessed Sacrament. We boast so much of the liberty of the Catholic Church in the United States, but the magnificent out-door ceremonies and Corpus Christi procession, customary in Catholic countries, are practically prohibited.

* *

WE call attention to the article on the social question, which appears in this issue. It is the first one of a series of papers on this problem of the day. The writer is fully conversant with the subject and gives us some interesting historical information in this first instalment. All the more interesting, as it is mainly called from the writing of Prof. Janssen, the famous Catholic historian, whose works are now being made accessible to English readers.

* *

ON the 16th of July, the usual pilgrimage in honor of Our Lady of Mount Carmel will take place at the shrine of Our Lady of Peace at Falls View, Ont. Besides the plenary indulgence attached to the pilgrimage itself, all those who have received the sacraments, either at the shrine or at their own churches before coming, can gain a plenary indulgence for each repeated visit to the Church until sunset. The pilgrims will have an opportunity to visit the new Hospice buildings and see the progress of the work. We are sorry that it was impossible to have the building ready for occupation this summer,

but such a great undertaking requires time and patience. Our Blessed Lady will see it carried out to perfect completion.

* *

WHAT we maintained all along, that the Cuban insurgents are a lot of adventurers, undeserving of the sympathy which is wasted upon them by some Catholic editors, has been fully confirmed by a letter from Father Louis Friedrick, O. S. B., published in the *St. Vincent's Journal*. This father who has been stationed for years in one of the South American Republics says that all these governments which were "liberated" from Spain, have deteriorated, and are not now as far advanced in civilization, as they were under Spanish rule. He says that all these revolutionary movements, fostered by Freemasonry, are aimed at the church, and since in all Latin countries material progress is impossible without the full recognition of the church, they have only injured themselves, even materially by bringing about a separation between church and state. It seems that our good Mexican neighbors are beginning to realize this fact. There is a pronounced movement on foot to bring about more friendly relations between church and state, especially since the arrival of Mgr. Averardi, the new Apostolic Delegate to Mexico.

* *

A MOST convincing proof of the supernatural nature of the revelations made to the Ven. Anne Catherine Emmerich, has lately been discovered. The *Sun* among its foreign notes of interest publishes the following: "Three miles from Ephesus the ruins of the house in which the blessed Virgin and St. John lived after the ascension of Christ, have just been discovered by Father Eschbach, superior of the French seminary at Rome, and Father Paulinus, superior of the Lazarists in Smyrna. The place was indicated in the revelations of the German nun, Anne Catharine of Emmerich. It is known to the peasants as Panaghia Capouli, the 'Place of the

Virgin'." It is remarkable that the news of this discovery should reach the Catholic world during the month of May, during which Pilgrimages to the shrines of Our Lady were made the object of the general intention of the League. If the news is reliable this new shrine will be one of the most important on earth.

* *

THERE is a great deal of excitement in France on account of so called supernatural manifestations. A girl in Paris, another in the Vendee, and some other individuals not so widely advertised are prophesying all kinds of catastrophe in the near future. We have very little faith in these prophets and prophetesses—and will not accept any thing they say, unless it is approved by the Holy See—but without being prophets ourselves we are certain that many of these predictions will come true. The downfall of all great empires of the past is the infallible herald of the downfall of the great world powers of to-day—that England shall be humbled, that France shall be reconstructed, that there shall be more revolutions, that the church will temporarily suffer, and finally triumph, requires no Miss Conedon, who claims to be the mouth-piece of the Archangel Gabriel to tell us. The history of the world foretells all that—we have read years ago the very same predictions in the writings of great philosophers, who arrived at them by logical deductions from existing evils. The Holy Ghost has taught the world centuries ago, that those who sow the wind will reap the whirlwind. Every deed of man has its logical consequence, and the deeds of nations are subject to the same laws as the deeds of individuals.

* *

So many good people complain that they cannot say their daily prayers without distractions. And yet a few easy precautions would soon put them on the right road to fervent prayers—Prayer is an elevation of the mind and heart to God. We must lift our hearts, before we begin to pray—"Sursum Corda," in other words, all our mental faculties must be elevated. Among the most uncontrollable is the imagination, which, in its turn, depends mainly on the senses of the body for its food. Those who are distracted at prayers, should, therefore

guard their senses and imagination, and bring them under control before beginning their prayers—religious pictures, crucifixes and statues of Our Lord and the Saints are powerful aids to the senses—have these around you when you are about to pray. At church it is so much easier, because everything that affects our senses speaks of God. The altar, the music, even the incense, all solicit the elevation of our mind to God. When we enter into a Catholic house and find the walls covered with profane pictures, the tables covered with frivolous books, and not a sign of Catholic faith in evidence, we are sure of one thing, that, if there are any prayers said in that house at all, they *must* be full of distractions. Everybody cannot afford to have a private oratory at home, but everyone can surround himself with things that elevate the mind. One of the promises of Our Lord to Blessed Margaret Mary Alacoque reads: "I will bless the houses in which the image of my Sacred Heart shall be exposed and honored"—are there any of our readers whose houses are without a picture of the Sacred Heart?

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THE Very Rev. Father Putzer, C. SS. R., the writer of the article on the Brown Scapular in the April number of the *American Ecclesiastical Review*, has kindly furnished us information bearing out what he states in his article, that the Redemptorist Fathers have still the privilege of receiving members into the Confraternity of Mount Carmel without registering their names. He writes:

1. "The privilege of investing the faithful with the Scapular of Mount Carmel simultaneously with other Scapulars by a decree of the Sacred Cong. of Indulgences dated 27th of April 1887 ceases on the 27th April 1897 (not in July). After this date the Brown Scapular on account of the special honor due to it must be given separately from all others. (Berlinger: Die Ablassse, Paderborn 1887, p. 719.)

2. "The decree of the 27th April 1887, is a revocation of an indult given by the same congregation on the 30th April 1830, at the request of the Superior General of the Carmelite Order, allowing the valid reception into the confraternity of the scapular without inscription of names in the album of the confraternity. But the decree of April

27th, 1887, did not revoke any other indulgences, prior to the Gregorian one of 1850. The Redemptorist Fathers, by a decree of the Sacred Cong. of Rites, dated January 8th, 1803 had been empowered to invest with the Brown Scapular (and others) and to receive the faithful into the Confraternity of Mount Carmel with all its privileges and indulgences—*without inscription of names*. (Decreta authentica, S. C. Indulg. n. 350, and Ulrich, Tresor spirituel, Paris 1863, p. 137.)

3. "Besides this decree of the 27th of April 1887 did not revoke any special indulgences. Thus the Jesuits of Holland and Belgium have a special indulgence to invest in the Brown Scapular without inscription of names. (Acta S. Sedis, Vol. xxv, p. 319.)"

We are very grateful to the Very Rev. Father for this information, backed up by documentary evidence which is entirely correct, as we have found. It is, however, advisable under all circumstances to inscribe the names of those who receive the scapular on the registers of the confraternity in order to obtain for them the suffrages of the order and the Confraternity of Mount Carmel after death. Therefore the Congregation of Indulgences in a decree dated Sept. 26th, 1892, while admitting that religious societies who had obtained a perpetual indulgence to invest with the scapular without being obliged to register names, still retain this privilege, yet advise them all to write down the names of those invested with the scapular by them, and to have these names registered in order that the faithful thus received may obtain the *suffrages* of the confraternity after their death. (Acta S. Sedis xxv, 319; Decr. Auth. No. 330.) (Also Beringer, Die Ablassed ed 1895, p. 552.) Acting in accordance with this advice of the Sacred Cong. of Indulgences, Redemptorist Fathers have more than once sent names for registration to our monasteries, and thus secured for those who had received the scapular at their hands, the suffrages and prayers after death, which they would not otherwise have obtained.

* *

OUR subscribers in St. Thomas, Ont., are kindly requested to pay their subscriptions to Miss Mary Casey, 31 Barnes street.

NEW BOOKS.

THE REV. F. REGIS PLAUCHET, a priest of the Seminary in the City of Mexico, published a pamphlet on the scapular called *El Escapulario de Nuestra Senora del Carmen*. It is now in its second edition. Be-

sides the history of the Confraternity of Mt. Carmel, its numerous privileges and indulgences, its conditions and obligations, the Rev. author also gives the formula of investing with the scapular, the formula of General Absolution for dying members of the Confraternity, and a formula of petition for the erection of the Confraternity.

* * *

P. TEQUI, of Paris, France, publish *Les Causes et les Remedes du Socialisme*, by the Rev. M. A. Onclair. The book (281 pages) contains a series of comprehensive and profoundly philosophical studies on the causes and remedies of Socialism in its present form. As causes he assigns: (1) Rationalism; (2) modern Constitutionalism, or rather the principles of modern states in relation to politics, religion, morality and social economy; (3) Internationalism, and (4) Free Masonry. The remedies he proposes are: (1) The renouncement of Rationalism; (2) the return theoretically and practically to Catholic principles; (3) the intervention of governments.

* *

THE REV. THOMAS F. WARD, of the Church of St. Charles Borromeo, Brooklyn, N. Y., has rendered a valuable service to clergy and laity, translating from the French a new *Month of May*. The book, well bound in blue cloth, (251 pages, price 75 cents) is published by Benziger Brothers, New York, and bears the title *Month of May at Mary's Altar*. There are 32 considerations, one for every day of the month and a concluding one on perseverance in the service of Mary. The life of the Blessed Virgin, her virtues and devotions in her honor form the subject matter of these practical considerations, treated in a popular manner at just the proper length, and yet full of dignity and devotional interest. The Holy Scapular is made the subject of the consideration for the 26th day and is treated in a most worthy manner as the livery of Our Lady.

* * *

Hoffman's Catholic Directory for 1896 is by far the best compilation of ecclesiastical statistics which has yet appeared in this country. The publishers deserve the highest credit for the steady progress made from year to year, and the valuable

improvements and additions of this particular year. Besides the usual ecclesiastical map of the United States, there are diagrams and tables giving complete statistics of the whole Church, and the gradual historic development of the Church in the United States. The reports of each parish in the United States and Canada are now complete, showing the missions attended from each parish and all schools connected with it. There is a very useful alphabetical index of all places in which churches are located, or which are attended. For the first time also statistical reports are added from dioceses in Mexico, Central and South America. These are not fully complete, but the publishers promise complete reports of all dioceses on this continent in future issues of this already unique directory.

PERIODICALS.

THE Catholic Truth Society has an official organ in the United States. It is a quarterly, published at 23 Catharine street, Worcester, Mass., under the title of *Catholic Truth*. Small as it is, containing but 24 pages of reading matter, it is rather a high-priced means of spreading the truth. The subscription price of one dollar per year seems not to be in harmony with the commendable work of the Catholic Truth Society in disseminating leaflets and tracts at a nominal cost. But we hope that they will find so many subscribers that they will find it safe, from a financial point of view, to give their readers a monthly instalment of just such valuable reading matter as this first number offers.

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THE *Catholic Gesellen Verein*, of Dayton, Ohio, has sent us the first number of its official organ. It is a quarterly, published in German and English, and in honor of its special patron and protector calls itself *St. Joseph's Post*. The Dayton branch of the *Gesellen Verein* has always held special devotions to St. Joseph during the month of March, and many graces and favors have been obtained by this beautiful practice. We are glad, therefore, to see this new proof of their love for St. Joseph, and are confident that their hopes for success in their literary venture will be fully realized. St. Teresa, who did so much to spread the

devotion to St. Joseph, whom the Carmelites for centuries have venerated as their primary protector, says: "My happy experience in invoking St. Joseph leads me to wish to persuade all the faithful to adopt him as a patron." This wish has been fulfilled, as the late Pope Pius IX placed the universal Church under the patronage of St. Joseph.

A CARD OF THANKS.

W. W. wishes to return thanks for relief from severe pain. He made a novena to St. Albert, and used some of the blessed water with happy results.

PETITIONS.

THE following petitions are recommended to the charitable prayers of our readers:—Conversions and reform, 28; employment, 10; vocation, 7; temporal, 14; spiritual, 6; special, 16; cures, 4; sick persons, 9; happy marriage, 1; souls in purgatory, 1; children, 2; novices, 1. Thanks are also returned for four favors obtained.

OBITUARY.

PRAYERS are requested for the eternal repose of the souls of the following named sisters, all of whom were members of the Society of the Daughters of Mary, and whose holy lives were recently closed by happy deaths:

Miss Hogan, died at St. Joseph's Female Orphan Asylum, Cleveland, Ohio, on Palm Sunday. She entered religion 42 years ago, one year after the community came from France. For several years she was superior of St. Mary's Home for Working Girls, Cleveland.

Miss Moffitt, died at the Ephpheta School for the Deaf, Chicago, Ill.

Miss Daly, died at St. Elizabeth's Female Orphan Asylum, 235 east 14th street, New York City.

Miss McGee, died at St. Joseph's Deaf Mute Institute, Fordham, New York City.

Miss Golden, died at St. Mary's Academy Buffalo, N. Y.

Also for Mrs. Barbara Seitz, died March 24th, 1896, at St. Mary's, Kansas, and Geo. Miller, died at Buffalo April 25th, aged 82 years, 2 months and 23 days.



THE MADONNA.



OUR LADY OF MT. CARMEL.

BY ENFANT DE MARIE.

I.



PURER than the lilies fair,
 Or snow-flakes spotless white!
 O sweeter than the balmy air,
 More brilliant than the light!
 And though the silvery moonbeams shine
 Most softly through the night,
 Their rays but faintly image thine,
 O Queen of realms so bright!

II.

We twine our fairest emblems round
 Thy dear and holy name;
 We murmur its melodious sound,
 Our cold hearts to inflame;
 But all things beautiful and sweet
 Of earth, or sky, or sea,
 Are far beneath the Queen we greet,
 With holy minstrelsy.

III.

The golden harp-strings far above
 Are thrilling sweet to-day;
 Oh! may the pleadings of our love
 Be mingled with their lay!
 Look down through all the starry sheen
 On us so far below;
 We greet thee as Mt. Carmel's Queen,
 Choice gifts on us bestow.

ASPIRATION.

O may the chords within my soul,
 Vibrate sweet Queen, for thee,
 In strains of pure and ardent love
 And graceful imagery.

LIFE AND CATHOLIC JOURNALISM

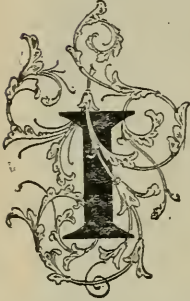
—OF THE LATE—

JAMES A. McMASTER,

EDITOR OF THE NEW YORK FREEMAN'S JOURNAL AND CATHOLIC REGISTER.

EDITED BY VERY REV. MARK S. GROSS.

CHAPTER XI—CONTINUED.



III.

It was argued that a bishop ought to have a council elected by the priests, and to consult it in all important matters. 1st. It is not impossible that a bishop influenced by prejudice, resentment or misinformation, without counsel may act harshly, even unjustly towards a priest or even towards a congregation. 2nd. None perhaps more than a bishop should beware of the insinuations of the adroit flatterer and the innuendoes of the calumniator lest in an unguarded moment his act may tend to the injury, rather than the benefit, of religion. In such cases the need of counsel is indispensable. 3rd. Acts of a bishop after the counsel of *responsible* advisers bear with them a greater presumption of wisdom and a greater probability of prudence, and command more willing obedience. 4th. A bishop acting by advice of his council elected by the clergy has the moral support of the clergy, and through them, of the laity; and should any priest question such acts he would receive very little sympathy either from clergy or laity. 5th. The awful responsibility of a bishop is such that he never ought to act without serious consultation. 6th. In all well regulated governments the ruler never acts without the advice of his council (cabinet), and autocrat is seldom synonymous with sage. 7th. There is and ought to be but one autocrat—God—and yet he is amenable to prayer. 8th. Rome is too distant, and burdened by too many cares to give a quick ear to cases of appeal,

and therefore such cases ought to be rendered by prudence and counsel as few as possible.

N. B.—It follows as a corollary that a council to be above suspicion ought to be composed of irremovable priests.

IV. It was urged that provision ought to be made for old and infirm priests. 1st. A priest's salary is scarcely equal to that of a mechanic. 2nd. He is obliged to answer the numerous calls of charity. 3rd. He is prohibited from engaging in mercantile pursuits and obliged to devote his time to his flock, and therefore has the correlative right to his maintenance not only while able but even when unable to work. 4th. The temptation of covetousness and the motive and excuse of avarice should be removed from him by generously providing for him in the necessities of old age or infirmity. And yet it has been known that worthy priests—few perhaps, very few—have ended their days in the poor-house.

On these and other questions "Jus" had very decided convictions twenty-three years ago, and experience and observation have not caused him to change them since. It is therefore with pleasure that he has seen some of them germinate into law, and although in an embryonic state they are the promise and prophecy of a better condition of things.

In the discussion of these subjects, though written under a *nom de plume*, I am certain there was not one word offensive to the hierarchy, and if there had been, I am equally certain Mr. McMaster would not allow it to appear in his *Journal*. It was a most delicate and even dangerous subject to touch, and nothing but conscientious duty could induce the writer, incompetent as he was, to handle it. If his treatment of it did no good he sincerely believes it did no harm.

You ask: Did Mr. McMaster advocate the Complete Canon Law for the Church in the United States? I am positive he did not. Indeed I distinctly remember that in one of his editorials at the time above referred to he emphatically denied any such intention. Canon Law as at present in Europe would be cumbersome and unwieldy, and in many ways ill adapted to America. Old common law and the privileges and prerogatives of sovereigns and traditional rights, customs, etc., would find no place in American ecclesiastical law. Indeed, the vast change in the condition and circumstances of things since the Council of Trent, and especially the relation of church and state in America, would make the disciplinary part of the Council of Trent difficult of application. What was advocated was simple legislation on the wise lines of the Council of Trent to meet our simple condition. It is easier to construct than reconstruct, especially when we have the models of wisdom before us. In reconstructing, a change in one thing requires a corresponding modification of other things, and these changes would necessitate other changes and so on *usque ad indefinitum*. In America we do not need the *impedimenta* of the cumbrous system of 300 or 400 years ago. A system of simple laws might be promulgated wide enough to regulate all the important relations of the hierarchy with the lower order of the clergy, generous enough to establish certain parochial rights of pastors, and strong enough to protect these rights.

The boundaries of parishes, notwithstanding that Catholic congregations of different nationalities and languages occupy the same territory and overlap one another, could be easily arranged for the *time being* so far as these nationalities are concerned. Time will absorb and digest these languages into the English, and when they will have ceased, the Church without any violence to the then existing laws can readily and wisely adjust parochial limits. We know full well that even where Canon Law is in full force, not only the limits of parishes but also of dioceses are sometimes changed.

Yours,

E. M. O'CALLAGHAN.

St. Colman's, Cleveland, O., Oct. 10, '92.

FROM M'MASTER'S LETTERS TO "JUS."

Jan. 1st, 1870.

"I have lately received (he writes to 'Jus') a letter from Fr. Thos. Heyden, V. G., of Pittsburg, who says: 'The four points you urge I accept without reserve; during a long ministry I have prayed that some such might form the basis of ecclesiastical law for the second order of the clergy in the U. S.; Providence has raised up the right man in 'Jus.'

"Fr. Heyden was the bosom companion of the Rev. Prince Gallitzin, 'the apostle of the Alleghanies.' Were he living, writes Fr. H., Prince Gallitzin would be the first to head the list of your endorsers. He often talked to me on the subject, and no one more warmly than himself advocated the 'rights of the priests' as they are condensed in the four points in the *Freeman's Journal*.

"JAMES A. McMASTER."

M'MASTER'S EDITORIAL STATEMENT.

(Taken from the files of the *Freeman*, Jan. 1st, 1870)
THE QUESTION OF THE STATUS OF THE SECOND ORDER
OF THE HIERARCHY IN AMERICA.

"We have received, within a few months, the subscriptions to the *Freeman's Journal* of several hundred of the rev. clergy, besides the thousand and more of them that were already among our patrons. Not a few of these, who have not seen the discussions of the question indicated above by 'Jus,' and the articles and documents sustaining his thesis, have requested us to give a succinct statement of the *object* sought by this series of publications. We consider that the beginning of a new year is a good time to give this explanation in brief:

"Neither 'Jus,' nor any of his multitude of clerical endorsers, nor the *Freeman's Journal*, would either advocate, or *tolerate*, any infringement on the high office and dignity of our venerated bishops. All of us would be among the *foremost* to *defend* and *promote* their authority in everything accorded to them by the law of the Holy Roman Catholic Church by the decrees of Our Holy Father the Pope.

"What is claimed is that, in a great many of the dioceses here, our Catholic position is better secured and in a more flourishing condition, than in many of the old countries of Europe. But we think we *know* that this has been owing to the kindness of

Providence in pouring in upon us a vast immigration of Catholics from Europe, and from the *personal* zeal of most of our bishops and priests, and that it has in later years been retarded for want of a *settled system of law* in ecclesiastical matters, that may secure to every one who has taken the irrevocable vows of the priesthood, a *fixed standing in his Order*, so long as he observes the proprieties of his position. This, experience in this region has shown us, cannot be obtained, so long as the *standing* and the *honor* of a priest is to be at the nod of the personal judgment of his bishop.

“Those who have a vocation to the religious state in vowing a blind obedience, will seek its compensations in the spiritual advantages secured to religious orders and congregations, by *rules approved at Rome*, to which rules they can always appeal for their rights, as defined by their religious vows.

“In the Church of God there is another condition of the priesthood. It need not, should not, be less holy. But it is governed by other conditions. It is *necessary* to the perfection of the Church on earth, as Cherubim as well as Seraphim redound to the glory of heaven. This other order of the priesthood is what is called secular or parochial. Men are as clearly called to this kind of life as they are to life in religious communities. But those thus called are not disposed to a *blind* obedience. In order to do *their* work in the Church, they need to be men of determined will, firm for the *right*, as they understand it, and ready to submit to *authority—only* where sanctioned by a public and mutually understood *law*. The history of the Church shines with examples of such, who have become saints, and are worshipped on our altars.

“But the *normal* condition of this order is to have personal freedom of action, limited only by a law *regularly established*, and, on this account called *Canon Law*. The absence of this *regular* or *Canon Law* has been the occasion of many failures, in the persons of priests who, more fortunately placed, might have shone as stars forever.

“It is therefore that so many of the honored and grave members of the priesthood, men whose heads have grown white in the priesthood, without any note of censure, urge the establishment of a regu-

lar or Canon Law for these regions of North America. They have seen priests discouraged and abandoning noble efforts for want of it. They have seen how few young Catholics of wealth and position in society are willing to become priests under the present regime. They have seen that those, of all conditions, who are truly called to the priesthood, and have had the grace to correspond, do so with the entire self-sacrifice of postulants for religious orders—and, afterwards, with the obligations remaining, are denied the consolations belonging to the religious, not to the parochial priesthood.

“It is a class of priests, with no note of censure ever passed upon their personal conduct, who are more numerous than the entire body of bishops; who have built each at least as many churches and school houses; heard at least as many confessions; done at least as much heroic missionary labor in various ways; and very possibly, spent as much time, man for man, in the reading of solid theology as our venerated bishops have; who have urged us to the step we have taken, and that, as a layman, we could never have dared, had these not convinced us that our own previous judgment of twenty years of *silent* observation was correct—that the Catholic Church in America *requires* as the condition of its *permanent* success, that the *law* of the Roman Catholic Church be *established here*.

“Great changes may be made in regard to *discipline* during the sittings of the Council of the Vatican. What the priesthood of America asks is, that, for many of our older and better established dioceses, and for others, as soon as they come to a certain status, the American *rule of dispensations* (!) may be stopped!

“The especial points in which *relief* is asked by the zealous priesthood of America are the following, which have heretofore been indicated:

“1st. That a given term of years be named, after which one blameless in his official and personal reputation, shall be considered irremovable from his pastoral position, except for *cause*. ‘Jus,’ one of the most moderate of men in his demands, proposed, or rather consented, to placing it at *seven* years. Others say this is too long. Some have told us that this is the *average* of the life of a hard-working-church-and-

school-building and otherwise over-worked priest in these countries. There is likely to be a *common law* made for the rest of Christendom during the pending council. The *best* demand is not to have any *dispensation* made for the long established or otherwise well established dioceses of America. We are entitled to the same management as the other parts of the world.

"2nd. That *Judices causarum* shall exist, not as now, in these States, *si episcopo videtur*, but *absolutely* and of ecclesiastical right in every diocese.

"3rd. That these *Judices causarum* shall be of ecclesiastics *accepted*, one by one, on the nomination of each bishop in diocesan synod *annually*, by the vote of priests who have the position of irremovability.

"4th. There is another thing that a multitude of most excellent ecclesiastics think necessary for the good government of dioceses. It is that some plan be ordained by law, since the old canonical forms are inapplicable, for ascertaining the will of the clergy of a diocese in regard to a bishop appointed. It is very certain that ignoring this has not wrought well in America. Had the will of his immediate predecessor in office been heeded the present Archbishop of Baltimore would not have been Bishop of Louisville. Let us stop here and not tell other instances of mistake. The voices of the clergy of a diocese ought not to be passed over, without an *organized* and *official* expression. Rome alone can give them this in America. It is not necessary that this voice be always complied with. But the fact that it has been *heard* and *weighed*, and that the *status* to speak as an organized diocese has been *created* and considered, will be enough for all the good priests, who—if they had been heard in some cases that have occurred—would have prevented some misfortunes that have happened.

"These are in brief the wishes of such of the clergy in America as have without any general conference, which was not possible, agreed to express them to Rome, as their conscientious convictions as to what is demanded for the good of religion here. We have good reason to believe that many of our venerated bishops desire that these petitions may be satisfied, but there is a fear lest there be innovation, in what is

only the *replacing* of innovation by the settled law of the Catholic Church.

"For the attainment of this purpose, a clergyman has gone to Rome. He is one whose personal character and official zeal place him in the rank of the highly honored. He is furnished with the necessary occasion of going, notwithstanding there is no fault in him, save in regard to the zeal he has for the welfare of religion in this country. There are foolish stories as to who he is. All will be made known at the proper time. Till that time comes it would be indiscreet to say any more.

"A subscription has been made voluntarily to bear the expenses he may incur in advocating the public cause. If his stay be not very much protracted, perhaps enough has already been subscribed in sums from ten to two dollars. Hundreds have been offered in place of tens, and thousands could have been had, but there is no use for them. All wanted is for necessary translations, perhaps printing and other work of the kind. We have refused to receive any sum over ten dollars from any one priest. Two dollars or one dollar from a priest on a poor mission is as good as a hundred. What is wanted is adhesions by honorable priests, all of which we will transmit to 'Jus,' and he, with due discretion, will see that use is made of them in Rome. The number of these adhesions, to what some of us know concerns the future of the Catholic Church in America, cannot be too many.

"Let them come or go, singly or in companies. The better way, we think, is for the clergy of a diocese or a district in a diocese, to draw up each their own petition to the Holy Father, or to Cardinal Barnabo, as prefect of the Propaganda. If sent to us we will see all such duly forwarded. But if sent in an informal way we will see, consulting 'Jus,' that right use is made of all adhesions to the measured and careful programme laid down above.

CHAPTER XII.

EDITORIALS OF McMASTER ON CHOICE SUBJECTS.

OUR HOLY FATHER, THE POPE.

"The Holy Father is a prisoner. He refuses to leave the Vatican, because he can-

not, without subjecting himself to insult, and, moreover, without seeming to sanction the sacrileges that the Italians are committing. The garden of the Vatican is the only place where the Pope has walked under the open heaven, since the capture of Rome by the Piedmontese brigandage. He has refused to receive any of the generals or other emissaries of the Piedmontese usurpation.

"It is false that the Holy Father accepted the amount of the civil list for the month of October, from the so-called Italian Government. Part of it was distributed, unknown to him, to some of the subordinate officers of the Roman Court. That was all.

"A proposed plan of accommodation of Papal independence with political subjection to the King of Italy—so-called—has been put forth. It is the purple robe with the crown of thorns, that the mockers of Pilate's court put on the Lord of the Holy Father. Pius IX., Vicar of Christ, like his Divine Master answers not a word. 'As a sheep before her shearers, he is dumb.'

"The Holy Father, as the Vicar of Christ, stands before the faithful of the Catholic Church, the image of his and our Lord. *He is nailed to the Cross!* As such he stands before two hundred millions of Catholics, throughout the world, who *own* the city of Rome, because they have *paid* for every stone in Rome, and for putting one on another in all its habitable buildings. They have paid for every foot of earth in Rome, and for the depths that are beneath the surface. Rome is *ours*. The Jews in the Ghetto—given to them by Popes, as a refuge, where they might still have the liberty of their ancient religion, when they were hunted out of every other civilized land under heaven—may as well claim all Rome as theirs as may any people not faithful to our Catholic traditions. We Catholics, and we only, have on our side the letter of law and the order of justice, when we say that Rome is *ours*, by authenticated deeds, by *repeated* purchases, by titles piled upon titles.

"What care we for that vulgar rabble of princes, pickpockets, pedlars and others that have huddled into Rome to live on the alms of the Church, and to betray her at

her need. They are a vile herd—all of them that are false to the Pope!

"If they claim possessions, they have stolen them from the Church, or hold them by a sacrilegious tenure of some kind—as always attaches to the sneak-thieves, who seek by clerical favor to make profit or influence!

"Rally we, then, on the high level of our faith! Join we our voices, to the voices raised in Europe, in defence of our faith. Let us prove that we are not degenerate from our European ancestors. Europe is *astir!* They say, in Europe, that those who have come across the Atlantic, in one or two generations fall off from the vigor of their ancestors. They say that the first generation of European parentage are soft and sentimental—a nice sort of people, but with *no moral* energy. They say that the second generation take on more and more the characteristics of the American Indians. These are the speculations of European, 'philosophers,' so-called.

"Winfield Scott, at the battle of Lundy's Lane, addressed one of the regiments by saying: 'The British say that the Americans are good at long range, but are afraid of the *bayonet*; I call on the regiment to give them the lie—*charge bayonet!*' and they *did* charge; and it was one of the few instances in modern war in which it has been an attested fact that bayonets were crossed—and the British undeniably did run away!

"The physical courage of our countrymen is denied by no one. The higher quality is *moral* courage. This has yet to be proved by the characteristic of that class of Americans that most ought to show it—American Catholics!

"We have two works to do. We must awake our devotion and pray most fervently for our Holy Father, the Vicar of Christ. The prayers of the faithful are to be his chief support. After that—willing to suffer, and if needs be, die for our own faith. We ought, as a beginning, in every city, in every village, in every parish where fifty Catholics can be gathered to *protest* against the infamy of the Italian robbery of *our Catholic patrimony*, and to say that we will not rest till this outrage shall have ceased.

"When Maria Theresa of Hapsburg threw her cause on her Hungarian subjects,

they cried: 'We will die in defence of our queen.' What is it for us to die for our religion? Would it not be glory? What, then, will it be to suffer for it, or to sacrifice part of our property for it? or to run the risk of dying for it? Oh! how little we Catholics know our vantage ground! When we come to know it how the Catholic cause will advance!

"As a beginning let us have demonstrations from every quarter of our land on behalf of our Holy Father, the Pope."

Freeman's Journal,
Saturday, Nov. 12, 1870.

TO BE CONTINUED.

PIONIA'S PETITION.

BY PHILIP A. BEST.

"No child of Mary can be lost who seeks her loving aid,
For every prayer addressed to her is manifold repaid."

—*Ave Maria.*



PIONIA was but a mere child in 1883. She wears long dresses now. Since she was born on the feast of Saint Pionius, which falls on the first day of February, she was named after that saint. Pionia's life so far has been an uneventful one. It could be summed up in these ten words: "She has always been a very devout child of Mary's. Pionia told me one thing which she thought was a natural consequence of any child's prayer, and so common that it hardly needs recording. But I think otherwise, and am going to mention it. It was this: One day in May, 1883, Pionia wanted a new scapular. We all know that scapulars and blessed articles have no price, and cannot be sold. Still the matter out of

which they are made costs something. The faithful know this, and when applying for them, generally make a little offering of money. If Pionia told her teacher, good Sister Dolores, that she had no money, the sister would have given her a beautiful scapular. But Pionia did not like to ask—so she petitioned the Blessed Virgin to send her a scapular—and for this purpose she said as many *Hail Mary's* as cents were needed. The same night returning from school Pionia found a shining quarter of a dollar in her dinner basket. Who put it there? Pionia says she is sure the Blessed Virgin did. The Queen of Heaven didn't bring a scapular from heaven as she did for Saint Simon Stock, but she did the next thing to it, she gave Pionia the means to get a scapular. How came the money in Pionia's basket, accidentally? I don't think so, nor does Pionia! One thing is certain—a child of Mary asked a favor of her Mother and her prayer was heard. No one can gainsay that.



THE GRADUATES.

BY MARY ANGELA SPELLISSY.

CHAPTER VII.



ONE delightful afternoon in May Susan announced a visitor for the Misses Murphy. "She says she will not give her name because it's not a pretty one."

"Who can it be?" said Mary. "Better go and see," responded her sister.

As Mary reached the parlor there was an outburst of laughter and a noisy interchange of exclamation and salutation.

"Come Margaret," cried Mary, "you would never guess."

It was a pretty picture met Margaret's eye as she descended the stairs, a tall girlish figure gowned in black velvet. From the fur-trimmed collar rose a shapely head, one mass of golden curls. From under the broad hat an eager ingenuous face of childlike purity looked merrily out.

"My dear Alix."

"You lovely people," rose to Kathleen's ears.

"Where's your mother? I am dying to see her."

"I am truly sorry, she is not at home. Can you not stay and dine with us?"

"No, dear, mamma is alone. She is rather tired from the journey."

"Where do you come from?"

"From everywhere. We left Ashville on Monday. We spent March at the Ponce de Leon."

"That must have been delightful."

"Yes, it is a lovely place. We met some nice people there, but I get very tired of it all. I quite envy you girls. I suppose you are busy as ever?"

"We do not suffer from lack of occupation. How is your mother, Alix?"

"Poor mamma! She is well, thank you. Her greatest suffering is from increase of flesh. You see she never walks. I am really quite uneasy about her. Except when we travel, she never goes out. She takes a drive every day, but she might as

well look from her bedroom window, as far as exercise is concerned."

"That is very unfortunate. I enjoy a ramble so much that I am very sorry for people who are shut out from such delights."

"Yes, indeed, I find my mind grow wide and high during a solitary tramp."

"It was your high and mighty expression fascinated me when you entered the little church last summer after your pedestrian feat of two miles. You looked as if you had neither eye nor ear for the contemptible things of this life."

"What have you girls been doing all winter? I hear something of a marriage engagement."

"Spare the guilty," cried Margaret glancing at her sister's heightening color.

"Then it is true?"

"How how did you hear it?"

"Through a Dr. Vinton."

"Why, Alix, where did you meet Dr. Vinton?"

"He visited a patient at the hotel in Ashville and remained to dinner. I remembered your brother John had a friend of the name and mentioned the coincidence. The old gentleman—"

"Old gentleman?" interrupted Margaret.

"Dr. Vinton's father," interjected Mary.

"Of course," said Margaret. "How stupid I am."

"Are you going to let me talk?"

"Beg your pardon, Alix, proceed."

"The old gentleman said he had heard his son, Dr. Vinton, speak of Mr. Murphy's family with much esteem, and that he looked forward with very pleasant anticipation to acquaintance with them at an early day. I have learned that two and two make four. The impressiveness of the old gentleman's tone, combined with a benevolent air of proprietorship, supplied me with matter on which to hazard a good guess."

"Did you ever see this?" said Mary showing a photograph.

"His true presentment, and I think you will find him a lovely father-in-law." You girls have no idea of your happiness. You have ever a definite object in life and use the means to attain it.

"Tell us of yourself, Alix."

"That is soon done. I am just where I was. Mamma has concluded to be received into the Church when I am, but this flitting hither and thither gives no time for the consideration of serious subjects. I should like to become a Catholic to-morrow, but Father Blount does not seem to encourage precipitation."

"Perhaps he is proving your earnestness, or he may consider it advisable to postpone your reception into the Church until you are thoroughly instructed."

"I have just come from a visit to my aunt's. I was there over Sunday. I inquired on Saturday night regarding the hours for Mass and the way to Church. 'But, Alix, you won't disgrace me by going to the Catholic Church?' pleaded my aunt. 'You cannot do it without raising a commotion in our circle. You know your uncle is one of the elders, and you will set everyone talking. It is different when you are in the city, but here the Catholics are all of the poorer class. I make it a personal matter, Alix; you certainly will not place me in such an embarrassing position.'"

"Your aunt is an American?"

"Yes, a descendant of one of the Signers."

"Why did you not remind her of the fundamental principle of the constitution, 'freedom to worship God?'"

"My dear, I knew I could make no impression on her and saved my force. When I was a youngster I sometimes stole into the kitchen and one of my delights was to poke holes in the dough and watch them fill up. Aunt Rachel is like that dough; she always puffs up serenely."

"Did you gratify her?"

"Yes, she had entertained me beautifully and she was so seriously distressed that I went to church with her, but I said my beads all the time."

"Poor Alix," laughed Mary, "that must have been harder than rowing with tide and wind against you."

"Oh, I have had the greatest time since I saw you. While we were in Chicago

Cousin Bert was just as nice to me as he could be. He took me everywhere and spoiled me utterly. I felt it in my bones that he was exercised about my Catholic tendencies and kept clear of the subject. One evening he arrived late. I was sitting near the lamp hemming a ruffle and went on with my work. I found I was trembling, and my occupation was a kind of moral support, don't you know. He amused himself for awhile fingering everything in my work-basket and at last began the attack."

"Do you know, Cousin Alix, that I find you very charming?"

"That is because you are such a dear cousin, Bert. You have been nicer to me than a lover."

"Well, Alix, I enjoy seeing you happy, and therefore I want to give you a warning."

"I was dumb."

"You have created quite a sensation here, not only for your beauty, but because you are so delightfully sparkling and sweet. The men are just gone on you."

"For your sake, dear old fellow, I am glad my cousin's cousin has been a success."

"Well, Alix, it's the talk at the club that you are going to become a Catholic, and I confess I feel very badly about it. Of course I think everyone has a right to please themselves in such matters."

"Then it is all right Cousin Bert, you need say no more on the subject. I shall have one of the family to stand by me."

"Well, but Alix, for your own sake I must protest."

"I can't see why."

"Now, my dear girl, I don't want to see you sacrifice yourself, and you must agree with me that you will lose caste as a convert to Catholicism. I got into the back of a Catholic Church on Good Friday night. It was awful, the steaming crowd and the kind of people."

"You poor fellow, not a chappie among them. Had you gone front you would have had better air and more fashionable company—mind, I don't say better company."

"Now, Alix, this is not a subject for jest."

"No, my dear cousin, nor for conversation between you and me to-night. Go home now, and come again soon when I am in better trim. Sure enough I saw Cousin

Bert mounting the steps one evening quite early. Mamma was in the back parlor. Now, thought I, this kind of thing will be bad for me. I must stop it, you know the action of my heart is weak. I met Bert with out-stretched hands. 'You are the very man I want to see.' Well, he fairly basked in the comfort of such a reception. 'Yes,' said I, 'since you spoke to me I have been considering your remarks seriously. The election has brought a lesson. I see the wonderful power of the Catholics, these dirty, ignorant, presumptuous people have shown they will stop at nothing to attain their ends; look at the Cleveland majority.'

"Oh, that's all right, Alix."

"What are you thinking of, Bert? Right? that such a President as Harrison should be dethroned? Think of all he has done for the Indians."

"The less we say about the Indian question the better. As an officer of the U. S. army who has seen service on the frontier I must give my testimony in favor of the Catholic Church as the most intelligent guardian of the Indian, and I must confess, 'honor to whom honor is due.' Don't you know, I think the last election was conducted magnificently, even though that Democratic fellow was a Catholic with an Irish name. I tell you he did his work splendidly."

"O, yes, he is an exceptional man, but look at the maneuvering priests and the dirty crowds who fill the Churches. Here mamma pushed aside the portiere and stared at me."

"'Why, Alix,'" she gasped, "and you made me think the Catholic Church so lovely you had me nearly a member of it.'"

"Cousin Bert looked bewildered as if he thought I had lost my wits."

"Let us sit down," he said, "I am tired. I walked up here to-night. The truth is, Cousin Alix, I think the Catholic Church is the most wonderful body I know. Look at the way it is organized, see how it weathers all manner of storms. When it's too prosperous there rise, up reformers within it, and persecutions outside that purify it and clear off the barnacles, and it rides as light and easy as a new steamer with air-tight compartments. If one of her members kicks up a row they just let him alone like the sheep in the nursery

rhyme, until he comes home and brings his wiggle-waggle behind him. The Church can do without him better than he can do without the Church. As for the poor, what should we do without them? We need their labor as much as they need our money."

"I agree with you Bert heartily, and I am much obliged for your terse presentation of the subject," said I. "You should have seen his jaw droop as he looked at me with a helpless expression."

"Really, Alix," he said after a pause, "I think you have been one too many for me."

"I have only been taking a lesson in tactics. Your acknowledgment is a great compliment to my progress; let us make a truce, I said. I do not intrude on you my religious inquiries or convictions and ask you to leave me free in this matter. I shall be delighted to lend you information on the subject when you wish it. But, my dear cousin, if you will be true to the knowledge you have you will be my companion in my inquiries and not my persecutor. That ended it. His dearest friends are Catholics. He says it's all right for them, but he cannot bear to think of my losing caste."

"You girls live in a paradise, but my wandering life gives me glimpses of Hades, and I loathe the vileness of fashionable life. It is either filthy or empty."

"I spent a night with a very dear friend of mine lately. She is a beautiful girl. We had just returned from the Assembly ball. She turned to the mirror and surveyed herself from head to foot, smiling at her reflection. Nodding her head she said:

'My dear double, what does Alix mean by talking to me about prayer? What have I to pray for? I come of good family, I have youth, health, beauty, enough in a way.'

"The mirror gave me the bewitching smile she sent it. Mary, her old nurse, who has cared for her since her mother's death left her a helpless babe, stood behind her holding a fleecy dressing gown. At the words of her darling she gave a deprecatory shake of the head. Gladys snatched the robe from her hands.

'I will not have you stand there Mary, shaking your head like a Chinese image. Go to bed, I will brush my own hair.'

"Poor Mary left the room with the tears

running down her cheeks. Gladys then turned on me.

'What do you want, Alix? Money for your poor. I will give you a cheque for a hundred dollars in the morning. I will do anything for you, but don't ask me to pray.'

"My dear girl, I said, I want to sleep, not to talk, at this hour in the morning, but I must give you one sentence, 'Ingratitude is the vice of slaves.' Prayer is not petition only, it is an elevation of the soul to God, by which we praise Him and bless

His holy name, thank Him for His benefits and ask for grace and aid in our necessities of soul and body. You are young and favored of fortune, but even you may suffer need. Meanwhile cherish gratitude. She did not answer me. I parted from her shortly after. She went to Mexico. I received yesterday a notice of her engagement to the only son of a distinguished Catholic family. I must leave you. Mamma will think I am lost. I have barely time to get back to the hotel for dinner."

TO BE CONTINUED.

THE SOCIAL QUESTION.

II.

BY PIUS R. MAYER, O. C. C.



HE Christian family was the foundation of governments, which owed their origin in fact to the extension of a family, the patriarch of which was the born head and chief of the whole clan. Therefore

the family relation formed also the prototype for labor and trades unions, and as the servants of the Christian household were, and in Catholic countries are still, treated as members of the family in a wider sense of the word, and were on the one hand bound by the duties of children, as on the other hand they enjoyed their privileges, so this relation was extended to apprentices and journeymen of the guilds and unions.

The reception of an apprentice was a matter of solemnity, often taking place in the town hall. The duties of the candidate, moral and industrial, were explained to him and he received a brief of apprenticeship by which he entered the family of his master, who for the time of this apprenticeship assumed the duties of parent,

and educated and instructed the young man in his trade.

"Master, remember your duties," says an instruction of the 15th century. "The apprentice has been given to you by the guild to take care of his soul and body according to civic and divine ordinance, and you have to render an account for your apprentice, therefore keep him as if he were your own child."

The master had to board the apprentice, and in some guilds also to clothe him. In this case the clothing was prescribed "by the trade." The guild of carpenters in Strassburg demanded in 1478 that the apprentice paying the master four pounds farthings should receive from the master: "Stringed shoes and white trousers according to need, besides annually four yards of grey cloth for a coat, four yards of corduroy for a working jacket, also an axe, a hatchet, a square, a gimlet, and every week two farthings for drink."

A neglect of the apprentice rendered the master accountable to the guild. The master was told to chastise an apprentice, to teach him obedience and industry. An apprentice who at the close of his term was found deficient in the knowledge of his trade was handed over to another master at the expense of the first one, who for the

future was refused an apprentice. An apprentice running away from the master, or found guilty of stealing, forfeited the right of the guild and could not be received by any other master.

The time of apprenticeship being over, the manumission took place before the assembled masters of the guild in solemn manner. Thrice the question was put to each master whether he knew anything derogatory to the young man or his skill, and also the young man was asked if he had anything to say against his master or his craft. He should speak out now, or hereafter hold his peace. No objection being raised, the president of the guild pronounced his manumission and thenceforth the young man was counted among the journeymen.

The journeymen lived and boarded in the house of their employer, who was responsible for their conduct. They were not allowed to visit taverns more than once a week. Their clothes were to be of uniform shape and material according to the custom of their guild. They also bore arms and practised fencing.

In the course of time the journeymen formed among themselves unions analogous to the guild. These unions were intended to defend the rights of individual members against possible encroachments of the masters, to assist sick and needy members and to defend the honor and social standing of the journeymen. Herein they showed themselves very sensitive. Tokens and passwords enabled a journeyman to travel unmolested throughout the empire and be received as an honored member by any union of their respective trade, so that we see that the Kolping societies of the nineteenth century are but imitations of what existed and flourished four or five centuries before.

If there was no work to be found for a traveling journeyman he was at least sure of a night's lodging and meal in the journeymen's home, and received a small donation in each.

The oldest guild was that of the weavers, who soon separated into woollen and linen weavers, and as a third guild the dyers united. As the trades developed more and more, subdistinctions became necessary, and as the masters formed into separate guilds the journeymen likewise separated,

without, however, losing their *esprit de corps*, which when called upon resulted in united and powerful action for defensive or offensive purposes.

Social festivals with dancing, processions, masquerades, etc., were frequent amongst these journeymen unions and attended by the whole guild and witnessed by the population. Thus religion, amusement, social and legal station, personal and professional wants were amply provided for. It was the journeymen's paradise.

Notwithstanding the splendid position of the journeymen *strikes* occurred. The causes were partly complaints that the masters did not give proper food to their workmen or deducted from their wages on shallow pretexts, partly because their honor, of which they were jealously watchful, was not accorded to them. Thus the journeymen bakers at Colmar in Alsace struck in 1495 because they had not been assigned their proper place in the Corpus Christi procession. The local magistrate declared the bakers infamous, because they left the town contrary to oath and vow without sufficient reason, and empowered the masters to bake as often as and what they pleased. The journeymen sued the town and carried the suit to the highest court. At the same time the journeymen bakers' union outlawed any man working for a master baker in Colmar and financially assisted the strikers. After ten years fighting the matter was compromised. The guild had to pay a fine of 170 florins, the magistrate cancelled its decrees against the journeymen and acknowledged as rightful the journeymen's union, according them their customary place in the procession.

In 1475 the journeymen tinsmiths struck at Nuremberg, complaining of scanty food. They migrated to Wunsiedel and Dinkelsbuehl, outlawed and boycotted the masters in Nuremberg, and as a consequence compelled the masters to leave the city, thus almost annihilating the guild of tinsmiths in this place.

The most unruly were the journeymen tailors, between whom and their masters it came to blows. In 1505 all the master tailors of 21 towns along the Rhine and Moselle formed a league against their journeymen, outlawed them and sent a list of them to all parts of the empire. In this

manner they drove them out of the guild and prevented them from ever becoming licensed masters.

Mostly, however, the disputes were settled by arbitration, in a few cases by the forcible interference of the civic authorities. As far as existing accounts of strikes

allow us to judge, the claims of the journey-men both as to board and wages were extravagant. In fact both in those times were greatly in advance of what they are now, as we intend to show by a few examples.

THE MAN IN BROWN.

A REMINISCENCE.

BY PHILIP A. BEST.

Story! God bless you! I have none to tell, sir!
—Canning.



N amiable and sympathetic soul was good Father Bruno, whose angel-spirit has long since winged its flight homewards. He is now in heaven. Well do I remember his peaceful passing away on that beautiful mid-summer eve in the year 18—, the festival of the great Saint Elias. Oft doth memory point to him whene'er I behold, especially, that well known painting wherein stand forth in bold relief those fiery steeds and burning chariot wheels ascending

“From Carmel's height to sweep the fields of air.”

Floods of pat and pertinent things are ready to rush from memory to pen. However, I shall confine myself to but one incident in the life of kind-hearted Father Bruno.

'Tis said somewhere “never say evil of yourself. Your friends will say enough.” 'Tis, alas! too often true. But far be it from me if I were *such* a friend to the subject of this sketch.

The closest observer would at no time believe that Father Bruno knew the meaning of care or pain. He wore a smile at all times. But he also had a cross. And it was a heavy one at that.

Father Bruno was a man always innocent and above reproach. If he had a fault it

was too much love for his neighbor for whom he would gladly die. But, gentle reader, remember that if you be

“As chaste as ice, as pure as snow, thou shalt not escape calumny.”

But like his divine Master Fr. Bruno remained silent. He could easily point out and bring swift retribution on his false accusers. But his lips were sealed and but one thing remained, namely, to forgive and pray for those who injured him. He did both, and do we not find by experience how fickle and ungrateful is human friendship in many cases? Well can we say that many sayings of a so-called friend are “false and hollow, although his tongue dropt manna.”

Father Bruno is now enjoying the only true and lasting friendship which can alone be found in heaven. His life and the closing incident of this sketch teaches us how true it is that

“Many a word at random spoken
Can wound as well as soothe a heart that's broken.”

Father Bruno bade adieu to the world. He saw its vanity and religion gained what the world lost in this accomplished man. He was practically dead, as far as the world was concerned. He buried his own name under that of Bruno.

For many a decade did Father Bruno labor, hidden within the cloister. Many a new levite owed his success in philosophy, theology and science to Father Bruno's teaching. Many a learned work written by an anonymous writer could be traced to Father Bruno. Many a soul who attended his conferences became more holy, and many a sinner bettered his life after he had

"made the mission" given by the zealous father, and who except the Recording Angel will adequately sum up all the good deeds performed by this holy "Man in Brown."

The crowning act of his life, as became such a saintly man, was characteristic. He died a martyr to charity.

Father Bruno seldom left his convent, except to relieve some suffering one, or to preach a retreat or a mission. I cannot forget his last mission, given just before his sudden but not unprovided death.

This last mission to which I refer was delivered during the novena held in one of our Lady's Churches prior to the Scapular Feast.

The discourses on the power and mercy of Mary were very beautiful and impressive.

The pastor of the Church was delighted at the wonderful change wrought among his parishioners.

"Only one thing lessens my joy, Father Bruno," remarked the priest. "I have one man here who appears to be beyond conversion, and what is worse he is ill with a dangerous fever and has few chances of recovery. I know it is a risky thing to visit him, since there is danger of contagion. Would it be asking too much of you to call and see him?"

"I shall go by all means, and as to the rest, leave that to the Blessed Virgin, father," Father Bruno replied.

That same night, late as it was, Father Bruno visited the low dirty tenement wherein lay the sick man. The first thing which confronted him was a large placard tacked on the door reading "Smallpox." Still he was not refused entrance when his mission was known.

The poor sufferer was glad to see the priest, especially since so few dared venture near the house. The patient knew his danger, and the more did it grieve the good priest to see so little repentance or resignation. It was a clear case of despair on the part of the sick man. Not so with Father Bruno.

"My dear friend," he said, "at least do me one favor. Allow me to invest you with the holy Scapular now and I will call again."

The patient did not refuse this request.

In the morning the priest called again. Things looked a little more hopeful.

"Father," he commenced, "before I make my confession allow me to tell you my story. Well, many years ago—and I am sure I didn't mean it, it was not I think all malice—I said something which injured the name of a holy priest, who now is probably dead for some years. Perhaps a broken heart was the reason of his death, and I felt as if I were the cause of all. At all events, I have had no peace of soul since, and what is more, every misfortune has followed me since. I felt it was a punishment. And now that I am to die, I feel indeed as if God will forgive me, but how much happier I would be did I know if he whom I injured forgave me too."

"Rest easy on that point, my dear child," said Father Bruno. "You are forgiven—remember that after all 'to err is human, to forgive is divine.'"

"And he would then forgive me, father, you are sure then?"

"Yes," said Father Bruno, with a big tear rolling down his cheek. "He forgives with all his heart."

The priest at once recognized the patient as the one who had long marked him out as a victim of slander.

And a light likewise flashed before the eyes of the poor patient.

Priest and patient were no longer strangers.

After the good father had given all possible succor to the soul of his patient, he did all in his power to save the body, and he succeeded too, by obtaining a good nurse, although the case seemed helpless.

The man recovered, and lived to a ripe old age, and to the end was a model of penance and virtue.

Poor Father Bruno! At that sick-bed he imbibed the deadly germs, and it was not many hours before he fell a victim to the loathsome disease. He went to heaven on St. Elias' day, and (as he always prayed for) during the octave of the solemn festival of Our Lady of Mount Carmel. He was laid to rest clothed in his brown habit.

So runs this brief sketch of "the Man in Brown." His example teaches you, dear reader, that

"If scandal's lip would seek to stain,
The name you hold as honor's crown,
By your own life refute the lie,
And leave in God's hands your renown."

FEAST OF OUR LADY OF MOUNT CARMEL.

JULY 16th.

BY ENFANT DE MARIE.

At Morn—Holy Communion.

I.

O'er the holy Mount of Carmel
Mystic cloudlets now unfold,
" *Pulchra Stella Matutina!* "
Shine once more with rays of gold,
Guide our footsteps to the altar,
Light, within, its sacred fire.
Make us humble, pure and trustful,
Longing with inflamed desire.

At Noon—High Mass.

II.

Oh! how radiantly the sunbeams
Now illumine this glad noontide!
Blessed Mother, Queen of Carmel,
Thou the Holy Spirit's Bride!
Listen to those strains harmonious,
Swelling from the organ grand,
Echoes of celestial music
Thrilling in God's blissful land.

At Eve—Benediction.

III.

Calmly steal the shades of evening,
Holy time of peaceful rest,
And again Mount Carmel's children
Seek our Saviour's presence blest.
Now this gentle Benediction
Crowns our Lady's Glorious Day,
And new star-gems seem as glistening
Round that fair Queen far away.

Regina, Decor Carmeli! ora pro nobis!

NOTES FROM SPAIN.

BY DON JUAN PEDRO.



THE institute of Carmelite Sisters of Charity, one of the many branches of the vine of Carmel, now flourishing in the new and old worlds, has published its annual statistics for the past year. Two new convents were founded during the year in the Peninsula, one at Oveido in the Asturias, the other in the beautiful Andalusian city of Seville, thus forming a total of 133 convents opened in Spain. The number of sisters is 1,452, of which 82 joined the order during the year, whilst 24 have gone to receive the reward of their evangelical labors.

The total number of children educated, and of girls taught and instructed in different branches of industry is no less than 32,326.

These figures are magnificent, in fact, marvellous, and prove conclusively the immense boon conferred on families and orphan girls, as well as domestic servants, and those who have to seek a livelihood in the pestilential atmosphere of the factory, by the establishment of a branch of this order in their midst. Hence many cities are soliciting the Mother General to open new houses.

On the feast of St. Joseph, no less than 22 postulants were received into this Carmelite community at the convent of Terragona; another proof if needed, that there is "faith yet in Israel," notwithstanding the trials and persecutions to which all religious orders had been subjected by the revolutionary government of "liberty" a few decades ago.

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The Discalced Carmelite Tertiaries, are sending a large contingent of their sisters to open branch houses in some of the principal cities of the Argentine Republic. They will take charge of girls and teach them not only their duties of religion, but also the varied employments suitable to

girls in different paths of life. At the same time they will take care of the sick and infirm in hospitals; a great blessing to the hosts of immigrants, who every day arrive at the shores of these distant lands to seek the employment they fail to find at home.

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Active preparations are being made to have the second Eucharistic Congress of Spain a great success. Its inaugural session and Pontifical Mass will be on the 26th of August next in the Basilica of Lugo, Gallacia. On the 31st of the same month two immense pilgrimages of the Associates and the Catholics of this Cathedral City will start to go, one to Santiago de Compostella, to visit the tomb of St. James the Apostle, the other to Montforte, in the Province of Leon, to visit the sacred "reliques" venerated there. A large contingent of English pilgrims under the patronage of Cardinal Vaughan has promised to attend.

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The Berlin correspondent of the *Semana Catolica* gives publicity to the following facts: Nearly two years ago a Catholic banker, seeing death draw nigh, summoned a priest, and under the secret of the confessional delivered to him three shares in the Suez Canal Company, giving him directions as to whom they were to be given. Shortly after the penitent died, and his heirs instituted a lawsuit in a criminal court against the confessor, the Rev. Abbe Burtz, and charged him with robbery. The case was tried by a jury, the priest's mouth being sealed by the confession, and the allegations being listened to with undisguised gladness by the hostile jury. He was found guilty, and the judge imposed a penalty of ten years' imprisonment.

The case has now been carried to the court of appeal, and, at last, justice has been done to the confessor, who has borne so long his unjust sentence with the heroic patience of a martyr.

It will afford your readers great pleasure to know that the Calced Carmelites have had the happiness of being once more re-established in Sevilla. The illustrious successor of St. Isidore, the former coadjutor of the late Carmelite Cardinal Lueh, now his successor, the present Archbishop Dr. Spinola, has ceded the church of "Buen Sucesso" in Sevilla, to the sons of St. Elias.

Thus the present distinguished Father Provincial of Spain, Father Anastasius Borrás, O. C. C., has secured another triumph for the order, and added another glorious achievement to the long list of victories he has won by his admirable tact, his prudence, his eloquence, and his zeal for the honor of our loving Mother of Carmel. We hope to see the new church during the summer, and congratulate our reverend friends of Jerez on this new addition to the monastic houses of the order.

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The foundation stone of a new convent

of the Discalced Carmelite Fathers has been laid a few weeks ago by the Cardinal Archbishop of Valencia, in the beautiful town of Burriana, Castellon, amidst great rejoicings. The Carmelite Order enjoys the love and affection of the people of this province. There are already within a short distance of each other two other Carmelite convents in the province. The Calced Carmelites have their novitiate house at Onda, whilst the discalced fathers are at the famous monastery of "El Desierto."

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The *Revista Carmelitana*, published in Barcelona, edited by a talented devotee of our sinless Mother, which suspended publication for now nigh four years, will again see the light, and be read with increased delight around the hearths of Catholic homes and in the rooms of our Carmelite clubs. It will resume publication during the summer.

BITS OF TALK WITH OTHER WOMEN.

VII.

OF A SUMMER FETISH.

BY MARIE LOUISE SANDROCK REDMOND.



THE question under discussion at a recent informal gathering had been the New Woman. By the quite natural drift of feminine chat, it had gone on to housekeeping and preserving.

An intelligent, well educated, rather diletanteish young woman made the statement that she totally disapproved of a house that lacked the rows upon rows of shining jars of fruit and pickles, and jams and jellies, that a few years ago made a woman's preserve closet the somewhat literal as well as figurative apple of her eye.

"Are you very fond of all those canned things?" asked another young woman, who has a confessed leaning towards the vagaries of the new members of her sex.

"No, I never touch any of them, but I think it part of a woman's duty as a good housekeeper to have a stock of home-made preserves always on hand."

Then followed a polite but vigorous verbal tussle which did not succeed in convincing the unadvanced member of her sex, but left the others firm in the belief that whether the newspapers who assert that the New Woman has come permanently among us be correct, or the editor of an edifying ladies' journal who declares she has already sunk out of existence, still if she have succeeded in destroying the American woman's faith in the fetish of summer preserving, she has certainly, whatever her faults and follies, done good in her day and generation.

When one considers the labor involved in the wholesale canning and pickling and

jamming and jelling once universal, and still too nearly so, among women who aimed at housekeeping laurels, and a decent measure of self-respect, one grows heartily impatient with the unreasonableness that is ready to expend so much for so little result. To consider such labor a necessary part of correct housekeeping is about as logical as to conclude that an umbrella must always be part of the equipment of a spotted dog, because Chauncey's famous story tells us of an instance in which it was essential.

In all activities, household and others, the American woman rushes to extremes. And it is only in the extreme that preserving is to be utterly condemned. When a woman has plenty of strength, leisure and assistance, and is the head of a family who are very appreciative of the results of her efforts, she is perfectly right to replenish her stores of such dainties to a reasonable extent.

But when such work means hours and days and weeks spent in a hot kitchen, aching muscles, scalded fingers, a brain worn in anxious calculation as to whether greater economy could have been practised in fruit purchasing, worry as to possible failures and consequent loss of money that could ill be spared even in so good a cause—when it means all this added to the ordinary household routine, then I have no hesitation in saying that the woman who voluntarily subjects herself to such a trial is utterly destitute of common sense.

We women have no capital so precious as that of health and strength. With the most fortunate of us it is never very large. All the crises of life convince one that the most eloquent champions of the New Woman can never quite argue her womanhood away from her, can never alter the fact which Eve probably accepted with simplicity till the serpent twisted her brain into sophisticated crookedness, that a woman is always the physical inferior of the man, to whom she may easily be the moral and intellectual superior.

This physical inferiority is a slight thing, but it materially effects the life battle in which a man and woman of equal mental and moral force may simultaneously engage. All other things being equal—and my dear woman-worker, you know that they never are—she must constantly draw upon her

reserve force of nervous energy to keep pace with him, while he only calls upon such a reserve fund in some great emergency, in disease or dissipation.

A woman often commits the mistake of trying to faithfully perform more outside work of an exceptional character, which in itself uses up all and probably more than the strength she can muster, and household tasks as well.

Not content to spend many hours of each day in teaching, writing or office labor, she endeavors on her return home to accomplish the household duties which are quite enough in themselves to occupy the working hours of any woman's day. She is quite capable, too, of devoting a great deal if not all of her summer holiday to the preserving idol worshipped by her stay-at-home sister.

It is the stay-at-home woman who needs most caution. When a woman's life-work is plainly a home work, it is difficult for her to realize how to draw the line between necessary duty and slavish giving way to unnecessary exactions.

Few women realize the rightfulness of the plea of care for health. When they are exhausted with over-work, they say they are "lazy," and continue to further neglect nature's cry for rest. The fact that the inevitable day of reckoning always comes, is no more heeded by the average woman than by the average business man until each is called to the balancing that means, at the least, years of shattered health.

Less ambition to carry out the minutia of good house-keeping, the external details of care for home and children, would do much to keep away the exhaustion of mind and body that means over-work.

As much in housekeeping as in any other field of labor do broadness of mind and executive ability rank above mere fussiness and fidgety pursuit of detail.

In summer, common humanity recommends that the household cares be made as light as possible for mistress and maid. Instead of burning her life fuel before the fetish of preserving in the exhausting summer days, it is far better for the housekeeper to trust to the fresh fruit obtainable throughout the year, the light salads that so acceptably take the place of homemade pickles and condiments, or, if these must be had, to purchase them when re-

quired, from the reliable firms that make a specialty of supplying such commodities.

The money ordinarily spent in the replenishment of the preserve closet could be far better expended as a fresh air fund for the household. Every family that can command any income at all and keep abreast of ordinary expenses, should count such a fund among the necessary expenses of the year.

The summer should be a time of rest, of enjoyment of nature, of the lightest intellectual pursuits, of a holiday from the routine of home, if possible. At least, if it

be impossible to afford even a fortnight or week's absence from home, let a day's outing, as leisurely and with as little exertion as possible, be taken very frequently.

Let every woman, poor or rich, indulge to the utmost in the veranda life that is one of the sensible and beautiful institutions of American existence. Let her recruit her energies by a little idling with folded hands, or occupy herself with the bit of embroidery, the light novel or magazine that is always a comfortable sight in busy fingers.

FOR OUR YOUNG PEOPLE.

EDITED BY MISS MATILDA CUMMINGS.

[All communications to this department to be addressed to Miss M. Cummings, 1588 Madison Avenue, New York City.]

SECRETARY'S LETTER.

JULY, 1896.

MY DEAR YOUNG FRIENDS,—

How quickly the time passes! So quickly that we can hardly realize that the summer vacation is here again. It seems but the other day that we were saying Merry Xmas, and now we are half way through the year.

So life is passing from us, and every day eternity, our long holiday, is coming nearer. For one and all the vacation is a happy time. Rest from work and worry, and for the fortunate ones who can spend it in the country, a delightful change from all that makes us think of work. We all love rest. What a brimming over measure of it we shall have in heaven. While you are in the country, dear children, and can see lots of blue sky, try not to forget God and heaven. Earth is very beautiful, very happy, very dear to us all, but "'tis only a night in a wayside inn," says St. Teresa. So let us not *settle* on earth. Just lay down rugs that can easily come up—don't tack down anything, else when the moving time comes there will be trouble. On July 2nd comes the sweet feast of the visitation. How very fitting that it should come right in the beginning of the vacation. Some of

us find it hard to meditate. I know someone who as a little girl used to lie awake at night "suggestin," as she called it. Now she is a very big girl and she still keeps it up, thinking of pleasant things and going on journeys and talking to pleasant people, and so falling asleep sweetly and easily. Why not let the pleasant people be Jesus, Mary and Joseph? Why not travel with our Blessed Lord through the Holy Land—by the Sea of Galilee and into the mountains of Judea with our dear Lady, as she went to visit her holy consin, St. Elizabeth? Why not talk to them? Not in the words of the book. No, indeed. Who ever read "I love you" out of a book to any one? The holy cure of Ars says of reading a book after Holy Communion: "What are the words of men when God is speaking?" So, dear children, of learning to meditate—lots of time for it in the country. Try it two or three minutes every day and see if you won't grow to like it. St. Teresa says no one who meditates for fifteen minutes every day will be lost. So hurry up and get from five to fifteen. A word about Our Lady of Mount Carmel, whose feast will fall on July 16. Be faithful to her scapular. Don't take it off when you are away from home and hang it where you'll forget

to put it on. Make the novena for the feast—it need only be a very little one—but ever so much love in it. Pray for a happy death, and may our dear Mother shield you all from sin and danger all vacation. “Love God and do what you like.”

FOR THE PUZZLERS.

1. There is a glorious city in the sea ;
The sea is in the broad, the narrow sheets,
Ebbing and flowing; and the salt seaweed
Clings to the marble of her palaces.
No track of man, no footsteps to and fro
Lead to her gates.
2. Why is an infant like a diamond ?
3. When are true words sweet words ?
4. What cardinal virtue does water represent when frozen ?
5. What tune can be made out of bank notes ?

ANSWERS TO PUZZLE.

(IN JUNE NUMBER.)

1. Short.
2. The other half.
3. The letter “I.”
4. The wind.

FOR THE THINKERS.

1. Who were the three most famed painters of the Italian School ?
2. Who painted “The Trans-figuration ?”
3. Who painted “The Last Judgment ?”
4. Where is it ?
5. Who painted “Last Supper ?”

Answers to Questions for the Thinkers.

JUNE.

1. St. Gregory.
2. St. Louis IX of France.
3. St. Jerome’s.
4. St. Luke.
5. St. Thomas Aquinas.

MAXIMS FOR JULY.

1. The patriot’s boast where’er we roam,
His first, best country ever is at home
—GOLDSMITH.
2. Sorrow seems sent for our instruction,
just as we darken the cages of birds when
we would teach them to sing.

3. In the matter of good works we must think little, talk little and do a great deal.

4. Lay by a good store of patience, but be sure to put it where you can find it.

5. Evil weighs less heavy in God’s scales than in those of man.

FABER.

FOR THE LITTLE ONES.

MY KITTIE.

TUNE—*Bring Back My Bonnie to Me.*

1.

My kittie has gone from her basket,
My kittie has gone up a tree,
Oh, who will go up ’mongst the branches
And bring back my kittie to me ?

CHORUS.

Bring back, bring back,
Bring back my kittie to me, to me.
Bring back, bring back,
Bring back my kittie to me.

2.

The dog that lives down by the river,
Just came with his naughty old bark ;
And frightened my kittie most dreadful,
Up there she is mewing, just hark.

3.

My kittie is one of the nicest.
She has a white spot on her nose ;
She washes her face every morning,
She washes that most, I suppose.

4.

Folks say that when people are frightened
Their hair will turn perfectly white ;
If that is the truth, then my kittie
Won’t have a black hair by to-right.

A LEGEND OF ST. MARY MAGDALENE DE PAZZA.

[The Saint was only seven years old at the time this story is told of her.]

Dear mother, let me come quite near,
And lean upon your breast,
For I know the sweet Child Jesus
Within your heart doth rest.

I was in the little chapel
This morning when you were,
For I followed you, dear mother ;
I thought you would not care.

And I saw the good priest give you
The consecrated bread,
And with tears I begged dear Jesus
That I too might be fed.

Then, mother, let me come quite near,
I do not wish to play;
Let me but touch your dress or hand,
And kneel with you and pray.

For, mother, if I do but touch
The garments that you wear,
I feel the sweetness coming through
Of the dear Guest you bear.

Oh, tell Him, mother, how I long
To have my heart His home;
Tell Him the days and hours go
So slowly till He come!

LITTLE SOULS.

Though oft uncared for and untaught,
Children are ever sweet,
Whom, unsuspected, angels guard
In alley and in street:
Whom love ye that to Him aspire
Who is of souls the one true sire.

Ye little ones! when distant from
Our Father's house we stray,
Your simple hearts lead our blind eyes
To Paradise the way;
For He who suffered ye to come,
Called all the world like-children home.

NORBERT'S DREAM.

BY S. X. B.

Dear little Bertie! He was so happy in his beautiful country home. He never wearied of roaming through the place. He would linger in the pretty flower garden, or visit the farm yard, or take long rambles in the solemn old green woods with Molly, his kind nurse, who never lost patience when her little charge begged her "not to take him to the house just yet." For Bertie was a city boy, and until now had only enjoyed glimpses of country life when he spent some weeks every summer with his grandparents. Those visits were golden eras in the boy's life, and he always looked with pleasurable anticipation for their return.

One day Mr. Holmes, Bertie's father, received a telegram that the dear, good grandma was dangerously ill, and in a few hours Mr. and Mrs. Holmes, with Bertie and Molly, were on their way to Woodland. How strange everything seemed to Bertie! The old house was perfectly quiet, and

Aunt Ethel—his only aunt—met them with mingled joy and grief. Her tears fell fast as she led them to the room where the dying Christian lay. She had no violent pain, and to Bertie she looked much the same as when, a few weeks ago, she had said good bye, and called him her darling child.

Grandma knew them all, and was loving as ever, but poor grandpa gave them a sad welcome. They watched until day light faded and twilight stole into the room. Then grandma asked them to send for Father Felix, and the venerable priest came to soothe the dying moments of his dear old friend. Mrs. Holmes now thought it best to send Bertie away, but not until he had been lifted up for a last good-bye and blessing. He was a thoughtful child, and although only six years old, he was not frightened at the solemn aspect everything seemed to have assumed. He felt deeply impressed, for the blessed candles were lighted, and the pretty little altar with its fragrant flowers, gave silent homage to Him, who so graciously, would repose thereon. And so Bertie went sorrowfully away. He lay awake for a long time, wondering if his grandma's angel would take her to heaven that night, and if he would hear the flapping of his beautiful white wings. And O! if he could get one look at his lovely face!

Yes, Bertie, an angel *did* come that night—the angel of death—and your grandma, full of hope and love, went peacefully away.

The elder Mr. Holmes and his daughter felt so sad that, after the time which Bertie's papa was able to remain with them had expired they begged him to give up his home in the city and come to Woodland.

Without entering into unnecessary details, which would besides be of no interest to you, dear children, I will merely tell you that Mr. Holmes arranged his business so that he could take his family to the farm, and so relieve his father entirely of its management. And that was the way Bertie came to live in the country. He played constantly in the fresh pure air, and his mama could see the color come into his pale cheeks—welcome token that her little boy was growing well and strong. But I must tell you of Bertie's dream. I have said he was a thoughtful child; "old fashioned" was the universal dictum. That little brain

often puzzled over subjects of which many children do not think.

He had listened attentively to the words spoken by the priest at his grandma's funeral, and the following sentences had imprinted themselves deeply upon his mind: "She chose the straight and narrow path which leads to eternal bliss. Never once did her feet wander to that broad and flower strewn road that ends in everlasting woe." Now Bertie did not understand this. The word "eternal" puzzled him; he was not quite clear in regard to "bliss" and "woe," and as to the narrow path which his grandma had chosen, it was entirely strange to him. He scarcely liked to ask his parents nor his aunt. Once when he had spoken to the latter of her mother she had burst into tears, and Molly told him that he must not mention her name again until their grief "had kind of worn off." Molly was mistaken in this for it is *not* painful to speak of our beloved dead when we feel that they are happy. He would have asked Molly to help him out of his difficulty, but she often answered his questions by saying that it was not proper for little boys to ask so many. He almost despaired of an explanation, and kept pondering upon those two roads until he felt quite discouraged.

At some distance from the house grew two trees, the branches of which were so inter-twined that the thick foliage made a most inviting shade. The gnarled trunks threw out various projections some of them so smooth that they could easily serve for brackets, whilst others, low down and covered with moss formed most inviting seats. This soon became Bertie's favorite resort. Although he loved play as well as any of the little heroes immortalized by the reverend "Discoverer of the American boy" his strength gave out so soon that he was glad to go there and rest. His mama and aunt often brought their sewing or their books thither, or Mary with her interminable knitting remained with her little charge. It was July when they came to Woodland and as the sixteenth drew near Bertie, who had been told the history of the scapular, thought he would make a little altar there. His aunt gave him a pretty statute of the Blessed Virgin, and Mollie one of St. Joseph. Above hung the little chromo, which he had received for his diligence in collecting STAMPS for the

Carmelite fathers, in a dainty silvered frame. Every day found him with some fragrant flowers for the beloved shrine, and his satisfaction was complete when, on the morning of the feast, his mama produced a little lamp whose light would deepen and brighten in its ruby setting. That afternoon Bertie had a new idea. He knelt down and, with the simple earnest faith of childhood, begged the Blessed Virgin to let some one tell him where to find those two roads. Then he arose feeling sure that his prayer would be heard. He had taken a long walk with his papa that morning, and now threw himself on the soft grass to rest. Before long his eyes closed and he was in the land of dreams. And a wonderful dream he had!

A radiant being—whom he instantly knew to be his guardian angel—stood beside him, and said, "Bertie, come!" Then the angel led them on until they reached a point where TWO ROADS branched off in different directions. That to the left was very wide. It was invitingly cool from the graceful trees which on either side cast a pleasant shade, and flowers of every kind bordered the verdant grass.

Sparkling waters from marble fountains afforded the passers-by opportunity to quench their thirst, whilst strains of soft sweet music floated on the air.

Guides went hither and thither offering flowers and refreshments. These were eagerly accepted, but Bertie saw that the fairest roses were surrounded by stinging thorns, and that in the depths of the vessel which held the liquid there lurked a deadly serpent. This pleasant road was crowded and Bertie did not wonder. He said as much to his guide, who smiled sadly, and led him along until they reached the termination.

Alas! It ended in a dark and sullen marsh whose slimy stagnant waters threw off a deadly odor. Birds of ill omen flew over it and gave discordant screams as the hapless beings who had walked the "broad and pleasant road" fell into the marsh and were engulfed beneath its depths.

Bertie asked why they could not draw back in time. The answer was that they were so engrossed with their amusements they gave no thought to looking whither they were going until it was too late. The marsh was so close to the path that one

step led into it. Bertie wept for their sad fate, and the angel led him to the narrow road. So unpleasant was its aspect that the little boy drew closer to his angel who bade him not to fear. This road was narrow, uneven and stony. It skirted the edge of a deep precipice and those who walked upon it had to exercise great care to avoid falling over. There was, generally speaking, neither shade nor water and besides these privations much had to be endured from the ridicule and unkindness of their neighbors, for the roads were in sight of each other. Sometimes when these wayfarers would seem almost fainting, guides would lead them to one of the few shade trees, or to one of the fountains erected at long distances. Often, too, some seemed on the point of taking the pleasant path, but the guides would earnestly encourage them to proceed. Bertie began to wonder where *this* road led to, and at that moment they reached the termination. Oh! what a lovely sight!

The blessed ones who had chosen the "narrow path" were led by their angelic guides into a beautiful garden. Music, flowers and birds were there, and a lady of surpassing loveliness came forward to welcome the new arrivals.

While gazing into the depths of the grove Bertie beheld a most brilliant light, but the angel drew him away telling him that he must tread the narrow path for many years before he could look even upon the light which surrounds the throne of the Most High. As they were leaving the lady

in passing placed her hand upon the child's head and gave him a smile which he never forgot. "Dear Bertie," said the angel, "Look! Among those happy beings is your grandma. She chose the straight and narrow path leading to eternal bliss; never once did her footsteps wander to that broad and flowery road that ends in everlasting woe.

"Know, my child, that the narrow path means the way of self-denial by which we must walk to gain heaven; the pleasant road is the way of sin, which leads to hell."

Then everything faded away for Bertie's eyes were opening, and his mama stood there to tell him that supper was ready, and so he had to come down to the things of earth. He related his dream to his parents and aunt who were deeply impressed. Bertie now fully understood what had so puzzled him. He is now fast leaving his childhood in the vanishing past, for several years have elapsed since the incident above narrated, and he will at no distant day bid a final farewell to his pleasant home. And why? Because he has decided to serve God as one of our Lady's Knights in the ancient order of the Carmelites. His father has erected a picturesque little chapel upon the spot where Bertie's little altar stood, and it is quite a shrine in the vicinity.

Bertie will never forget that feast of the scapular, nor his wonderful dream, for he always maintains that our dear Lady of Mount Carmel bade his guardian angel whisper it in his ear on that lovely midsummer day.



EDITORIAL NOTES.

BY THE EDITOR.

A CIRCULAR has been mailed from our office to all subscribers in arrears. It explains itself, and calls for an answer. All those who will not have answered within a certain time will be taken off the list of subscribers, but their conscientious obligation to pay their debt will not thereby be cancelled.

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ON Thursday, July the 16th, the feast of Our Lady of Mount Carmel will be celebrated with due solemnity at the Pilgrimage Church of Our Lady of Peace at Falls View, Ontario. The first Mass will be immediately after the arrival of the pilgrims from Buffalo and neighborhood, about 8.30 a. m. There will be a German sermon at this Mass. Solemn High Mass will be at 10 a. m. Confessions will be heard on the preceding day, and on the morning of the feast until 10 a. m.

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THE great Indulgence of Mount Carmel, similar to that of the Portiuncula, can be gained from 2 p. m. on Wednesday, July the 15th, until sunset on Thursday, July the 16th. It consists in a plenary indulgence for *each visit* to a Carmelite Church to be gained as often as the visit is repeated.

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To gain the great Indulgence it is necessary to go to the Sacraments and to visit the Church. At each visit some prayers are to be said according to the intentions of the Holy Father. Five times the "Our Father," five times the "Hail Mary," and five times "Glory be to the Father, etc.," are sufficient.

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It is not necessary to receive the sacraments at a Carmelite Church. Pilgrims to Our Lady of Peace may go to confession and communion at their own church and come only for the visits.

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FOR the convenience of the pilgrims who come to our monastery at Falls View on

the 16th of July, we publish the following items as to routes of travel:

From Buffalo there are various routes. The most convenient, however, is the Michigan Central R. R., which grants excursion rates to our pilgrims on the 16th of July. The train leaves Exchange Street depot of the New York Central at 7 a. m. and arrives at Falls View at 7.50.

From Rochester there is an early train to Niagara Falls, N. Y. After crossing upper Suspension Bridge, the pilgrims can take the Niagara Falls Park & River electric railway, and ask the conductor to stop for them at the Monastery crossing, and which is just below the hill, behind the Monastery. From Toronto, the quickest and most pleasant way is by the lake boats to Niagara-on-the-Lake, thence by Michigan Central to Falls View, arriving in time for the 10 o'clock Mass. Hamilton visitors will take the Grand Trunk to Clifton and the Park Electric Railway to the Monastery. St. Catharines and Thorold pilgrims can reach the Monastery in time for mass by taking the Niagara Central R. R. It is advisable in all cases to go to confession at home, and unless one can be at Falls View in time for the early masses, to go to Holy Communion at one's parish church.

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As the Monastery is in a secluded spot, about a mile from the nearest restaurants, provision will be made to supply all material wants at the new Hospice building. Pilgrims need, therefore, not encumber themselves with lunch baskets and other impediments, as has been the case heretofore.

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WE hope to be able to open the hospice in time for the celebration of the 16th of July in 1897. And, not to give so much of our space in this REVIEW to the details of the programme of pilgrimages to the shrine of Our Lady, we will have all necessary information printed in a separate pamphlet and mail copies to all our subscribers, friends and benefactors. We were unable to do so

this year, and, therefore, beg the indulgence of those of our readers who may regret to see so much of our editorial space taken up by these very necessary and practical remarks to visiting pilgrims.

* * *

JUNE 12th last was the 37th anniversary of the happy day on which our most reverend Father-General—Aloysius Galli—received the holy habit of our Lady of Mount Carmel. May our dear revered general merit it yet *ad multos annos*.

* * *

“LIFE of the Virgin Mary” was the title of a brochure lately put into our hands. And the same came with “compliments of”—well—a Catholic firm. Would not BLESSED Virgin sound more euphonious and *Catholic—gen-tle-men*?

* * *

MAKE a note of this, kind reader! The novena in preparation for the festival of our Blessed Lady of Mount Carmel commences on the 7th of this month. Prepare, therefore! The favors granted you on our Mother's great festival will be measured according to your preparation for it.

* * *

THE *New World* in its issue of April 18th last, contained an article on the Scapular, written by Father Griffin of the Annunciation Church, Chicago. This article ought to be copied by every Catholic paper in America. It is the most lucid and satisfactory explanation of the subject we have ever seen in a Catholic newspaper. It is an answer to all the many questions that are continually being asked about the Scapular by priests and people. There is only one serious error, undoubtedly a typographical one. It occurs in the enumeration of the conditions necessary to gain the Sabbatine privilege. Instead of (1) to *practice charity* according to one's every day state of life, it should read: to *preserve chastity*, etc.

* * *

FOOD and raiment go together. It is quite natural this truth has of late been forcibly brought home to us. In other words we have been edified at the great zeal of pastors throughout the continent in the preparation of the tender ones of their flock for Holy Communion. And, wise

shepherds as they are, after they dispensed the great (spiritual) Staff of Life, they invariably clothed those tender children with Mary's double garment—the holy Scapular, which never fails to keep aglow the coldest hearts and shields against most chilling blasts. More than this, for this queenly garb is for all its wearers impervious to the fire which is unquenchable. It pleased us during the last few months to hear that the secretaries in our divers monasteries were unusually busy in the work of inscribing the names of the large number of those who of late have donned Mary's livery.

* * *

THE “Notes from Spain” in this issue report of the progress of the Carmelite Order in Spain. The growth of the Order of Our Lady of Mt. Carmel is always a sure indication of the renewal of spiritual life among the Catholic people. It is a sign that they place their faith in prayer, and are beginning to understand that the strongest weapon against the coil of infidelity is not argument so much as prayer and holiness of life. Thus the revival of fervent Catholicity in Mexico marks the re-establishment of the Carmelite Order in that country, whose love for Our Lady has been so splendidly proclaimed in the late festivities of Guadeloupe. We find the following item in the *Catholic News*:

“The Catholic Church in Mexico grows stronger day by day. Infidelity and indifference and persecution cannot stamp out the religion of Christ. A non-Catholic writer, F. R. Guernsey, the Mexican correspondent of the *Boston Herald*, tells of the progress of the Church in Mexico. ‘The great fact which is everywhere apparent,’ he says, ‘is the revival of Catholicism. One notes it in the restoration of churches, in the frequent repairing of old convents, in the arrival of learned and devout priests from abroad, in the new missionary zeal of the Church among the Indians, and in the crowded churches. The Carmelite Order is to be re-formed here, and already a new Provincial is coming over from Spain.’”

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THE great work of Johannes Janssen on the “History of the German people at the close of the Middle Ages,” is to be found in

the library of every student of German history, who is familiar with the language of that people. It is a book which cannot be ignored. It is, as the able critic of the *New York Sun* calls it, a "monumental work, the best attainable account of a transformation, which constitutes one of the most remarkable phenomena in the history of Europe." The work has now been translated into English, and we have now an authentic collection of proofs, gathered from all sources, but mostly Protestant ones, that the so-called reformation was the greatest curse which Divine Providence could have allowed to fall upon a people in the brightest period of their development, their golden age, which was the outcome of the Catholic Middle Ages, the Ages of Faith. It is a cause of genuine gratification to us, that in its English version this great work will counteract effectually the process of falsification, which was begun by the early English reformers, and blindly adhered to by all subsequent Protestant English historians. All English literature was tainted by drawing water from these polluted fountains of lies for the last three centuries. Light is dawning at last, and strong men and good men are turning their eyes to that city of light, which is built upon the mountain, and which was obscured so long from their sight by the mists and fogs arising from the foul quagmires of calumny with which heresy surrounded them. Pens that were once steeped in the acrid fluid of bitter invective, now are used to indite words of praise and reverential admiration of the selfsame authority. And light purifies. May it shine ever more brightly into the gloomy valley of error.

NEW BOOKS.

BENZIGER BROS., of New York, publish a new and beautifully illustrated edition of "*A Visit to Europe and the Holy Land*," by Rev. H. F. Fairbanks. It is artistically bound and printed in excellent type on superior paper. It is cheap at its price of \$1.50. So many guide books and books of travel, based upon them, have been in the hands of the traveling public, that it is a relief to encounter a traveler, an American besides, who simply tells what he saw, and what impressions were made upon his mind and heart, entirely fresh to these sights, by what he saw.

There is a charm about this simple narrative which fascinated even him who never had the pleasure of seeing Europe and the Holy Land. The description of the visit to Mount Carmel is so beautiful that we cannot resist the temptation to give it in full, especially as we are just in the month of Our Lady of Carmel. In the XVII. chapter he describes Mount Carmel as follows:

"High above us rose Mount Carmel, which branches off from the mountains of Samaria, and extends towards the northwest to the sea. It is about fifteen miles long, and rises in places to a height of more than seventeen hundred feet. Along its northern base is the great plain of Esdraelon. This mountain was the residence of the prophets Elias and Eliseus, and the seat of the school of the prophets. It slopes towards the great sea, into which it juts, a high and bold promontory, on which the convent of Mount Carmel is situated, four hundred and eighty feet above the water. The convent, seen from land or sea, is a very conspicuous object. Carmel is covered with trees and vegetation, and even now is beautiful and majestic; therefore does Solomon sing in the Canticle of Canticles, in reciting the praises of the Spouse of Christ: 'Thy head is like Carmel.' Christ, the invisible head of the Church, is here signified. But, like all other places in Palestine, Carmel is not what it once was, but rather the mournful prophecy of Isaias is fulfilled: 'And gladness and joy shall be taken away from Carmel, and there shall be no rejoicing nor shouting in the vineyards. He shall not tread out wine in the press that was wont to tread it out: the voice of the treaders I have taken away.'

"On this mountain the prophet Elias called down fire from heaven, which consumed the holocaust upon his altar, to the confusion of the prophets of Baal, so that the people cried out: 'The Lord He is God.' And the false prophets were brought down from the mountain to the ancient torrent of Kishon, or Cison, and were slain on account of their impiety and imposture.

"On this mountain Elias prayed when there had been no rain for three years and six months, and while he prayed 'a little

cloud arose out of the sea; and while he turned himself this way and that way, behold the heavens grew dark with clouds and winds, and there fell a great rain.' The place of the sacrifice of Elias is yet pointed out, and the convent of Carmel is built over the cave where he dwelt. From time immemorial this mountain has been occupied not only by the prophets, but by saintly anchorites before the time of Christ, and after His coming by Christian hermits until the present time. The Carmelites have the prophet Elias as their founder.

"The fourth and fifth lessons of the Divine Office of the Roman Breviary for the Commemoration of the Blessed Virgin Mary of Mount Carmel relate the following: 'When on the sacred day of Pentecost, the apostles by heavenly inspiration spoke in divers tongues, and, having invoked the most august name of Jesus, performed many wonders, it is related that very many men who followed in the footsteps of the holy prophets Elias and Eliseus, and had been prepared by the preaching of John the Baptist for the coming of Christ * * * * forthwith embraced the evangelical faith, and by certain especial love began so to venerate the Most Blessed Virgin—whose converse and familiarity they had happily been able to enjoy—that first of all on that place on Mount Carmel where Elias formerly saw the cloud rising, marked as a type of the Virgin, they built a chapel to the same most pure Virgin. Therefore, gathering frequently every day at that new chapel, with pious rites, prayers and praises, they worshiped the Most Blessed Virgin as the particular patroness of their Order. For which reason they came to be called everywhere the Brothers of the Blessed Mary of Mount Carmel.'

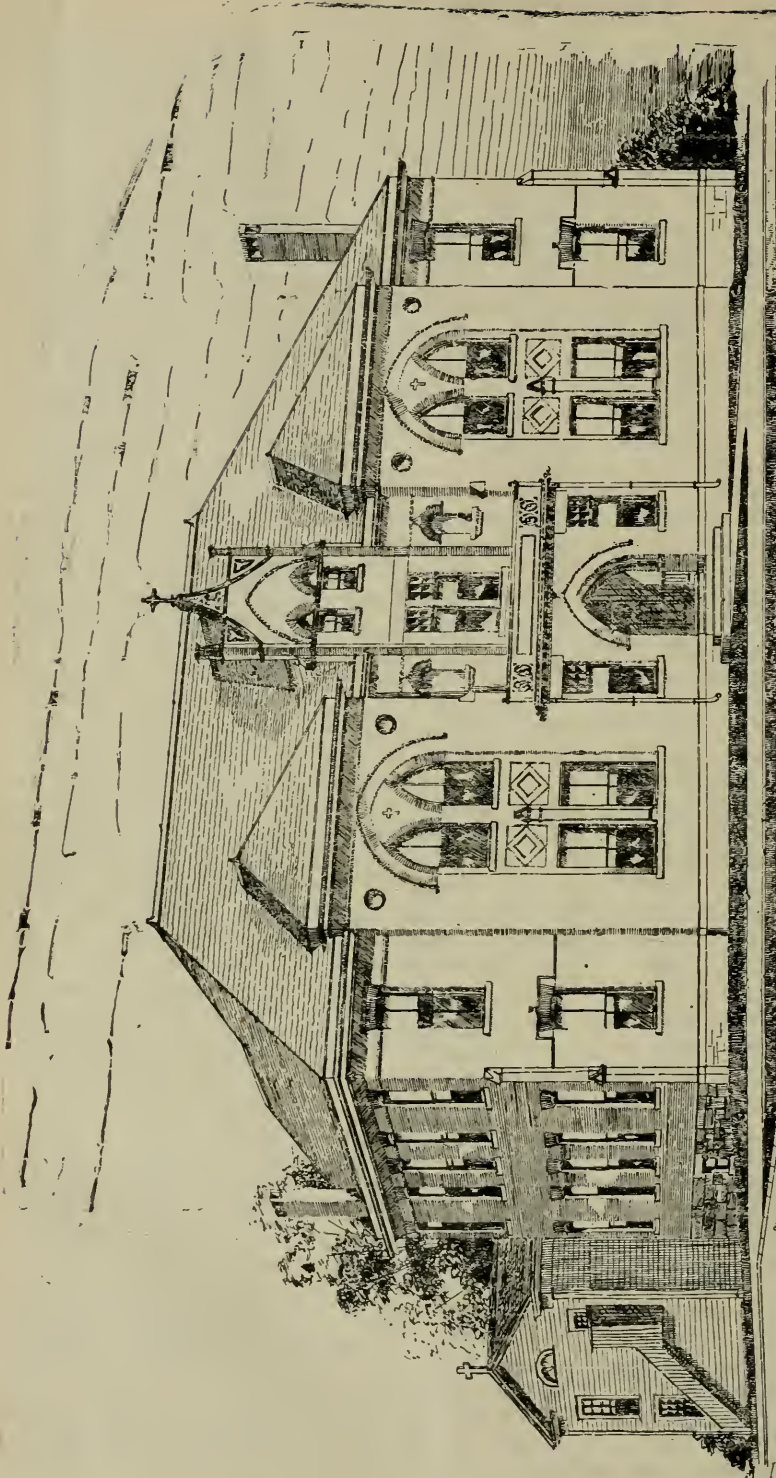
"The German colony has reclaimed considerable land between the base of the mountain and the sea. It is a wide, level plain of fields and orchards. Their houses are good and substantial, constructed of fine hewn stone. Their yards and gardens are well kept and ornamented, and among the trees here and there are a few graceful palms. Across the bay we could see the town of Acre, or Ptolemais, and far beyond the waters of the bay, to the east, the hills of Galilee.

"During the forenoon I determined to make a visit to the convent. My com-

panions thought the day was too warm and would not accompany me, so I set out alone on foot. The path, which was quite good, was pleasantly lined the whole distance with shrubs and trees, so that when I felt the heat was too intense I always found the welcome shade of a tree near at hand. These occasions of rest also gave an opportunity to enjoy quietly the beauty and grandeur of the scenery. From this holy mountain of Carmel, the mountain of God and the mountain of the Blessed Virgin, many a pure and holy eye has lingered for the last time on the blue, beautiful sea, and over the green plains and hills of Galilee, quickly to catch a glimpse of the home of eternal rest and the divine delights of the celestial country. It is, surely, a holy place from which to pass from earth to heaven.

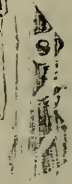
"I soon reached the monastery and received a most cordial welcome from the Carmelite monks. The convent of Carmel looks out from its heights over the Mediterranean Sea, and from its influence over the world. I became acquainted with an aged Carmelite father, wearing a long, white, flowing beard. He was a Belgian, and had been on the mission in the East Indies and knew English well. He delighted in making eloquent quotations which he had formerly committed to memory from 'Paradise Lost.' In about half an hour after my arrival my two friends, having reconsidered their morning resolutions, arrived on donkeys at the monastery gate. Our venerable Carmelite guide showed us over the building. The most interesting part was the cave of the prophet Elias. In how many ways these monks of Mount Carmel, who have gone forth to the ends of the earth 'with the spirit and power of Elias,' have proven themselves to be the true sons of Elias, quickened by a new fire consuming and working wonders to the confusion of the false prophets of the world, and making men cry out: 'O Jesus of Nazareth, Thou art the Son of the Living God! and O Mary, thou art indeed the Mother of God!'

"We also knelt before the altar of St. Simon Stock, who lived six years in this holy retreat. We were cordially invited to stay over night and as long as we pleased, but, having to start for Nazareth that afternoon, we could not accept the kind invitation. In returning to Haifa I was glad to have the privilege of walking down the side of the mountain alone and in silence, meditating on the history and mysteries of Carmel."



Wm. P. Roth, Architect.

St. Joseph's Catholic School,
Leavenworth, Kansas



St. Joseph's School, Leavenworth, Kansas.

ST. JOSEPH'S SCHOOL,

LEAVENWORTH, Kansas.



ALTHO seemingly but of local interest, we make room for a woodcut of the new school attached to the Carmelite Church in Leavenworth, Kas. It is most intimately associated with the earliest days of the Carmelite Order in the United States. The first parish attended by the two founders of the Carmelites in the States, was St. Joseph's Church in Leavenworth. The parochial school was taught by the first novices of the Order—both of whom were secular priests at the time of their reception. One of them was Father Albert Heimann, the pioneer priest of Kansas, who died in September, 1893—and whose picture and biography appeared in the October number of this REVIEW in the same year. The other was Father Louis Guenther, who is now pastor of the congregation, and is building this new school to take the place of the old building, in which he taught thirty years ago.

The corner stone of this new school was laid and blessed in the beginning of the month of May.

Rt. Rev. Bishop Fink officiated at the ceremony of the blessing of the corner stone, assisted by Very Rev. Father Cunningham, V. G., Father Downey, Father McCaul, Father Kennedy, Father Smietana, Very

Rev. Prior Andrew, O. S. B., from St. Benedict's Abbey, Atchison, P. Raphael Fuhr, O. S. F., of Quincy, Ill., and the Carmelite Fathers, P. Louis Guenther, Pastor, P. Cyril Feehan, Chaplain to the Sisters, and P. Angelus.

All the Catholic societies of the city, irrespective of nationality, Irish, Germans and Poles, and 300 veterans from the Soldiers' Home, headed by music bands, etc., participated.

Sermons were delivered in English and in German. The sermon in English was by Rev. P. Cyril Feehan, O. C. C. He dwelt upon the absolute necessity of the education of the heart and mind. He showed man as the crown of creation, with free will and inclination to good and evil. And the object of man's creation is to serve God and to be happy with God in the world to come. He dwelt forcibly upon the school laws as laid down by the Council of Baltimore and the statutes of our diocese.

The German oration was by Rev. P. Raphael Fuhr, O. S. F., of St. Francis College, Quincy, Ill. It was an exquisite oration, in which he forcibly dwelt upon the necessity of a parochial school and the obligation of sending Catholic children to that school in spite of the opposition of any so-called Liberals.

The celebration was a great success in every way, and will be long remembered by the people of St. Joseph's congregation.

NEW BOOKS.

DURING the last month P. Tequi, 29 rue de Tournon, Paris, has published the following works :

1. *Un Apotre francais au Tonkin, Msgv. Puginier*, by C. d'Allenjoye. 1 vol. in-12. Price, 2 francs.

This life of Mgr. Puginier, the late bishop of Tonkin, contains, besides the biography of this zealous Apostle, most interesting accounts of the French colonization of Tonkin. Those who take a lively interest in the Missions of the East, will be gratified to find in this work a most detailed account

of the persecutions and trials of the church in Tonkin and Annam.

2. *Un mot sur les Visions, Revelations et Propheties*, par le R. P. Pouplard, S. J. 1 vol. in 12; price, one franc. 180 pages.

This book is far more than its title seems to suggest. It is not only a "word," but a complete treatise on a question so interesting to our French brethren at the present moment. It deals exhaustively with the whole question of visions, revelations to private persons, ecstasies, satanic intervention, and especially modern spiritualism. The prophetess of the Rue Paradis is not

directly mentioned, but it is evident that the book is published to put the faithful on their guard against this pseudo-Gabriel who claims to be the Archangel himself.

3. *Le R. P. Henri Chambellan, S. J.* (1834-1892.) par le P. Charruan, S. J. 1 vol. pr. 3 francs.

The late Jesuit Father Chambellan, provincial of the Jesuits in France, was, above all his other eminent qualities, a most prudent and enlightened director of souls. This volume is, therefore, all the more valuable, as it contains copious extracts from the spiritual correspondence between this gifted soul and those under his charge.

PERIODICALS.

There is a most interesting article on Niagara Falls, by J. W. Spencer in the May number of the *Popular Science Monthly*. It is beautifully illustrated with views of the Falls, maps of the surroundings and geological sections of the territory, through which the river has cut its way. Like all former students of the river's history Mr. Spencer gives us the exact age of the river, 32,000 years. He even predicts the number of years it can still count on the future, 5000, so that Niagara River will finally die at the good old age of 37,000 years, all its glory having been absorbed by that time by the Chicago canal. We have heard so many different computations of the dear old river's age all the way from 55,000 years to the short span of 3000 years, that we may be excused if we find ourselves a little sceptical at this latest discovery. But we must say the theory laid down by Mr. Spencer as to the formation of the gorge and falls of Niagara river, seems to be the result of the most fargoing research up to the present day. We are inclined therefore to hold on to his deductions until this problem of ages has received some more plausible solution.

"AT THE SIGN OF OUR LADY."

Inns in England were, in the old days, frequently named for the Blessed Virgin and put under her protection. Her picture adorned the sign-board, and one spoke of the Sign of the Virgin, or of stopping at Our Lady's Inn, or at the Inn of Our Lady of Pity, as the case might be. Sometimes on the sign there was a Salutation, or

Annunciation, with Gabriel addressing Our Lady.

Frequently the Puritans, too parsimonious to destroy, would disfigure these signs, and call the Inn the "Soldier" and "Citizen," or similar names. After the Reformation they had a fashion also of painting out the picture of the Blessed Virgin, leaving only St. Gabriel with his scroll in his hand, on which was inscribed the Angelic Salutation.

PETITIONS.

THE following petitions are recommended to the charitable prayers of our readers: Conversions and reform, 20; employment, 8; temporal, 20; spiritual, 21; special, 20; cures, 5; families, 7; vocations, 2; sick persons, 4; children, 3; happy deaths, 2; souls in purgatory, 1. Thanks are also returned for many favors obtained.

TO-MORROW is only to-day carried forward. The future to a man in middle or mature life will contain very little not to be found now in his soul. To-morrow is only a point in the river a little nearer the sea. The same water flows there that flowed a hundred miles above. It is a sad thing when one must confess for himself that these passing hours are the photograph of the remainder of life. To-morrow will only be to-day rolled on, and when maturity has fully come this worship of to-morrows should be given up, and the full significance of the present should burst upon the intellect and soul.

God of my heart, I pray thee to love those who do not love thee, to open to those who do not knock, and to cure those who not only take pleasure in being sick, but who even labor to increase their malady. Thou didst come upon the earth to seek sinners; behold them, my God, the real sinners. Listen only to thy mercy and thy clemency, and save them.—ST. TERESA.

THOSE who love repentance are the true children of Mary. It is at the foot of the cross they meet her, crucifying herself with Jesus Christ and drinking in the love of suffering at the very fountain—the wounds of the dying Saviour.—BOSSUET.



The Assumption of the Blessed Virgin Mary.



OUR LADY'S ASSUMPTION.

BY ELEANOR C. DONNELLY.



THREE solemn days her lovely corse hath lain
 In the dark tomb. Her sweet eyes closed in sleep.
 (Like August pansies bowed by twilight rain),
 Her ev'ry limb composed in slumber deep.

The virgin breast where Jesus oft reclined,
 The lips He pressed—the hands He joyed to hold—
 The feet that followed His—unflagging, kind,
 Are quiet now—are pulseless, pale and cold!

But hark! a burst of angel-song is heard!
 The Day hath dawned—the Sleeper opes her eyes!
 She bursts her prison-house; like some glad bird
 Darts up triumphant to the glorious skies!

The sinless Heart within her throbs and thrills,
 The roses bloom on cheek and lip afresh;
 Immortal vigor all her being fills,
 Shining thro' hands, and feet, and deathless flesh!

O, Earth! so full of sorrow, pain and sin,
 Our Mother quits thy shades forevermore!
 Her Son, our Saviour, bids her enter in
 That bright Abode, where death shall be no more!

There she awaits us at Life's golden Source,
 To crown our life—our death. Her empty tomb
 Th' Apostles search in vain. Where slept her corse,
 Naught save these great white lilies fills the gloom!

LIFE AND CATHOLIC JOURNALISM

—OF THE LATE—

JAMES A. McMASTER,

EDITOR OF THE NEW YORK FREEMAN'S JOURNAL AND CATHOLIC REGISTER.

EDITED BY VERY REV. MARK S. GROSS.

CHAPTER XII—CONTINUED.

THE JEWS IN ROME.



Tis reported with great industry that the Jews are among the most delighted at the usurpation of the States of the Church by Victor Emanuel. No doubt many Jews have taken this ungrateful part towards their benefactor, but that this has been a rule among them it is not pleasant to think. A most bitter article, originating in some anti-Catholic paper, is floating through the press of the country, contrasting the treatment of the Jews at Rome with the favor shown them elsewhere. The qualification is thrown in that disqualifications differentiating against Jews also 'unhappily existed too long in countries *more enlightened.*' New Hampshire might have been instanced, where, to this day, neither Jew nor Catholic is eligible to any State office. The great complaint is about the ancient law requiring the Jews, in Rome, to inhabit a special quarter of the city, and forbidding them having Christians in their houses. But this arrangement was as much for the protection of the Jews as for the Christians. The transgression of this law by a Jewish family, occasioned the unpleasant affair of young Madai, baptised in infancy, when thought to be dying by his Christian nurse.

"The Jews have been taught the lessons of their past history in a very severe school. The secular princes of Europe that succeeded the fall of the pagan Roman Empire, inherited its hatred of the Jewish race. England, of course, is counted by the paragraphist we have quoted, as among the 'countries more enlightened' than Rome. But at the coronation of Richard *Coeur de Leon*, that monarch forbade any Jew to approach him—for fear of maleficent con-

jury; and the 'highly intelligent' Londoners, taking up the cue, proceeded to beat, stone to death, and exterminate the Jews, even setting fire to their houses when they had succeeded in getting into houses not strongly enough barricaded' to resist the entrance of the English mob. It is true a few of these rioters were tried and hanged for arson, but the indictment clearly set forth, as the reason why they ought to be hanged, that, in burning up the houses and persons of pestiferous Jews, they had, against the peace of the realm, also burned the dwelling houses of Christians. The London mob against the Jews in that old middle age (twelfth century) found its example followed in other principal towns of the kingdom. At York, the entire 'enlightened British sentiment,' with 'public opinion' as its guide, assaulted the Jews, with the purpose of exterminating the whole race from 'Merry England.' They had a high time of it. Over five hundred Jewish men, with their wives and children, perished miserably during that riot. It is to be noted that the 'highly respectable British sentiment' of that time assaulted also the Cathedral of York and the Catholic clergy attached to it, to force the latter to give up the persons, with the property, of unfortunate Jews, that, instinctively, or from wise observation, had run to the Catholic clergy for protection, at the outbreak of the great riot.

"In France, the contemporary of Richard of the Lion-Heart—Philippe Auguste—signalized the beginning of his reign by an edict discharging all his Christian subjects from all debts towards Jews. He followed this up by another edict, expelling all Jews from the Kingdom of France—as Ulysses S. Grant did, when commanding the Army of the West—from all the districts controlled by his armed forces. In this the King persevered, despite the *urgent*

remonstrances of the Catholic Prelates, who—the veracious chronicler (who may have personally been a little in debt to some Jew, and, so, ‘knowing how it was himself,’ saw the propriety of the edict,) tells us were, no doubt, *bribed* by the Jews to influence the King.

“Not to make this notice too long, we omit other instances of how Jews fared at the hands of the secular governments of the ‘more enlightened countries.’

“Let us take a brief look at the acts towards the Jews of Pope Innocent III, the contemporary of Richard of the Lion-Heart, and of Phillippe Auguste. While the secular rulers were plundering the Jews, and seeking to exterminate them to get hold of their wealth, the voice of a great successor of St. Peter, Innocent III., called out to them: ‘This people (the Jews) are the living witnesses of the truth of the Christian religion. The Christian must not exterminate, nor even oppress them. * * * Their belonging to the synagogue gives them no right to violate any laws of the country they live in. [The Jews were accused not only of *usury*, then forbidden, but of horrible crimes committed even on innocent children, out of hatred of the cross.] But the Christian law *protects* them in the exercise of the privileges accorded to them. If their hearts are hardened against seeking out what the law of Moses pointed to, and the oracles of the ancient prophets, that is no reason against their right to our protection. They refuse to come to the knowledge of Christ. But they have asked our protection [by virtue of human rights.] We accept their appeal. We cast the shield of our authority over them. The meekness of Christian piety so teaches.’

“Therefore, following the examples of our Predecessors in this Holy See—the Popes Calixtus, Eugenius, Alexander, Clement and Celestin, we forbid anyone whosoever to use violence to lead any Jew to be baptized. He that yields only to force, neither receives nor exercises faith. If any Jew is willing to be baptized, let no one dare molest him. [The Jews were charged with having assassinated some who became Christians.] No true Christian will use violence towards Jews, or seize their goods, or seek to change their customs, as protected by law. Therefore, let no one trouble them on their feast days, striking them, or

throwing stones at them, nor let any one require of them *services*, on those days, that can be postponed.—Book II., Letter 302, of Pope Innocent III.

“This letter, of those now called encyclical, closes by denouncing the avarice, and malice, that had been shown towards the Jews, and threatening with *excommunication* all Catholics who, thenceforward, would dare to infringe on the Pontifical protection extended to ‘the Jews as a class,’—to quote Gen. Grant’s expression, in banishing them, and their wives and little ones, from the States of Kentucky, Tennessee, and wherever his military power extended.

“‘The Jews as a class,’ kissed the hand that smote them, in the case of Gen. Grant. In this city of New York, at least, the great body of Jewish men voted for the military tyrant who had so outraged their people.

“Forgetting injuries is a noble thing—except accompanied by the forgetting of favors and of benefits!

“The Popes gave a *home*, or, at least, a *safe tarrying place*, to the Jews, when the secular governments of the world—the Napoleons, and Prussian Williams, and the Austrian Francis Josephs, etc., of that time if they, for a few years, lured the Jews to their several kingdoms, showed that they had done so to rob them. The Popes gave the Jews *security*, wherever the Papal voice was heeded. In Rome, always. If the *Ghetto* of Rome is squalid, it is not the fault of the Popes. There was no prohibition for the Jews to build there splendid palaces, and there are plenty of Jews able to do it. But this people, so enveloped in the mysteries of God, do not *desire* to live elegantly—those, we mean that cling fast to their religious traditions. When they build splendid temples, in fashionable localities, they are ‘liberalised’ Jews, who are ready to part with all their religious traditions. The traditional Jew wishes to have an obscure Synagogue, in the most obscure part of the city he inhabits. The wealth he possesses he does not want to exhibit. It is thus that, as Pope Innocent III said, the Jew is the living witness to Christians of the truth of revealed religion. In a humble position in the marts of commerce, he seems ever repeating in his soul: ‘Beside the rivers of Babylon we sit and weep, re-

membering Zion. How can we sing songs of joy in a *foreign* land.'

"When this wonderful people shall have vision of the *New Jerusalem*, that has come down from God, out of heaven, they will put on the garments of joy. The prodigious increase of the Jewish race, while some other races are dying out, and other evidences, intimate that this time is drawing near. The Jews are not a people to forget their history, modern any more than ancient. They will open their eyes to the fact that, in the fulfilment of the prophecies of their ancient prophets, the *world* has persecuted them; but the Pope, as head of the Catholic Church, has always protected them. They will see how, in latest times, the most Protestant and infidel states, like the Scandanavian countries, have persistently persecuted them.

"The Jews have been blinded by expecting in this world a *material* glory. When they learn the lesson aright of seeking first the kingdom of heaven and the justice of it, they will find this temporal glory added to them. Then the sons of those that oppressed them and despised them will come, bowing to them and ask to serve them. For assuredly, theirs were the old prophets, and the only trustworthy traditions of the human race. Of them came Christ Our Lord, of whom at this time of the year we are specially commemorating the coming. It was of the House of Israel and of the Family of David, that THE VIRGIN arose, in whom truth sprang up from the earth, and on whom heaven dropped down as dew from above and budded forth THE SAVIOUR.

"The children according to the flesh of Abraham, Isaac and Jacob, are the most perfect type of the human race. Very vile in present fact, but wonderful in the glory that is to follow.

"'Jerusalem, oh Jerusalem, return to the Lord, thy God!'

"As our hearts are melted, while we kneel in commemoration of the Crib of Bethlehem, let us ask of the Sacred Heart of Our Lord that the veil may be taken away that has darkened the hearts of the first chosen people of God—that their souls, while under this cloud bowed down to the earth, and seeking only what is of the earth, may be freed, to rise to the things

of heaven. When this comes about, the 'fullness of the Gentiles' will speedily be gathered. The grandeur of the 'chosen people will show itself and be acknowledged, and all the earth may be happy in fulfilling the purposes of God.'

"But Jews, acquainted with their own history for the last thousand years, who join in hostility to the Pope, make themselves the most perfect existing type of human ingratitude! They have a taste of the results already. Under the Popes they were not permitted to be public teachers of Christian youth; but they were protected from annoyance—if they observed the municipal laws—and it was forbidden to insult them. The Piedmontese usurpation pretends to foster them, and puts three of them into professors' chairs in public schools. Catholic youth in Rome have not gone near such schools. The youth who have gone are of Italians 'emancipated' from Popery. Well, these 'emancipated' youth drive the Jewish professors from their chairs with shouts of 'old clo,' 'old clo,' *Roba vecchia; Roba vecchia!* The Jew who takes sides with infidels against the Catholic Church is not only forgetful of gratitude but he is blind to the honor and welfare of his own race. The Jew, as to his religion, asks to be permitted to '*dwell alone.*' It is the ecclesiastical power of the Catholic Church, and this only, in the last thousand years, that has asserted and maintained for him this, *as a right.*"

*N. Y. Freeman's Journal,
Saturday, Dec. 31, 1870.*

THE DUTY AND PRIVILEGE OF CATHOLICS.

"When Peter was in prison prayer was made for him without ceasing by the infant church. And the disciples, as Christians were then called, were astonished one night at hearing his voice at the door of their assembly asking admission. They thought it was his ghost. But it was he, in the body, whom an angel of God had released from prison.

"Our Holy Father, St. Peter's successor, is in prison, in fact, or virtually. Now is the time for all who are Catholics to put up fervent prayers for him. Now is the time for Catholics to make some extra communions for the intentions of the Holy Father. We do not mean those who

are 'good enough' to pray for the Holy Father, or to go to communion for him. We are not capable of advising such. But we beg of those who know they are 'not good enough' to go to confession, and then to make a communion for the intention of the Holy Father. Such sacrifices, with a heart humble and broken, God will accept rather than holocausts.

"And it is *prayer* in all its forms that the needs of the Catholic Church now call for. God has blessings in store so great that this unbelieving generation is not able to receive them. They can be gained only by prayer. For this so many holy missionaries have been inspired, at this very time, to urge us poor mortals to acts of devotion, communions, alms-giving, etc., and, together with these, unworthy as we may be to approach God, to pray Him for His church and for the world.

"We can say, for present necessities of the Church, what was so well said by holy men in regard to earlier sittings of the Vatican Council: 'God will guide the march of events, but the greater or less good that may come of them will depend on the multitude and on the earnestness of prayers offered in their behalf.'

"It is in this way alone, by pious acts and supplications, that most of us can promote the great good and glory that is in store for the Catholic Church. We are called to help it in this way.

"And entering into the spirit of our vocation as Catholics, we can then rejoice and be very glad. We can laugh at the enemy and clap our hands in hail of the coming triumph.

"Yes, the triumph that is at our door. It is presaged in the violence of the storm. It was not till the tempest was very great; not till the ship began to sink, that the disciples awakened the Lord Jesus with their prayers: 'Lord, save us, or we perish.'

"'Oh, ye of little faith! Why did ye doubt?' Wherefore this reproof? Was it because they had mistaken a *little* storm for a great one? Not at all! The storm was very terrible. Humanly judging, they were about to perish in it. But they *could* not perish, because they were in the *bark of Peter*, and *Jesus Christ was in it*, though, to try their faith, He seemed to be asleep.

"'Oh! ye of little faith!'

"Therefore, we Catholics, just now, have two duties to discharge especially, and two privileges to enjoy, towards the Catholic Church. The one is to help her work, by alms, deeds, prayers, and other works of devotion.

"The other is a duty and a privilege of a living faith. It is to rejoice and shout triumph at the present persecutions of the Church! We keep as festivals the days on which great saints were martyred. So, now, we shout for triumph at the persecutions endured by the Church. They are the harbinger of glorious days."

N. Y. Freeman's Journal.

Saturday, Oct. 1, 1870.

RECONSTRUCTION.

"Why should we disguise the truth? There are enough of men who are blinded—enough who, though not blinded, are mute—enough who, though they talk, talk round the issue that is before us. But there are just two dominant, cardinal ideas, on one or other of which our political questions are turning. The one is the idea of *construction*. The other the idea of *destruction*. The *destroyers* are not hard to find—we mean those whose idea is the destructive. They are those who years ago proposed in the Senate to dissolve the union of our country. They are those who denounced the constitution as 'a league with death and a covenant with hell.' They are those who took it as their rallying cry among the people that our country, as the forefathers constituted it, was already a 'house divided against itself,' and could not stand. They are those who inaugurated as the basis of sectional organization, the idea that there was 'an irrepressible conflict of opposing and enduring forces' between the geographical sections of the country. They are those that would not, in the last struggle for an adjustment, accept of Douglas' compromise, or of Crittenden's compromise, or of any compromise. They are those who shouted for blood. They are those who howl with rage when they hear of a battle field won without torrents of blood. The *destroyers* are not hard to find.

"The conservators and constructives are also to be found. They are those that clung to the hope of a preserved and growing country. They are those who

wanted to tear down nothing, to root up nothing. They are those who know that consent is the condition of all true union, and that compromise is the condition of all political peace. They are those brave men who, if they have taken up arms, and put their bodies in the front of the battle, and shed their blood, have done it—not with the idea of *destroying* the country as it used to be—but of *saving*, and of *restoring* it to its old estate. They are those who, at whatever risk, at whatever loss, have not ceased from testifying to and abiding by, the great sheet-anchors of free government, or from proclaiming that positive, not destructive, healing, not wounding, measures must at last be resorted to for the reparation of what the country suffers.

“It has been sought to hush the voices of these conservators. Vain attempt! The ideas they embody are a positive force. Their latent power will become only the greater by whatever degree of compression may be attempted. It is the force of nature, and nature is driven out of its course, only to come back at a gallop.

“The time has come when that voice must be heard. It must sound from city to city, from village to village, from farm to farm. It must travel over all the roads and echo from hill-top to hill-top. There is no nook so secluded, where an American freeman shelters, that he must not hear the summons. The issue is very simple. It is:

“CONSERVATISM, OR DESTRUCTION!

“BUILDING, OR TEARING DOWN!

“CONSTITUTION, OR DESPOTISM!

“LAW, OR BAYONETS!

“THE PAST RESTORED, OR THE PRESENT PERPETUATED!

“Conservatives, constructives, positive-men, men of progress—rightly understood, these are all the same—will choose, nay, *have* chosen, their part. But *how*?

“*How* are we to restore the *past*? How are we to restore the principles of the laws and of the constitution? How are we to *build*?

“Our answer to these questions does not touch the *present* conduct of the war. This is assumed to be carried on by *somebody*, without advice or consultation through the public press.

“Our answer to these questions does not touch the *present* action of the Adminis-

tration at Washington, or the *present* Congress. We frankly confess that—if free to do it— or even solicited—we are incapable of advising the one or the other—they being what they are.

“Our answer implies that the present Congress must be *endured*, because it has still a constitutional existence for nearly ten months to come. The executive—that is the President and the constitutional advisers he has around him—must be supported, within the bounds of the constitution, because he and they are not impeached, and it is a moral requirement of the constitution which we love, and are bound to support—with all its burdens as well as its blessings.

“Our answer is simple, and shall be stated in brief terms. To build, to restore, to *reconstruct*, the people must be convinced of something they must *do*, and of something they must *believe* in regard to politics.

“The thing that they must *do* is, in the elections next fall, to see to it that every State—at least every State from New York to the Pacific Ocean—is put, as a State Government into the hands of men professing, and *faithful to*, that *Democracy* under which the past happiness of the country has been secured, and the achieved glories *all* attained. It is not *because* it is the *party*, we say it, but because its past *successes* in administering the country have been *owing to the principles of its party creed*. Along with electing the State Legislatures, these States must send, in the same way, not simply a *majority*, but an overwhelming majority of true, and tried, and able *Democrats* to the popular House of Congress for next year. This will be the most potent evidence that can be afforded to the beguiled and deceived people of the South, that the people of the North have determined to restore in principle and in spirit the old constitution. This is what the people must *do*, and the *majority* of their popular vote in doing it should, as we believe it will, be prodigious. There is something the people must be taught to *believe* in politics. It is the *hierarchy of ideas* that governs our American plan of government. It is on the basis of a firm belief in this *hierarchy of ideas* that the people should move in restoring the Democratic party to power. It has, for more than half a century been recognized as a main article of

the Democratic creed. In this hierarchy the laws are considered as limiting and controlling the governmental administrators of the laws as completely as they control the quietest private citizen; *constitutions* are considered as controlling and limiting *laws*, and the *people*, only, and that only when acting organically in constitutive modes, as having sovereignty *over* constitutions.

"But the people must believe something farther. They must believe in a high *moral* obligation binding on all to observe the Constitution, and that he that breaks it—who wilfully disregards it is a *bad* man. The hierarchy of ideas is perfect, but, carried out, it goes beyond our present topic. *Morals* must be the basis of consti-

tutions and of civil government, and *religion* must be the mistress and monitor of *morals*. But when we see the curses brought upon our country by preachers, in the *abused* name of religion, we see that the hierarchy of ideas is not complete, unless, somewhere on the earth, God has established a one tribunal which he will keep free from error, and to which he attributes the power of correcting errors and excesses. This, however, is not to our present purpose—only we feel ashamed of mentioning religion in connection with our political disruption, without scouting and branding the adepts of the New England Protestant pulpit."

TO BE CONTINUED.

A POLICEMAN'S EXPERIENCE.

BY PHILIP A. BEST.



"ES, father," said officer Onahan, "next St. Patrick's day it will be just ten years since I joined the force."

"Dangerous experience, did you say?" "Faith then, you are talking. Plenty of them, plenty. Sure isn't my beat down at the Point? I guess I wouldn't be speaking to your Reverence now, hadn't the Holy Mother in heaven preserved me."

"The day I brought home my new uniform, Nora, my wife said to me: 'Now, Cornelius, those brass buttons and all the rest are all very fine, but you are not going to wear those regimentals without a scapular about you as a protection.' So

off I went to Father Carmelus, to be enrolled. Yes, the boys call me 'a lucky fellow,' but the truth is, father, I have had many a seemingly miraculous escape, and the only way of explaining why so many burglars' bullets, intended for me, went wide of their mark, is because I felt that I was under the protection of Our Lady of Mount Carmel. Only for my scapular, father, I guess I'd be over at Limestone now lying side by side with poor Captain Catchem. Yes, father, every dark night, when I am on duty, there comes back to my mind what the sister wrote at the head of the blackboard at school in old Ireland. I guess you have often heard it. It runs:

'Pray to Mary every hour,
Honor her, invoke her power.'



THE GRADUATES.

BY MARY ANGELA SPELLISSY.

CHAPTER VIII.



JUNE brought vacation to the students. Dr. Vinton and wife spent a week in Philadelphia and expressed their joy that their son's choice had given them the promise of such a daughter. Mrs. Vinton was an exquisite woman. She bore herself with dignity and gentleness, an air of discrimination characterized her.

The family were assembled on the porch one evening, enjoying the breeze which came to them, odorous with woodbine. Mrs. Vinton broke the silence.

"I am sometimes very indignant when I remember the calumnies I have heard all my life against Catholics. When I became acquainted with my sister-in-law I was puzzled to reconcile all that I had been taught of Catholics with what I knew of her life. She never talked about her religion, but it appeared in her behavior. She is one of the most elegant women I know and I could not associate with her all the crimes I had heard assigned to Catholics. When the Sherwins went south I saw them frequently. I soon learned that they lived as if in the presence of the Heavenly Father, and I find the same overruling principle in your family, and bless God who has answered my prayers, that my dear son might be shown a companion who should walk with him in the way of God."

The warm weather hastened the departure of Dr. Vinton and wife to the sea shore. Kathleen left the city for Sargentsville, traveling in company with Mr. and Mrs. Scott, who intended spending some weeks with Dora on their way to Bedford.

October was chosen for Mary's wedding. The young people intended to settle within a mile of the Vinton homestead. Dr. Vinton anticipated with delight the relief Dr. George would bring him in his professional labors. From Mr. Dillon

came eloquent commendations of Edward Butler ending with "I told you so."

The summer passed like a dream. The preparations for the wedding, occasional flying visits from their sons, and the duty of the hour found the days full of interest.

John surprised them one Friday in August, asking them to go with him to Sea Girt. He had secured a substitute and wished to have full value for his week's holiday. The change was a delightful experience. On Saturday evening the party was completed by the arrival of Paul in response to a message from John. The girls had so much to tell to the absentees, who, stretched on the sand, revelled in the luxury of well-earned rest, abandoning themselves to the glory of sea and sky, and the enjoyment of family reunion.

Time had invested the sons with the air of men who had surmounted difficulties. In movement they were dignified, in expression thoughtful. Clearness of complexion, holiness of the mouth and the candor of their eyes answered their mother's fond scrutiny, telling her that these bodies were still temples of the Holy Ghost.

"You boys have let me talk right along for an hour," said Mary. "I now propose to listen. What have you to tell?"

"I sent you all the news in my letters."

"You do not call postals letters?"

"My dear sister, if you knew how my time is claimed you would not expect letters."

"I do not, I am asking now for news *viva voce*."

"Oh," said Paul, "it is so delicious to do nothing. John, can you take that letter out of my hip pocket? I am too comfortable to rise."

"Roll yourself a sixteenth of an inch further to the right. There you are."

"This letter arrived in the morning mail. I had no time to read it before breakfast. I saw it was from Frank Barrington."

"The stamps are English. Wait a min-

ute till I run it over— He says: ‘Tell your mother I shall be ever grateful for the help she gave me. Her judicious questioning was of great service in clearing the air. Alaska is a wonderful country, but while there my mind was preoccupied and not in equilibrium. At the end of the month my cousin was recalled to Washington. I concluded to visit Oregon. An old friend of my father’s was pastor of a Church in Portland. He received me cordially and I might have had a good time, but I was in a fog. I did not wish to meet people.’ ”

“What an odd fish Frank was at college. I remember his fogs. They used to envelop him suddenly without warning, and then you could do nothing with him. He emerged from them with the same abruptness, but go on.”

“I was in a fog and could find nothing of interest. One evening Father Stark said, ‘Look here, Frank, there is something wrong. You are not a bad fellow and you should be happy. Joy is one of the fruits of the Holy Ghost, and you have a right to it. Speak out as if you were alone. Throw your thoughts against that mantle-piece.’ I gave him a queer jumble, to which he replied in three words, ‘Make a retreat.’ At the end of the week I went to Montreal and entered on a retreat in the house of the Sulpitian Fathers. I thought I knew something of retreats through our experiences at Georgetown, but this was altogether a new departure. For the first time in my life I had a faint conception of the meaning of the words ‘Alone with God.’ The isolation from friends, the strangeness of my surroundings heightened the effect and helped me in the consideration of the mysteries of life, death and eternity, and my relation to them. The final practical conclusion sent me to Roehampton. I have been five months in the novitiate here and have come out of the fog into the glorious sunshine. I ask your prayers and those of your good mother that I may have but one object, to do the will of God.”

“Mother,” said Mary, “do you think the disappointment Frank met last winter was the cause of his joining the Jesuits?”

“I do not consider it the direct cause; disappointments often set one thinking. Violet’s defection was a great shock to him,

not only was he grieved for himself, but he deplored her own spiritual condition. Frank’s nature is earnest, the Violet of his love existed only in his imagination. As he matured, he began to perceive the object of his affection as she really existed. The change was not so much in the woman as in the man.”

“Well, well,” said Mr. Murphy, “I am surprised. I thought he was in Alaska all this time. Why could he not have entered the order in his own country?”

“That is just what he does not tell. I suppose he had good advisers.”

“No doubt.”

“Your letter reminds me,” said John. “I think I received one this morning. I was the last man entering the dining-room, and I thrust it into my pocket without opening. I saw it was from the hospital.”

He ran his eye over the contents and jumped up hastily, crying out: “What time is it?”

“Twelve o’clock.”

“What time does the noon train arrive?”

“Twelve ten.”

“I have to meet a friend,” said he; “excuse me, I will meet you at dinner.”

“Why could he not lie still,” grumbled Paul. “I will have to burrow a fresh place for myself.”

“Father won’t you lie down here and let me lean against you?”

“Sorry to say I can’t oblige you, my son. I never like to sprawl in company.”

“You don’t know the luxury of it.”

“All right, keep your luxury, I will take a walk with your mother.”

Margaret took Paul’s head in her lap. the change of position gave him a sea view. A school of porpoises hove in sight, tumbling along in their floundering fashion. The serene silence of satisfaction brooded over the brother and sister. The sense of sweet companionship was all sufficient. Their father’s voice roused them in a little while to the consciousness that they were the last of the loiterers, and that it was time for dinner. John joined them as they reached the dining-room. To Paul’s cheery question, “did you find your friend?” John responded, in a low tone, “I will tell you later.”

TO BE CONTINUED

THE SOCIAL QUESTION.

III.

BY PIUS R. MAYER, O. C. C.



THE *wage question* gave in the middle ages as at present rise to disagreements between the masters and their journeymen. The records preserved allow us to judge that in general the laboring people were better paid than they are now, and the many pious foundations made by unions of journeymen prove that money with them was abundant. A journeyman mason or stonecutter received in the 15th century wages averaging per week the price of three sheep and a pair of shoes. (His board, wash, light and fuel were provided for by the master.)

Public baths for the laborers were provided for in all towns and regularly used. It was looked upon as a postulate of cleanliness to bathe frequently.

Thus considering the position and condition of the laboring classes during Catholic times we find it almost ideal. The workman is a member of the family of his employer, well housed, well fed, well paid, and aided abundantly in days of sickness and distress. His wrongs are attended to by the journeymen unions and the guild; the government protects both master and employe in their respective rights, religion curbs wild instincts, and the result of all the forces combining is a perfection of work, material and workingman never reached before nor after.

The rebellion of the 16th century changed the condition of things for the worse. The restraining influences ceased or were defied, the art of the architect, painter, sculpturer and goldsmith were almost annihilated because the reformed churches had no use for their craft. The spoliation of

churches and monasteries deprived the clergy of the means to foster art and trade, and the publications of the middle of the 16th century teem with wrathful denunciations of the universal ruin wrought by the upheaval. Arts, sciences and trades never regained their former ascendancy until the century of steam and electricity dawned upon the world.

The question, however, is pertinent: Did the 19th century really revive them? Certainly not in the shape in which the beginning reformation found them. For the connection between employer and employe, so essential to the well-being of the laborer, no longer exists. There is no identity of interests, on the contrary they often are diametrically opposed to one another. The employer takes only the interest in his laborer represented by his productive ability. The modern division of labor renders it impossible to the laborer to master all the details of his craft, and chains him to the machine. He is a slave, bound so firmly that he is unable to earn a living as soon as a malevolent foreman forbids his attendance upon the machine, and very often it is not unfitness for the work or want of skill that make and unmake the laborer, but religious and political views decide the case. Many a time we heard how the foremen on the eve of an election coolly informed their men that they had to choose between voting the bosses' ticket and quitting work. Quitting work meant starvation for the family, and hence the white slave bowed his head and voted contrary to his conviction and contrary to his interests. And this in the land of liberty!

Female factory hands are of course not touched by politics, but their wages are below all proportion, and when complaints were made they received a cynical answer too lecherous to be repeated. The sale of honor and virtue should help them to living wages. What a contrast between the

action of masters in Catholic and in modern times!

Formerly the master was responsible for the physical and moral well-being of his employees. Now he is almost inimical to their moral well-being, and he uses the strength of his laborer as long as it lasts and ruthlessly casts him aside when he finds the employment no longer lucrative for himself. The man worked hard and faithfully, but the sweating system did not allow him to save anything, and in case of sickness, accident or old age he finds himself a pauper with the poor house before him.

And yet people wonder at the rapid spread of Socialism.

But—what is Socialism? The term, vague in itself, is greatly misunderstood, even by professed Socialists. It embodies at present three widely different systems with any number of shades and distinctions in each. In general Socialism may be defined as a giving up of individual rights and views in favor of society, whether this be represented by the civil government or unions.

The first class of Socialists wishes to yield the rights of the individual to the government, imposing upon it also the duty to maintain and protect the mutual rights of capital and labor by law. The second class substitutes for the individual the multitude, arranging the forces of labor as a closed phalanx against the ranks of capital, however without appeal to violence. To this class belong the Social Democrats. The third branch despairs of ever obtaining justice to the laboring man by legislation or other fair means, and hence appeals to violence. This class comprises the Anarchists, so called because they wish first to upset and utterly destroy the existing order of things in order to raise their new and chimerical happiness upon its ruins.

We hear also of Christian Socialists, but we may as well pass them over at present, as there will be ample opportunity in drawing our conclusions to determine what we have to understand by this system. Instead we can enquire into the merits of the three systems mentioned.

As to the first—Socialism pure and simple—the question arises: Can any civil government legislate in a manner sufficient

and satisfactory to the interests both of capital and labor? The condition of market and labor stamps every government bill of this kind with the character of a compromise, for if there were no diverging views in the questions involved legislation would be unnecessary. In a conflict of views and interests, however, any union is impossible, if it is not effected by mutual concessions. Concessions presuppose fair-mindedness and a sense of justice. Live and let live, must be the parole. This, however, is a moral principle, which lives and finds its being in a well trained conscience. Now the only power that can train a conscience and keep man to obedience to its dictates is the Catholic Church. To prove this we need but refer to the condition of labor as we described it above. In the ratio in which the world emancipates itself from the sway of the Catholic Church, in the same ratio conscience becomes a thing of the past, and greed and self-interest take its place. Hence our legislative assemblies, whatever name they may go by—Parliament, Reichstag or Congress—present us with a number of men actuated by self-interest and determined before hand to promote legislation favorable to themselves and detrimental to people of other views. The question is not enlightened patriotism, the greatest good to the greatest number, but the well-being of the party. It is a sectional issue and determined by the majority *pro tem*. A change of majorities brings a change of cardinal principles and aims, and thus our laws of the present day resemble a storm-tossed bark, flung from side to side by foaming billows of party favor or party hatred. Any rapid change of views and measures is, however, destructive of peace and progress, and none more so than measures affecting capital and labor, which are so complex and comprehensive that with few exceptions all the laws passed touch them. We see this in the questions of tariff, currency, immigration and prohibition.

To yield up under these circumstances the individual rights and establish a modernized kind of Spartan Republic, where the state takes the place of soul and body, family, church and school, and is the common mother that is to tend and heal every woe, is more than Utopian, it is absurd,

absolutely impossible. Even granting an ideal gathering of legislators were possible, that would look to the public interest only, there remain two very serious objections: 1. What is to the public interest? and 2. Can a law be framed through which a cunning lawyer cannot drive a carriage and pair?

Also upright and patriotic men may conscientiously hold opposite views concerning the expediency of a measure, and as there is no judge, who can decide the merits of those views, and infallibly side with the best, legislative enactments are empirical, and all the many social laws enacted in Europe and America for the last thirty years prove this to a demonstration, since they failed of their purpose and were amended and reamended or put aside. Neither can there be any doubt, that in spite of a most careful wording of the law, legal technicalities or tricks frustrate the aims of these laws and pervert to the bad, what was intended for the good. We need not be astonished at this. The bearing of a man towards his fellowman is determined by moral considerations and aspirations,

which are beyond the scope of human laws, and, consequently, where conscience does not bind, the law will fail to bind, so even the most solemn law, not supported by conscience, is but printed words and nothing else.

To theorise, may be very entertaining and elevating, but when it comes to a practical application of theories, we have to take the world as it is, not as it might be and should be, and taking it thus, we can easily convince ourselves, that State Socialism is and must be a failure, and far from being a panacea for existing ills, rather tends to multiply and deepen them.

I do not for a moment deny that also the law has a very conspicuous place in the social questions, nay that many of them could never be solved without the assistance of the law; but it is only a secondary and subsidiary place it occupies. Social questions are in the first place moral questions, questions of conscience, and the law may be the executive, it cannot be the creator of the underlying principles. And therefore Socialism pure and simple, thus understood, is a failure.

THE DOCTOR'S DILEMMA.

BY PHILIP A. BEST.

"Guide me, sweet saint, on my perilous journey;
Gently recall me when blindly I stray;
Patient endurance and faithful endeavor
Teach me Saint Joseph, great Saint of our day!"
— *Angelique de Lande.*



NOT long ago a medical friend of mine,—who by the way is a practical Catholic,—told me of one of his perilous sick-calls. "I was in an awful fix," said he. "It was a very urgent case, and no time was to be lost. It was an unusually wet and dark night. I didn't know which way to turn

my horse, so to get out of the dilemma I threw the lines around the dash-board, saying: 'Here, St. Joseph, take me to my destination.' The Saint did lead me there—to make the story short. I was very grateful, too, for the next day I found that I had crossed swollen creeks in a way which would baffle the most skilful sailor. I had often heard of St. Joseph leading priests to sick people, but my experience has taught me that he likewise helps the medical fraternity when they ask his help with confidence. I never fail to call on St. Joseph in every difficulty," concluded the doctor.

ST. TERESA'S DAUGHTERS IN CUBA.

BY REV. CHAS. W. CURRIER.



NOT far from our coasts, hence doubly interesting to Americans, lies the "Pearl of Antilles," the fair island of Cuba, a veritable earthly paradise, were it not for what men have made it. At the present moment it is attracting world-wide attention, for the din of strife is heard upon its shores, and the blood of its children, as well as that of the people from beyond the seas who hold it in an iron grasp, flows freely. But, mid the turmoil that war has engendered, mid the roar of guns and the clashing of sabres, there are a few quiet spots to which the sound of battle finds no access, where all is love and peace, and the soul breathes the pure air of heavenly contemplation. To these favored retreats belongs the convent where the daughters of the great St. Teresa endeavor to walk in the footsteps of their holy Mother. A sketch of this asylum of virtue would be highly imperfect without more than a brief mention of the saintly man to whom it owes its origin, Bishop Evelino de Compostela.

Diego Evelino was born in 1635, at Santiago de Compostela in Galicia, Spain. From childhood, he evinced an inclination to devote himself to the service of the altar. Such were his talents and so rapid his progress in his studies, that at the age of fifteen he held public disputations in philosophy, and at twenty-three, he obtained the degree of doctor in canon and civil law at the University of Compostela. For a time he filled the position of rector and professor of the *humaniora* in the college of the Infantes at Toledo, whence he passed over to the university of Valladolid, where he filled several chairs. After occupying various benefices, he finally became parish priest of the Church of Santiago at Madrid.

While in this position he was elected Bishop of Cuba in 1685. At the same time, Pope Innocent XI. commissioned him by a special bull to visit the convent of the Descalzas Reales of Madrid and reform their statutes. These religious, knowing his oratorical talents, were very anxious that the King, Charles II., should hear him, and they arranged a religious celebration, at which the monarch assisted, besides his Queen, and the Queen mother, Maria Anna of Austria. There were also present three cardinals, four archbishops, fourteen grandees of Spain, and twenty-two of the most famous preachers of the times. Such was the force of his eloquence and the perfection of his peroration, that he began to be regarded as having no equal, and his reputation increased to such an extent that before leaving Spain he was called upon to consecrate six bishops.

Don Diego Evelino finally embarked at Cadiz, and reached Havana in November, 1687. From the moment he set foot on the shores of Cuba, he began to shine as a resplendent light. Without treading on sensitive hearts, he effected more by his examples and by his eloquence, than all the severity and censures of his predecessors. He treated all with gentleness and courtesy, without the least affectation of austerity in his manner, and thus gained the hearts of his people. He never used a carriage, but went always on foot, living most abstemiously on one frugal meal a day, and freely distributing alms to the poor. When his sonorous and melodious voice sounded from the pulpit, his words melted the coldest hearts. It was, however, not only the laity that experienced his zeal, the clergy, too, were benefitted, perhaps more than others. He found many of them living in luxury, keeping a splendid table, and assisting at plays and diversions, entirely foreign to their state of life. The example of the holy Bishop soon put a stop to these disorders, and for very shame, the clergy returned to a sense of their duty. Many were the works accomplished by this zealous

priest of God, in spite of the slender resources he had to rely on. He founded at least twenty-four parishes, established the seminary of St. Ambrose, paying the rector and professors out of his own pocket. The college of St. Francis de Sales for girls, and several convents owed their origin to him, and he sent missionaries to Florida to evangelize the Indians. One of the brightest gems in his crown is the convent of Carmelite nuns at Havana.

There lived in that city toward the close of the seventeenth century, a physician named Don Francisco Moreno. Together with his wife, Dona Ana Tadino, he ardently wished to form an institution pleasing to God, and they both finally decided to set apart a large portion of their ample fortune to erect in Havana a church and convent of the Reformed observance of Carmel and offered to bring sisters for that purpose from Caragena in New Granada, where a convent of that order existed. The Bishop entered heartily into their views and even volunteered to contribute his share toward the expenses.

The result corresponded entirely to their plans. The Church and convent were soon completed, and in the year 1700 the three first mothers arrived. The prioress was Mother Barbara of St. Catherine. Their portraits may still be seen in the room communicating with the apartment where the *turn* is situated. Mother Barbara died in 1752, after about sixty years spent in religion, leaving behind her a great reputation for faith and piety. The community rapidly increased, and it has continued to edify Havana down to the present time. It is situated at the corner of the Compostela and St. Teresa streets, most appropriate names for streets adjacent to a convent of St. Teresa, founded by Evelino de Compostela. The Church is one of the finest of those attached to nuns' convents in Havana, and it has always been distinguished by the impressiveness of its religious celebrations.

The humble and saintly Bishop Evelino de Compostela lived only a short time after the establishment of the convent, dying on August 29th, 1704. So great was the concourse of people who surrounded his bier, regarding him as a saint and anxious to obtain possession of some object connected

with him, that the governor felt himself obliged to place a guard near the body.

On the gospel side in the Carmelite chapel of Havana, the mortal remains of the saintly Diego Evelino await the Resurrection. The tomb is the best piece of work of its kind in the island of Cuba. It is of white marble, adorned with various well executed figures in relief. The epitaph, translated into English, reads thus: Diego Evelino de Compostela, while living kept before his eyes the hour of death, the last day and the eternal years. He has prepared for himself his honorable tomb among the lilies of Carmel and Virgin Choirs, in this temple of the Nuns of St. Teresa, erected by himself. He departed this life at the age of 69, in the eighteenth year of his episcopate, August 29; 1704." (1) The heart of the holy man is preserved by the nuns in their choir. It was the wish of the Bishop that his heart should remain with his daughters.

Nothing that we know of occurred to disturb the calm serenity of the Daughters of St. Teresa in Havana, until the year 1762, when war broke out between Great Britain and Spain. Toward the end of May of that year a formidable English fleet commanded by Admiral Pocock appeared off Havana. Within a brief period the English army, under command of Lord Albemarle, landed on the shores of Cuba. Havana being in danger of a siege, the Captain-General Prado y Porto Carrero issued an order that all men incapable of bearing arms, as well as the women and children and the religious of both sexes, should leave the city. A Jesuit Father who was present writes thus:

"With what consternation did we not see the spouses of Jesus Christ pass the hitherto impassible limits of their cloisters, to begin on foot with the burning sun at its zenith an uncertain voyage without destination, on roads that the continuous rains of the last few days had rendered unfit for travel, subject to hunger and thirst,

(1) D. O. M.
Didacus Evelino De Compostela,
Adhuc Vivens,
Mortis horam, Diem novissimum et aeternos annos
In Mente habuit
In templo isto Monialium Sanctae Therestae
A se constructo
Inter ipsa Carmellia, et Virgineos Choros,
Hoc sibi paravit honorabile sepulcrum.
Recessit e vivis Etat. LXIX., Episcopat XVIII.
Die. 29. Aug. Ann. 1704.

and weighed down by the fear that led them away." The nuns were, at first, objects of curiosity, then of general sympathy. They carried with them the sacred vessels and other religious objects from their monasteries. During those terrible months the inhabitants of Havana, the religious along with them, were obliged to camp out as best they could in the country around the capital, and from their improvised dwellings they could behold the maneuvers of the British army. After a siege of more than a month the Morro Castle was taken by assault under the leadership of the humane Sir Wm Keppel, brother of Lord Albermarle. The heroic Velasco, commander of the fortress, fell at his post, carrying with him to the grave the admiration of his enemies, and lamented as much by Keppel, as by his own comrades. Havana capitulated, and the religious returned to their homes. The same Jesuit Father testifies to the humane conduct of the English. By the terms of the capitulation it was agreed that the Catholic Church should preserve

all the rights it had hitherto enjoyed, and that the religious communities should not be interfered with. The English remained in Havana until the treaty of Versailles, which put an end to the war in the beginning of the following year. (1).

When the Carmelite religious arrived in the United States from Antwerp, establishing their first community in this country in 1790, they entered into correspondence with their sisters in Havana, and the latter sent them gifts, the sisters here being in great poverty.

There is also a Carmelite convent at San Juan, capital of the island of Porto Rico, the only one of nuns in the city. It is much older than the convent of Havana, its foundation going back to the year 1646, when it was established by Dona Ana de Cauzos. The three first nuns came from Seville, where St. Theresa herself had established her order. (2).

(1) Cuba, Puerto-Rico y Filipinas. Waldo Jimenez de la Romera.

(2) De la Romera—ibed.

NOTES FROM SPAIN.

BY DON JUAN PEDRO.



THE *Ecclesiastical Bulletin* of the diocese of Porto Rico, West Indies, publishes the following edifying episode of the death of a noble Carmelite, Don Jose Ganier, Captain General of this Spanish dependency:

"His death has been the echo of his life, precious before God, and most edifying for us. He himself asked His Lordship the Bishop to hear his last confession. The following day the Bishop celebrated mass in the Governor's private oratory, and gave Holy Communion to his wife. Then he ascended to the room of the dying and that of his two children also dangerously ill, and from the hand of the prelate these three received Holy Communion most fervently. The heroic mother and wife accompanied the Holy Viaticum to her husband. She,

accompanied by her children, remained at the bedside of the dying, until, after having received the Plenary Indulgence and the Apostolic benediction, he expired in the arms of the bishop, giving to all an example of true Christian resignation. Before his end he was continually repeating acts of contrition, and resigned himself frequently into the hands of God and Our Holy Mother of Carmel. His last earthly testament was worthy of the Christian end of a "devotee" of Carmel. He requested that on his coffin there should be no military insignia, no indication of his exalted military rank, no heraldic decorations of his nobility. The only one he requested was, that they place over his chest the *Scapular of Our Lady of Mount Carmel*, and the relics of a Saint to whom he was devoted, which during life he had carefully guarded.

"In the instructions and advice he gave

his family, he appeared as a patriarch of the Old Law, who, with prophetic spirit marked out his destiny for each of his descendants. He indicated to his children the path of virtue they should tread, the road of filial and fraternal love they should follow. He impressed on his children the necessity of always having present before them the fear of God, which is the beginning of wisdom, without which they would never attain rest in this life or happiness in the next.

"It consoles us," says the writer in the *Bulletin*, "in a special manner, that in the Spanish army there are to-day many officers animated with the spirit of the late Senor Ganier, whose death has cast so profound a gloom over the colony he so wisely and conscientiously ruled. During life he honorably grasped the cross of his sword, but his Christian example showed that in his heart there was another cross more precious—the cross of Jesus Christ and the faith which flows from it."

It is just such a class of men whom the agents of Freemasonry—the filibusterers of Cuba—would fain exterminate and replace by an anti-Catholic government, throwing the bright "Pearl of the Antilles" into a chaos of revolution, and inaugurating an epoch of suffering for the church, such as has been, alas! too frequently witnessed in San Doming, and so many other republics of Spanish origin in South America.

The feast of St. Aloysius Gonzaga, the 75th anniversary of the first communion of our august Holy Father, was celebrated with unusual pomp and splendor in the Churches of Barcelona.

In "Berlin" formerly the Church of the Calced Carmelites, in "Pino," and particularly in the beautiful church of the Sacred Heart, Calle Lauria, the throngs were immense, as also all the city Churches and convent chapels.

In the Jesuit Church, the six sons of the Marquis de Don officiated at the altar. One, Father Franciscode Alos y Don, S. J., was celebrant, his brother, Don Manuel, vicar of the Church of Pan Francisco de Paula, deacon, and his younger brother, Don Jose Maria, of the Diocesan College, was subdeacon. Two other brothers acted as acolytes and a sixth as thurifer.

It was a beautiful tribute of devotion to the apostle of youth and purity.

The venerable and noble father of these ecclesiastics sat in the sanctuary side by side with the Duke of Solferino, who attended as the lineal descendant of the Gonzagas—Marqueses de Castillon—the Spanish branch of the saintly family.

This celebration was certainly unique, and worthy of the feast, so popular in the Peninsular, since few are the families, who have not amongst them a little "Luis."

THE AVE MARIA OF KEBLE.

Ave Maria! Blessed maid!
Lily of Eden's fragrant shade!
Who can express the love
That nurtured thee so pure and sweet,
Making thy heart a shelter meet
for Jesus' holy dove?

Ave Maria! Mother blest!
To whom caressing and caress'd
Clings the Eternal Child;
Favored beyond archangels' dream
When first on thee with tenderest gleam
The new-born Saviour smiled.

Ave Maria! thou whose name
All but adoring love may claim,
Yet may we reach thy shrine.
For He, thy Son and Saviour, vows
To crown all lowly, lofty brows
With love and joy like thine.

Bless'd is the womb that bore Him—bless'd
The bosom where His lips were press'd;
But rather bless'd are they
Who hear His word and keep it well;
The living homes where Christ shall dwell,
And never pass away.

BITS OF TALK WITH OTHER WOMEN.

VIII.

OF COMMON PLACE BLESSINGS.

BY MARIE LOUISE SANDROCK REDMOND.



IN most lives, the background, the incidents, the dramatis personæ are mainly commonplace. Yet, in my opinion, discontent with the common place is one reason for a good deal of real or fancied

unhappiness.

There seems a difficulty in realizing the depth of blessings that we enjoy in common with our neighbors. Coventry Patmore, the author of *The Angel in the House*, which should be beloved by every woman, touches this feeling, in speaking of "common graces." He says:

"And fail thy thanks for gifts Divine,
The common food of many a heart,
Because they are not only thine?
Beware, lest in the end thou art
Cast for thy pride forth from the fold,
Too good to feel the common grace
Of blissful myriads who behold
For evermore the Father's face."

The delights of possessing even ordinary health and strength is only felt when the weariness of illness is over and every day brings a tiny influx of energy; when, one by one, the threads of little daily duties are again gathered into the hours.

By the law of feminine contradictoriness, the more of ordinary comfort and happiness, of freedom from anxiety and suffering, that a woman possesses in her life, the more discontentedly she longs for some extraordinary destiny.

Genius, we know, is the gate that leads from the common place to the extraordinary. For this reason, perhaps, we women are prone to dignify a very small scrap of talent by the divine title of genius. It is sometimes hard for us to understand that a dash of facility joined to a liking for music,

literature or art, is not enough to justify us in posing as artists in our respective domains.

The number of female bores who talk their art and their aspirations to the torture of their less endowed or more sensible—circle of acquaintances, is legion.

They need, first, to learn that they are not more extraordinary nor one-half so comfortable to live with as the women, of whom they are so contemptuous, who are blessed with the gift of fine house-keeping and the gracious facility of making home agreeable. Then, let them learn that, though their gift be common place, it is worth being thankful for.

When the woman with a bit of talent for painting or singing or writing puts aside the fascinating dream of "a career," and uses her slender endowment for the pleasure of her immediate circle, for the good purpose that is always near at hand, if we but look for it, for the better understanding and appreciation of what is noblest in her particular line of art—it is then that she finds out how to be grateful and happy with the blessing that is hers.

In every life there are many compensations. None of us is without the angel of comfort, in one form or other, who makes us forget the possible skeleton that rattles in some hidden, but not forgotten, corner.

Common place home, prosperity, appearance, abilities—what are they all but blessings in disguise? The extraordinary brings a corresponding obligation. The genius and the saint owe much to their fellow beings. The millionaire must heed the cry of many a Lazarus. But from ordinary gifts, only meagre return is asked.

We women, in our midsummer drowsing, can scarcely do better than dream a little, not of what might or ought to have been in our lives, but of what is. By that trick

of contrast which seems always necessary for content, we can learn that we have each, above all others, something in our possession deserving only of gratitude.

Perhaps, if we think further, we will actually find a cause of rejoicing in the common place surroundings of our lives, in the fact that we are not unlike our fellows in our thoughts or joys or sorrows or belongings.

To be sure, since our hearts are supposed to rule our heads, we will probably end our reflections with the entirely feminine conclusion that our kindred in general and children in particular, are highly superior to everybody's else and not in any way to be classed as common place.

THE ASSUMPTION.

BY MATILDA CUMMINGS

THE waxing, waning moons their light have shed
 Thro' fifteen years of silver, starry night,
 And ever on her love-lit yearning sight
 The heavens have shone, in beauty overhead.
 The darkness and the light together wed,
 Were like for her, whose hope was beacon bright,
 And now the mother love has reached its height
 And bears her up, like angel wings, to tread
 The royal courts, where at the door He waits
 To welcome her—her God, her all, her child.
 O, blissful hour, when, wrapt in His embrace,
 She passes through the fair celestial gates,
 And angels hail her "Welcome undefiled!"
 While she is lost in gazing on His face.



FOR OUR YOUNG PEOPLE.

EDITED BY MISS MATILDA CUMMINGS.

[All communications to this department to be addressed to Miss M. Cummings,
1588 Madison Avenue, New York City.]

SECRETARY'S LETTER.

AUGUST, 1896.

MY DEAR YOUNG FRIENDS,—

The days of sweet doing nothing are half over. I wonder how many are tired of vacation already? Perhaps many of you have found out that after all the hardest work is doing nothing. Notice how one forgets the heat if he is really busy. So although we owe Adam and Eve many a grudge for bringing so many evils into the world, yet we owe them some gratitude, too. The church sings, "Oh! happy fault that merited such and so great a Redeemer." Yes and the law of labor to which we owe so much was established in the Garden of Eden. There is philosophy in that thought too. Adam and Eve left paradise to work, and work will take us back to paradise. Now, during the vacation there are opportunities for unselfishness which never present themselves at other times, or at least not so often. During the school year the good mother of the family does many a little thing because "the girls and boys have their lessons to see to." It is only fair to turn the tables in summer and let the dear, sweet mother play lady for a while. So many little ways of helping her; so many delightful opportunities for being companionable and unselfish at home. As we grow older we learn that after all our own are the ones who deserve most at our hands. Think of it, dear young friends, particularly the girls—a daughter is her mother's treasure. Oh! make much of her whom God gives as His richest gift to a home, and now in vacation days prove to her, your best friend, how deep and earnest is the love you bear her. How? By mere words and caresses? Not at all. We must be as practical in our affections as we are in our business affairs. Self sacrifice is the test of devotion to God or man. Much must be borne in every home; for whether we will

or not we all tire one another. So the willing good nature which lets things pass, the unselfish giving up of one's own will, the generous thought of others—these are the things that prove a daughter's devotion. What of the boys? Only this: A manly boy always loves his mother and is her devoted knight. Only she who is blessed with such a son knows the prize she owns. Lots of summer girls would give a fortune to own as brothers the boys whom they see devoted to their own—their mothers, their sisters, the little ones, the old, and even the summer "crank." It is easy enough to be gracious to strangers. The touchstone of a boy's and girl's character is the treatment of their own. It was a beautiful family motto in la belle France which ran: "Wear your velvet inside."

The 15th of August brings us Lady Day in Harvest, the feast of mid-summer, which gives us a feeling of home-sickness for heaven. We must all wait for things, and very hard it is at times. It will not be hard though to think some very sweet thoughts of Our Blessed Lady during those fifteen long years of waiting for reunion with her Divine Son. Think how she loved Him, and then picture to yourself what it meant to her to wait fifteen years to see His holy face after the Ascension. The Germans have a beautiful word, *Heimweh!* home-sickness! No one ever understood it better than Our Blessed Lady in those long years from the Ascension to the Assumption. Wish her joy of her home-going, of her reception, of her perfect joy and peace on the day when she was crowned Queen of angels and of men. Yes, and tell her to secure the same joy for you. Pray for a happy death on the 15th of August. Pray that all who are near and dear to you may be reunited in heaven. That is the true family which meets in heaven. For after all "earth can never be wholly happy because it is not heaven, nor

ever wholly unhappy because it is the way thither." So whether in town or country, forget all things however gloomy, and think only of heaven on the sweetest feast of the summer, "Lady Day in Harvest."

FOR THE PUZZLERS.

1. My first is a vehicle, my second a preposition, my whole is a part of a ship.
2. Why is the ocean so angry at times?
3. Which is the coolest seat in an omnibus?
4. What animal rebuked man of sin?
5. What is that which never asks a question, yet requires many answers.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES.

(IN JULY NUMBER.)

1. Venice.
2. Because it is a dear little thing.
3. When they are *candied*.
4. Just-ice.
5. A fortune.

FOR THE THINKERS.

1. Who are the Pifferari?
2. Who made the first piano-forte?
3. Who first taught the art of instructing the deaf and dumb in Europe?
4. Where were stockings first made?
5. Who was the father of the American navy?

Answers to Questions for the Thinkers.

JULY.

1. Raphael, Michael Angelo and Leonardo de Vinci.
2. Raphael.
3. Michael Angelo.
4. In the Sistine Chapel, Rome.
5. Leonardo de Vinci.

MAXIMS FOR AUGUST.

1. There's no impossibility to him
Who stands prepared to conquer
everything,
The fearful are the falling.
—SHAKESPEARE.
2. Learn to live and live to learn;
Ignorance like a fire doth burn;
Little tasks make large returns.
—TAYLOR.
3. Still in mutual sufferance lies
The secret of true living;

Love scarce is love that never knows
The sweetness of forgiving.

—JOHN G. WHITTIER.

4. Nobody talks much that doesn't say
unwise things—things he did not mean to
say; as no person plays much without striking
a false note sometimes.

5. The whole essence of true gentle-
breeding (one does not like to say gentility)
lies in the wish and the art to be agreeable.
Good breeding is "surface Christianity."

JESUS ON THE LAKE OF GENESSARETH.

The rushing winds piled high the waves,
And o'er the ship they swept;
Fear filled each heart, and blanched each
face

But still the Master slept.

Louder and fiercer rose the storm,
And darker grew the sky;
"Alas! He knoweth not," they said—
"Wake, Master, or we die!"

Calmly He rose, and bade the winds
And raging waves "Be still!"
And while He spoke, the sea was hushed,
Obedient to His will.

Sweet Master, round St. Peter's bark
The storms are raging high;
Speak, we beseech Thee, bid them cease—
Oh, Jesus, hear our cry!

FOR THE LITTLE ONES.

Within a splendid banquet chamber,
Which shone with sword and lance,
Surrounded by her knights and ladies,
Sat the good queen of France.

Blanche of Castile, whose royal virtues
Were honored far and wide;
Whose son was the beloved Ninth Louis—
The nation's joy and pride.

Among the company of pages
That waited near the throne,
She saw a foreign youth, of aspect
And features quite unknown.

His fair hair fell upon his shoulders,
His form was full of grace,
While mingled modesty and sweetness
Adorned his youthful face.

The queen said, turning to her maiden,
"Prithee, who is that page—
That stranger of such lovely aspect,
And such a tender age?"

“That is the noble young Prince Herman,
Of lineage without taint,
Son of Elizabeth, the holy—
Hungary’s greatest saint.”

Scarce had Queen Blanche received the
answer,

Than, stepping from her throne,
She walked to where the page was standing,
And said, in gentle tone—

“Fair youth, thou hadst a saintly mother,
An honor to her race;
Where did she kiss thee, when caressing
Thy innocent young face?”

Almost o’ercome with quick emotions
Of pleasure and surprise,
Blushing, he raised his finger, touching
His forehead, ’twixt his eyes.

The queen, with reverence and fervor,
Kissed the *same* spot, and gazed
Upon him tenderly, then murmured
With eyes to heaven upraised—

“Dear saint above! keep this thy loved one
From every stain of sin;
And pray for us that we may labor,
Eternal life to win.”

SPIN CHEERFULLY.

Spin cheerfully,
Not tearfully,
Though wearily you plod;
Spin carefully,
Spin prayerfully,
But leave the thread with God.
The shuttles of His purpose move
To carry out His own design.
Seek not too soon to disapprove
His work, nor yet assign
Dark motives, when with silent dread
You view each somber fold;
For lo, within each darker thread
There twines a thread of gold.

Spin cheerfully,
Not tearfully,
He knows the way you plod;
Spin cheerfully,
Spin prayerfully,
But leave the thread with God.

THE SAFE PLACE.

I’ll sing to you a little song,
Which some one sang to me,
One summer morning, as I slept
Upon my mother’s knee.

The singer’s voice was low and sweet,
And sang so blissfully,
I thought I was in heaven, and not
Upon my mother’s knee.

The Song.

“Sleep well, my darling little one,
From sin and danger free;
No harm can come whilst I am here,
Beside thy mother’s knee.

“I once was in this lower world,
A little child, like thee;
And I, too, had a place like this
Upon my mother’s knee.

“Whene’er my heart was light and glad,
And full of childish glee,
The sweetest place in all the world
Was at my mother’s knee.

“When darkest night was on the land,
When storms were on the sea,
No harm or danger could I fear
While at my mother’s knee.

“Each morn and eve I gave my heart
To God, to keep for me.
One day, He heard the prayer I prayed
Beside my mother’s knee.

“Before I sin or sorrow knew,
An angel came to me,
And whispered, as I dreaming lay
Upon my mother’s knee.

“I waked—and found myself in heaven!
With angels now to be;
Who guard from harm all little ones
That love their mother’s knee!”

A Legend of the Assumption of the
Blessed Virgin.

After the death of her Divine Son, Mary dwelt in the house of St. John, upon Mount Sion, looking for the fulfillment of the promise of deliverance, and passing her days in visiting those places which had been hallowed by His baptism, His sufferings, His burial, and His resurrection. One day the heart of the Blessed Virgin was filled with an inexpressible longing to behold her Son, and she wept abundantly. And lo, an angel appeared before her, clothed in light as with a garment. And he saluted her, and said: “Hail, O Mary! blessed by Him who hath given salvation to Israel! I bring thee here a branch of palm gathered in Paradise; command that

it be carried before thy bier in the day of thy death, for in three days thy soul shall leave the body, and thou shalt enter into Paradise, where thy son awaits thy coming."

Mary answering, said, "If I have found grace in thy eyes, tell me first what is thy name; and grant that the apostles, my brethren, may be reunited to me before I die, that in their presence I may give up my soul to God." And the angel said, "My name is the Great and the Wonderful. And now doubt not that all the apostles shall be reunited to thee this day, for He who in former times transported the prophet Habakkuk from Judea to Jerusalem, can as easily bring hither the apostles." And having said these words, the angel departed into heaven; and the palm branch which he had left behind him shed light from every leaf, and sparkled as the stars of the morning. Then Mary lighted the lamps and prepared her bed, and waited until the hour was come. And in the same instant John, who was preaching at Ephesus, and Peter, who was preaching at Antioch, and all the other apostles who were dispersed in different parts of the world, were suddenly caught up as by a miraculous power, and found themselves before the door of the habitation of Mary. When Mary saw them all assembled round her, she blessed and thanked the Lord, and placed in the hands of St. John the shining palm and desired that he should bear it before her at the time of her burial. Then Mary, kneeling down, made her prayer to the Lord, her Son, and the others prayed with her; then she laid herself down in her bed and composed herself for death. And John wept bitterly. And about the third hour of the night, as Peter

stood at the head of the bed and John at the foot, and the other apostles around, a mighty sound filled the house and a delicious perfume filled the chamber. And Jesus himself appeared, accompanied by angels, patriarchs, and prophets; all these surrounded the bed of the Virgin, singing hymns of joy. And Jesus said, "Arise, my beloved! mine elect! come with me from Lebanon, my espoused! receive the crown that is destined for thee!" And Mary answering, said, "My heart is ready, for it was written of me that I should do Thy will." Then the angels and blessed spirits began to sing and rejoice. And the soul of Mary left her body, and was received into the arms of her Son; and together they ascended into heaven.

Then the apostles placed her body upon a bier, and John, carrying the celestial palm, went before. And they laid the Virgin in a tomb in the Valley of Jehoshapat. And on the third day, Jesus said to the angels, "What honor shall I confer on her who was my mother on earth?" And they answered, "Lord, suffer not that body which was Thy temple and Thy dwelling to see corruption, but place her beside Thee on Thy throne in heaven." And Jesus consented and said, "Rise up, my dove, my undefiled, for thou shalt not remain in the darkness of the grave, nor shalt thou see corruption." And the soul of Mary rejoined her body, and she arose up glorious and ascended into heaven, welcomed by angels singing, "Who is she that riseth as the morning, fair as the moon, clear as the sun, and terrible as an army with banners." (Cant. VI., 10.)

And there remained in the tomb lilies and roses.



Favors Obtained from Our Lady of Mount Carmel.

A LOST CHILD FOUND.



LITTLE girl of Alicante, Spain, strayed away into the mountains on the 18th of January, 1896. After a long fruitless search she was finally, on the following morning, discovered by her friends at the edge of a precipice. To their great astonishment, instead of finding her dead, as they had feared, they found her well and lively. "Did you not suffer from the severe cold? Were you not frightened?" they asked her. "No," she answered; "a beautiful lady came to me and kept me under her cloak." This strange answer puzzled the hearers, but greater still was their astonishment when the little one, some days after, having entered the Church, cried out, on seeing

the picture of Our Lady of Mount Carmel: "There is the lady who put me under her cloak!" The little girl repeats this saying every time an image of Our Lady of Mount Carmel is shown to her.

(San Juan de la Cruz, 15 March, 1896.)

A SINCERE CONVERSION.

At a convent in Western Pennsylvania, a laborer had been employed by the good sisters, whose spiritual welfare caused them some anxiety. They found out that he had been baptized a Catholic, but for thirty years had not received the sacraments. Nor did he seem amenable to good advice or persuasion. Finally they succeeded in having him take the scapular. He was enrolled on the 8th of September, 1895, and on the 15th of the same month he received Holy Communion for the first time in his life, as he told them. Since then he is a fervent Christian.—[EDITOR.]

RELIGIOUS MAXIMS.

MUCH of our life is spent in marring our own influence, and turning others' belief in us into a widely concluding unbelief, which they call knowledge of the world, while it is really disappointment in you or me.

* * *

THE body can put obstacles in the way of the salvation of the soul, yet it is not able to save itself. Suffer, then, O my body, the soul to work for thee, or rather unite thyself in its sacrifices, because, having shared in its trials, thou wilt partake of its triumphs.

* * *

BE reasonable and you will be happy. Expect not what the nature of things can not bestow. Everything is transitory. Our very existence is a precarious inheritance. The foundation of all our unhappiness lies in the great disproportion between our enjoyment and our appetite; for let a man have ever so much, he is still desiring something more.

ALTHOUGH it be as a criminal that I suffer, it is nevertheless that which softens the weariness of life, wherein there can be no pleasure but to love God and to suffer in that love.—BLESSED MARGARET MARY.

* * *

WHAT happiness for those who contribute to make known, loved, and glorified this only love of our hearts! For they attract thereby the friendship and the eternal blessings of that amiable Heart of Jesus, and obtain a powerful protector for our country.—BLESSED MARGARET MARY.

* * *

HE is ungrateful beyond all expression, and in heart altogether wrong, who, in the face of God's benefits—benefits which cost him so much—does not offer himself and does not see the obligation he is under to devote himself entirely to the honor and glory of our Lord and Saviour.—ST. IGNATIUS.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

BY THE EDITOR.

IT is very gratifying to us to see the prompt and ready manner in which our notices to subscribers have been met. There is only one more warning necessary. In remitting money for your subscriptions *please always give your full name and address.*

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A BEAUTIFUL monument in honor of Our Blessed Lady of Mount Carmel has been erected in the Carmelite Church of "Sta Maria della Vittoria" in Rome. It is a life size group in marble, representing Our Lady of Mount Carmel in the act of giving the scapular to St. Simon Stock. The sculptor, Com. Balzico, has charge of the work. The funds necessary to erect this beautiful monument were raised by voluntary contributions, collected by a committee of ladies and gentlemen under the patronage of Cardinal Parochi, Vicar-General of Rome, who is a member of the Third Order of Mount Carmel.

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FROM Mannanarn Convent, Kottayam India, we have received a jubilee number of the *Nazraui Deepika*, in commemoration of the golden jubilee of the establishment of the first Catholic press in Malabar. The Fathers of this convent are Tertians of the Carmelite Order under special constitutions approved by the Holy See for a limited time. Their temporary Prior General is a Spanish discalced Carmelite, Fr. Bernard of Jesus, who in one of the recent consistories in Rome has been appointed Titular Archbishop of Philippi and assigned to Mgr. Leonard Mellano, Archbishop of Verapoly, as coadjutor with the right of succession.

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THE annual pilgrimage to the shrine of Our Lady of Peace at Falls View, Ont., on the 16th of July is becoming more popular, year after year. The number of pilgrims was so large this year that the accommodations provided were taxed to the utmost and barely sufficed. It was edifying to see so many hundreds who had come on the trains, fasting, approach the altar and re-

ceive Holy Communion. Far more than at any former occasion tried to gain the great indulgence of the day—the plenary indulgence attached to every repeated visit to the Church. In the afternoon, after the Papal Benediction, the great audience were gratified to listen to an eloquent and poetic discourse of the Very Rev. Dean Harris on the historic greatness of the locality selected for this highly privileged shrine, overlooking the sublime Niagara, which was consecrated to God by the first white man who ever laid eyes on it, a Franciscan friar, Father Hennepin, and which is now permanently dedicated to the great Mother of God by his successors the Carmelite friars, the brothers of Our Lady of Mount Carmel.

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THE Sacred Congregation of Rites at its regular session on the 23rd of June last, gave its approval of a proper office and mass in honor of Blessed Joan of Toulouse, a Carmelite nun of the thirteenth century. The office and mass are approved for the Carmelite Order and for the diocese of Toulouse, in France. We are still awaiting official notification of the above—but in the meantime we had a short biography of this great saint prepared by one of our Roman Fathers, which will appear in our next issue. Our readers will thus become acquainted with one of the great saints of the Carmelite order, who has been but little known outside of Toulouse, where her relics are preserved, and where numerous and astonishing miracles are continually being wrought by her powerful intercession. We shall publish the authentic report of one which has been thoroughly investigated by the Sacred Congregation.

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OUR Holy Father has published another most important encyclical letter on the reunion of all the Christian churches. It is a powerful and masterly presentation of the doctrine of the Church on the necessity of unity and of a centre of unity. This final authoritative word was necessary, as there seemed to be a foolish hope in the

bosom of many a well meaning outsider that union might be possible with the Church of Rome on some other ground than that of complete and filial submission to her divine authority. We read the letter written by Gladstone not long ago, pleading for the recognition of Anglican orders, and we were deeply interested in the somewhat vague declarations of Lord Halifax and others on the subject. We hope this encyclical will make things entirely clear to them. There is but one way to union with God's church, and that is God's own revealed way. "He that heareth you, heareth me." They must hear the Church, or remain "heathens and publicans."

* *

A NEW Carmelite mission for Scotland was formally opened last June at Millport, Cumbrae. There are two Discalced Carmelite Fathers there now, who celebrate Mass in the Chapel attached to the garrison grounds. We learn that the Marquis of Bute has been instrumental in having this mission established, and that he intends to build and endow a new and suitable Church. He is desirous of spreading the benefits of religion amongst the people of Cumbrae and the neighboring islands.

* *

MANY of our readers will, no doubt, feel inclined to celebrate the feast of St. Albert, the Carmelite, on the 7th of August with unusual fervor this year. We have heard of so many remarkable cures through his intercession, and the use of St. Albert's water blessed with his relic, that we are not astonished at the continually increasing demand for this blessed water. It seems that God allows His Saints to show their power more and more as the world is becoming more sceptical. God, "who is wonderful in His Saints," rewards our love for them by granting extraordinary favors to those who venerate them and strive to imitate them.

* *

THERE is a decided revival of love for our Dear Lady of the Scapular, since Our Holy Father has given such great new privileges to the Order of Mount Carmel. At least there never before seemed to be such unanimity among the Catholic papers and magazines to notice the great feast of the scapular, and to prepare their readers

for the worthy celebration of it. The *Sacred Heart Review*, as early as the 20th of June, published a warm tribute to the devotion of the scapular. We noticed similar articles in nearly all the Catholic papers, notably in the *Catholic Telegraph*, the *Pittsburg Catholic*, *St. Anthony's Messenger*, and others. The *Ave Maria*, true to its mission, devoted the whole month of July to the honor of Our Lady of Mount Carmel. *The Saint of the Scapular*, by Ellis Schreiber, is a complete biography of St. Simon Stock, and gives a full account of the great event in St. Simon's life, the gift of the scapular. This charming biography is followed up by a most interesting and artistic description of a portrait and the life of *A Carmelite Princess*, by Eliza Allen Starr.

* *

THE great American republic is again in the throes of a presidential campaign. The country is in a greater state of fermentation than it has been at any time since the war. The silver question, which had been regarded as a mere theory with but a small backing, has been made the main plank of the platform, adopted by the Democratic National Convention at Chicago. Whatever may be the merits of this solution of the financial question, the issue seems to have been successfully narrowed down to this point. And yet, even if the silver men should win the election, they will find that their solution will not by any means prove to be a panacea for all the public ills. Politics, as a science, bears the same relation to the ills of the social body, as medicine to the ills of the human body. How many different remedies are not advocated for the cure of disease, and yet we are all convinced of the fact that there is no remedy for the final dissolution of the body. Every living thing on earth must ultimately die. In the meantime, however, we can prolong life by a judicious use of the proper means. And the science of medicine is intended to find these means and the knowledge how to apply them at the proper moment. But if doctors disagree politicians do so to a far greater degree. Nearly every one you meet has a different remedy to suggest. Thus we came in contact lately with a reformer who had prepared a scheme of radical remedies, which could well be made into a platform for a

new party. For the instruction and amusement of our readers we will summarize it briefly:

(1) Abolish all woman labor, except such as nature itself demands of woman in the household and kitchen. This will give enough employment to all men, and enable them to earn enough for themselves and the women dependent on them. (2) For every six men employed seven days in the week, employ seven men six days in the week. This will give employment to thousands who are now idle, and provide a necessary day of rest for all. (3) Let there be but one more appropriation for the pension list, sufficient to pay the funeral expenses of all now living pensioners. Even the gratitude of republics should have its limits. (4) Let all salaried offices of the government, including the Presidency, be sold at auction to the lowest bidder. (5) Let each state in proportion to its annual increase of wealth be taxed to support the general government, and do away with all customs and internal revenues.

This platform is certainly radical enough to suit the taste of the most violent reformer, and yet there is a grain of truth in each of the planks. Some of them are highly unconstitutional, but the constitution has been amended before, and could be amended again. This platform would sweep away the new woman, the tramp, and the Coxe army, the labor troubles, the pension list, the extravagances of the salary list, and the whole army of customs and revenue officers at one fell swoop. This is worth consideration, and we therefore submit it to the careful study of all those who are dissatisfied with the old parties.

NEW BOOKS.

Our Catholic writers and publishers cannot ignore the evergrowing taste for fiction, which has invaded our Catholic homes, and must be satisfied with wholesome food, unless we wish to see our youth poisoned by the rank and tainted literature of the present day. We are therefore pleased to announce the publication of some excellent works of fiction by Benziger Bros., New York, in beautiful volumes, with special

designs on cover, at the uniform price of \$1.25 per volume:

(1.) *The Circus-Rider's Daughter*, by Lady von Brackel, translated by M. A. Mitchell, is one of the purest and sweetest stories of modern times. It has all the elements of a powerful and fascinating tale, is never weak or trivial, and is permeated by an atmosphere of virtue and grace, in strong contrast with the usually degrading environment of the noble heroine. We are acquainted with the original, and congratulate the translator, who has not only known how to tell the story in the best of English, but has managed to preserve all the delicate flavor of the original.

(2.) *The Outlaw of Camargue*, by A. de Lamothe. Translated by Anna T. Saddler. The name of the translator is a sufficient guarantee for the value of the work and the success of the translation. It was not an easy task to preserve the idyllic charm of this story of the Provence, portraying the simple manners of its inhabitants and the naive poetry of its songs, hymns and ballads. The close of the last century and the terrors of the French Revolution form a dramatic background for the delightful pastoral scenes in the foreground.

(3.) *Marcella Grace*, by Rosa Mullholland. A new, illustrated edition of this masterpiece of fiction. The best Irish story of the century. One of the few very good novels ever written. We often wondered why such genuine art, as manifested in this powerful work, is not recognized more fully by the reading public. This novel can well bear comparison with anything written by the successful novelists of the day. And lacking none of the strength and pathos of the best class of fiction, it has the additional advantage of being true to nature, and inspiring in its ethical bearings. The heroine is sorely tempted to perjure herself in trying to rescue her affianced lover, but heroic virtue bears off the palm of victory.

(4.) *Fabiola*, by Cardinal Wiseman. This classic work, which has been the fore-runner and inspiration of nearly all succeeding historical romances from Catholic pens, is published in a popular illustrated edition. The illustrations are of high artistic merit and a worthy setting for the noble tale.

* *

THE third volume of the *Outlines of Dog-*

matic Theology, by S. J. Hunter, S. J., has been published by Benziger Bros., New York (price \$1.50). It was the most difficult of the series, as it includes the treatises on Grace and Justification. No other treatises of theology afford so much liberty for theories, and the Catholic schools have made full use of this liberty. The author has skillfully presented the views of his own particular school, without entering into the controversy. We are glad to have lived to see the day when our theologians are no longer timid about allowing intelligent laymen to drink fully at the fountains of Catholic teaching and to discover as far as they can the divine beauty of "Truth."

* *

The League Hymnal, published from the press of the *Apostleship of Prayer*, New York, by Rev. Wm. H. Walsh, S. J., is a collection of all the hymns used in the Devotions of the League, with their music. The tunes are, without exception, in full accordance with the regulations of the Church. There is no excuse left for the many vulgar, tasteless and profane melodies still in use in so many of our churches, and let us say it, convent chapels. The book retails at \$1.00, but special rates are allowed on quantities. Wherever the Sacred Heart is to be honored in a worthy manner, this Hymnal ought to be introduced.

WEARERS OF THE BROWN.

NAMES have been received at our Monastery, Falls View, Ont., for the scapular registry from St. Mary's Church, Lindsay, Ont.; Amherstburg, Ont.; St. Charles' Church, Amherst, N. S.; St. Stephen's Church, Cayuga, Ont.; Dresden, Kas.; St. Edward's Church, Westport, Ont.; Watertown, N. Y.; Convent of Our Lady of Lourdes, Cleveland, O.; St. Mary's Cathedral, Hamilton, Ont.; St. Agnes' Church, Debee, N. B.; Sacred Heart Church, Parkston, S. D.; Windsor, Ont.; Christian Brothers, St. Catharines, Ont.; Sandwich, Ont.; Mainadieu, C. B.; Carrellton, Ill.; Brantford, Ont.; St. Patrick's Church, Halifax, N. S.; Blooming Prairie, Minn.

At Holy Trinity Monastery, Pittsburg,

Pa., from St. Joseph's Church, Cincinnati, O.; St. Joseph's Church, Trigg Co., Ky.; St. Bernard's Church, Livingston Co., Ky.; St. Thomas' Church, McCracken, Ky.; St. Peter's Church, Toledo, O.; St. Leo's Church, Tacoma, Wash.; St. Bernard's Church, Akron, Pa.; St. Anthony's Church, Millvale, Pa.; St. John the Baptist Church, Scottdale, Pa.; St. Joseph's Academy, Oakland, Cal.; St. Elizabeth's Hospital, Dayton, O.; Wilkinsburg, Pa.; St. Nicolaus' Church, Wilkesbarre, Pa.; Lacry, Wash.; St. Aemelianus Orphan Asylum, St. Francis, Milwaukee, Wis.; St. Mary's Church, Scranton, Pa.; St. Paul's Cathedral, Pittsburg, Pa.; St. Thomas' Church, Braddock, Pa.; St. Joseph's Church, Freeport, Ill.; St. Caecilia's Church, Rochester, N. Y.; Immaculate Conception Church, Orleans, Arkansas; Holy Rosary Church, St. Vincent, Cal.; St. Hedwig's Church, Chicago, Ill.; St. Bartholemew's Church, California; St. Anne's Church, Olmitz, Barton Co., Kas.; St. John's Church, Defiance, Ohio; Ursuline Convent, St. Paul, Mo.; St. Vincent's Church, Elkhart, Ind.; St. Paul's Church, Reading, Pa.; All Saints' Church, Mercer, Pa.; St. Michael's Church, Pittsburg S. S., Pa.; St. Anthony's Church, Evansville, Ind.; Monastery of St. Paul of the Cross, Pittsburg S. S., Pa.; Cedar Grove Academy, Cincinnati, O.; Church of St. Thomas Aquinas, Waterford, Wis.; St. Peter's Church, McKeesport, Pa.; St. Patrick's Church, Alpsville, Pa.; St. Phillip's Rectory, Battle Creek, Mich.; St. Vincent's Church, Oshkosh, Wis.

OBITUARY.

THE following persons are recommended to the charitable prayers of our readers:—John McDonald, who died at Hardin, Ill., on June 20th, 1896; Libbie Murphy, died May 23th, 1896; John Furgeson, died Feb. 18th, 1896; Mathew Murphy, Montreal, P. Q.; Peter Dunne, Ottawa, Ont.; Mrs. Kelly, London, Ont.; John Smith, Rochester, N. Y.; Mrs. John Wilkinson; Timothy Shea; Mary Shea; Bridget Shea; Mrs. Bridget Dillon; Ven. Mother Xavier, Chatham.

AN ACT OF THANKSGIVING.

BY LUCY CAMPBELL.



“DON'T say anything more, if you please, Nora, about that subject. I can never get over certain things I *know* about the Catholic Church.”

“Tell me, Margaret, what you know about a church which you say you have never entered,” said a quiet voice.

“Why, everybody knows that Catholics say prayers to pictures and images and a lot of stuff to the Virgin Mary, and what do sensible people want to say the same thing over and over for, I'd like to know. And oh! there are just loads of things. I have read about them often. I don't want to hear any more. I couldn't bear to read one of their books.”

This talk between two girls was at twilight, in a warm corner in the deserted study hall of a large school.

Nora Morton and Margaret Sloane were cousins and fast friends. Nora was an orphan and had no other home than with her aunt.

It would be hard to find two girls more unlike in every way.

One gentle and thoughtful, the other eager and impulsive, and given to airing her opinions freely. Both were Protestants and knew no other faith.

It is hard to say what had started this serious talk; perhaps an unopened book on Margaret's lap; perhaps something said by the little Mexican child Dolores, who had just left them, and who had a strong attachment for Nora.

Directly the bell rang for study hour, then came evening prayers and the early bed time, so talk of all kind ceased.

The next morning a sister told Nora that her cousin was too ill to come to recitations, but they did not think it anything serious.

Dolores was standing near and heard the message, and coming up, she said to Nora in her broken way:

“Come, Nona mia, we will say a prayer to Our Mother to make Rita well again.”

“Our Mother, Dolores!”

“Yes, yes, Our Blessed Mother, you know. She loves all her children and our dear Lord gives her all she asks of Him.”

Nora was touched by the child's beautiful faith. She let Dolores lead her to a little oratory near by, where there was an altar of the Blessed Virgin, and here the child poured forth her simple earnest prayer to the only Mother she had ever known.

Nora felt the influence of the quiet sanctuary, but her prayer was strangely mingled with curiosity and pity, for everything was new and strange. Too just to condemn what she did not understand, she still felt that Dolores was only a sort of pagan. She was not uneasy about Margaret, and did not once think of her needing special prayers. If she had felt so, her distress would have been great. It was Dolores' way to pray for everything. They were not many minutes in the oratory, but the child seemed satisfied and happy, as she took her friend's hand and pressed it, saying, “Feel good, Nora, now? Me do.”

The morning seemed long without Margaret, and at noon Nora asked to see her. Sister Claire seemed somewhat doubtful about admitting her, and she at once felt her first anxiety.

Margaret was restless and feverish and the few minutes spent in the infirmary were soon over. Nora left feeling sad and lonely. She found it hard to fix her attention on her studies. She was the older by two years and there was a feeling of responsibility for her young cousin. Their home was in Southern Texas. Mrs. Sloane herself had been educated in this same school and knew that her girls, though far from home, would be cared for in every way.

When school was over she wanted to go at once to stay with Margaret, but they told her it would not be best, as she was much worse.

Then Nora broke down and suddenly realized how unlike herself Margaret had

seemed at noon. Now she felt the need of comfort, but as she was a stranger to the girls and sisters she did not know what to do.

She could only cry out the prayer for help that was in her heart, and seek some place to be alone. So she went into the oratory again and sank on her knees in utter abandonment. She did not know how long she was there. It was the first time in her life that earnest, voluntary prayer had seemed a necessity. She had forgotten herself in her interest for Margaret. She did not know that it was growing dark until Dolores whispering said: "Nona mia! How cold you are!" Then she followed the child into the lighted hall. She felt somehow less desolate now, but not like sharing in the play-room gaiety. At supper Margaret's vacant seat made all her fears return.

The next three days dragged by and all the school felt sorry for the forlorn girl whose cousin lay so ill.

No one told her that her uncle and aunt were expected, and when at Mass next morning the prayers of all were asked for Margaret Sloane it seemed to Nora her heart would break, for now she knew that Margaret was in danger. The sisters did did not require her to attend school and she passed most of her time in one of the oratories or in the corridor outside the infirmary door. Dolores was her greatest comfort, with her loving ways and hopeful sympathy. In her distress she followed certain instructions which this little foreign baby gave her, spoken so brokenly, yet so certainly, as she would have taken the advice of a physician. Anything, anything that might help Margaret.

She sat alone on the evening of the fourth day, hoping that she might be allowed to come in to see her friend, when she must, in utter weariness, have gone to sleep. A soft light seemed to fall around her; a loving voice said: "Poor child! how tired you are. Lift up your heart. Trust me. I am your mother, though you have never known me."

She awoke, feeling comforted. She thought that the spirit of her own dead mother had been with her.

She crept noiselessly to the door of the sick room, and waited and listened for some

one to come out and give her news of Margaret.

Now and then the dark figure of a sister glided along the hall-way telling her beads with down-cast head.

This silent waiting began to be appalling, and Nora's heart beat fast when she saw a man's figure coming quickly towards her. She thought she must be dreaming, yet it seemed so like her uncle. A minute more and all doubt was gone, as she flew to meet him.

Both were silent in the fullness of their hearts, and it was some time before either could speak. Then her uncle lifted her face and looked long and lovingly at her.

"See here, kitten, this will never do! You too will be calling on us for help if you don't look out."

The tears were falling fast now, but they were doing good. A load felt lifted from her, when those strong, tender arms were around her. "But-when-did-you come?" she sobbed.

"Not more than two hours ago. Your Aunt Mary is with Margaret now and I was just seeing the doctor off. Thank God! the danger is apparently over now."

Her uncle left her in a short time to go in to his daughter, and then her aunt came out.

The delicate little woman looked almost exhausted, but her face was radiant with happiness.

"Oh, Nora! Nora! You blessed child!" her aunt cried out. "Actually you look more ill now than Margaret. I know what a trial this sudden illness was, but I did not think it would make you fret so. The sisters say you have been dazed and that you live without sleep or food. But now we are together, dear, and Margaret will get well they say, so you must rouse up and be yourself again."

"Yes, Auntie, yes; it all seems right now, but oh! it has been so long and hard. I wrote you all about it, and I tried to be brave, but not until this evening have I had any comfort at all."

Then Nora told her aunt of her short sweet dream.

Mrs. Sloane had an odd, puzzled look, as she said slowly:

"About two hours ago we arrivèd, as all thought, just in time to see our darling before she died. We were admitted by the

doctor and sister in 'charge. We knelt by Margaret's bed and prayed for one look of recognition. She was not suffering, but life seemed almost gone. There was not a sound in the room—just silent waiting. Suddenly a soft, low voice spoke: 'Do not be so sorrowful! Lift up your hearts to God! Surely the Mother of God may comfort the children of earth!' Then Margaret opened her eyes in no surprise to see us kneeling there. She said in a quiet voice, unlike her old impetuous tone:

"'Pray on, dear father and mother, and thank our Blessed Mother in Heaven for keeping watch with me until you came.'

"Oh, Nora! you do not know how strangely I felt. It seemed to me our child was in another world, and was speaking to us from the shores of the stream she had crossed.

"She fell again into a profound sleep and the doctor said it was natural now. He too was puzzled by her perfect calm. She still sleeps and her face is as peaceful as a baby's.

"You can come in now."

"May I see Rita too?" and Nora saw Dolores was near and waiting. "I prayed and prayed for her so many times, and last night I dreamed that she was well again. Such a beautiful Rita! with her old lovely smile and pretty cheeks, and she said she had two mamas now, but that you, poor Nora mia, had none, But is one mistake I know."

Silently they went in together.

In a short time Margaret awoke and her mother and Nora went to her. Her face was beaming as she gave them welcome. It was one of those rare times in life when words are not needed, and all felt their hearts too full for speech.

After this Margaret was soon as well as usual. She returned to her studies, although her parents wished to take her home. She said she much preferred to remain.

Her sudden illness was something she could not understand at all, but it seemed to her, after her pains were over, that she lived each hour with our Blessed Lady near her. She did not know what the change in her meant, nor how it came, but now she loved all the things she thought she despised, and she was happier in every way. Then in her old impulsive way she ex-

claimed: "And, Nora darling, I have given you and mamma and papa, one and all, to our Lady, and she will claim your love by and by."

Little Dolores kept close to her beloved Nora, and when they were alone, she said! "I am sure I know how our Rita is well, and that she loves our Lady so much."

"Tell me, dear," said Nora, taking the child's warm brown hand into her own with tenderness.

Turning the little face with its dark earnest eyes to Nora, she said with simple confidence: "I put a medal under your pillow the night you felt so miserable, and I asked Sister Claire to give Rita one too, and to-day I went in and put my own, own medal in her hand. She went to sleep and when she woke she was well you see."

Thankfulness was the one feeling Nora felt now. Still it was a pleasure to know that this innocent, loving baby with faith sublime was doing her best. With the child there was an entire absence of self. She did what was to her the only right thing to do.

She was not grieved that her dear Nona did not understand, or even know that there was any lack of sympathy. Nona was too tired to, she thought. Not for worlds would Nora Norton have shown any doubts or have hurt the tender heart of the child.

She pondered long about it all, and when Margaret was entirely strong they had many talks together.

Margaret seemed just the same fun-loving, merry girl as before. She was just as impulsive in her new-found happiness as she used to be in other things.

At first Nora did certain things to please her Dolores, then they became a necessity, and so, by the time Christmas had come round, she had quietly followed her cousin to be instructed in the doctrines of the Church.

At Easter time they made their first communion together with the full sanction of those at home.

But their cup of joy was full to overflowing when on the same day they received a telegram telling them that Mr. and Mrs. Scane were also converts to the Faith.

Now indeed could Nora clasp little Dolores to her heart and understand with her soul the lisping, broken words of unwavering love that seemed a part of her baby friend's life.

Margaret always declared that all of it was only "An Act of Thanksgiving."



Christ Parting from His Mother Before His Passion.



 OUR LADY OF SORROWS.

BY ENFANT DE MARIE.



I.

MONTH of fading beauty! when the treés
 Are tinted with autumnal red and gold,
 A minor chord, low breathing like the breeze,
 Is sighing of Our Lady's pains untold.
 O pure heart, crimsoned with a Passion hue,
 And golden in thy precious suffering love!
 More brightly shining to the spirit view
 Than silvery harvest-moon so far above.

II.

O waves of tears that surged within her breast!
 O sorrow, deeper than the boundless sea!
 To what shall I compare thee, Mother blest?
 Wilt thou find comfort in my sympathy?
 Why didst thou suffer? That through bitter pain,
 And mourning shadows o'er thy spirit cast,
 A glorious queenly throne thou mightest gain,
 A diadem of star-gems wear at last.

III.

Why didst thou suffer? That the fount of tears
 From realms of a deep and nameless woe,
 Might fill thee with compassion for our fears,
 And pains and sorrows here so far below.
 Why didst thou suffer? That the melody
 Of thy sweet, patient heart before the throne
 Might ever as a voice of pleading be,
 When, from the desert, thou, fair dove, hadst flown.

IV.

And now in this calm evening of the year,
 When glowing summer-tide has passed away,
 We come to watch with thee, our Mother dear,
 In prayer and patient suffering day by day.
 We come and gaze with longing, hopeful eyes
 Upward, O queen of Dolors, unto thee!
 There, far beyond those deep blue, sun-lit skies,
 We trust, one day, in peace and joy to be.

LIFE AND CATHOLIC JOURNALISM

—OF THE LATE—

JAMES A. McMASTER,

EDITOR OF THE NEW YORK FREEMAN'S JOURNAL AND CATHOLIC REGISTER.

EDITED BY VERY REV. MARK S. GROSS.

CHAPTER XII—CONTINUED.



AN EPISCOPAL SENSATION.

DR. DUPANLOUP, one of the bishops of the Catholic Church in France, has written and published a letter, the professed point of which is to ask the clergy and the people of his diocese to pray especially for the negro slaves in the United States of America, Brazil, Cuba and Surinam. Sincere prayers are good 'for all sorts and conditions of men.' We wish that prayers might be said, not only in Bishop Dupanloup's diocese, but throughout the world, for several other classes of population in our country, who are in much more desperate need of the special mercy of God. We wish Bishop Dupanloup would request prayers for the infidel abolitionist editors, and the Puritan abolitionist preachers and lecturers who have plunged this country into a war that will prove disastrous for the poor black slaves at the South—whatever it may prove for the whites. Then there are the shoddy-patriots, who by swindling the people of so many millions, have burthened the white laborers of the North with inextinguishable taxes. These several classes of white sinners stand in far more perilous relations to the just judgments of heaven than poor Cuffy—and the Christian faith teaches us that the vilest as well as the blackest of mortals are proper objects for charitable prayer.

"Bishop Dupanloup discusses in his letter the general object of negro slavery. It is impossible to avoid the impression that his letter has been called out by the newspaper articles that appeared some time last winter in the *Monde*, the Catholic journal in Paris that succeeded to Louis Venillot's *Univers*, when the latter was suppressed

by Louis Napoleon's despotism. There was a sharp controversial passage of articles in the columns respectively of the *Monde* (Catholic) and the *Journal des Debats* (Huguenot Protestant), about infidel abolitionism as the cure for the evils of slavery. These articles had some echo on this side of the ocean from Archbishop Hughes' name having been brought into them. Bishop Dupanloup, while yet one of the Vicars General of Paris, used to be an editor of the *Ami de la Religion*, and, in that capacity, received rubs that he did not take graciously from his more able contemporary in the old *Univers*.

"As a newspaper man we always found Dr. Dupanloup more remarkable for vehemence than for either breadth or depth. Even when he had a subject indisputably true, it was his *forte* to seize on a minor point, and to leave out of view what was vast in its support and connections. His present letter on 'slavery' is marked by the same characteristics. There is nothing in the grasp he takes of the subject that authorizes him to assume the part of 'reminding the world,' or of expressing commiseration for 'the situation of a Catholic missionary between masters and slaves—suspected by both!!!' The Catholic missionaries of the slave-holding States, with one voice, would tell Dr. Dupanloup that his words were not calumnious, only because they are romance founded on misinformation.

"Dr. Dupanloup's letter is, nevertheless, interesting, as showing how Catholic principle retains man and keeps him so far aloof, even on a sensational subject, from the unbridled rant of the New England Protestant preachers and infidel lecturers. He states truly that the *unity of the race* is a dogma fundamental to the Christian faith—that the *source* of slavery is to be explained only by original sin; that it was

universal in the world before the coming of Christ; that slavery can be done away with only by the redemption through Christ; that is practically in our day by and in the Catholic Church. He enlarges on the several bulls of popes, by which the trade of bringing Africans from Africa to America has been condemned by the positive discipline of the Catholic Church, just as for more than fifty years it has been condemned by the laws of the United States. He moreover states with equal truth that slavery is an institution liable to great abuses, in which he candidly admits it very closely resembles other human relations. So far he goes on safe grounds. He then takes to repeating the exhortations of saints and pontiffs to the effect that 'as the Redeemer and Creator consented to be imprisoned in humanity in order by the grace of freedom to break the bonds of slavery and to restore us to our primitive liberty, so it is an act of wisdom to give back their original liberty to men, who by nature were free, and were bound down by human laws under the yoke of servitude.' Very fine sentiments, indeed, and very appropriate in the conditions regarding which the exhortation was used by saints and pontiffs of old.* But, now as then, let us observe the proportions and order of the liberation 'as' the Redeemer wrought it.

"The freedom obtained for man by the Christian faith is first and essentially supernatural and moral; only secondarily and *accidentally* natural and physical. It was the carnal view taken by vain men, and condemned by the Apostles and by the Catholic Church, that the 'liberty of Christ' destroyed the pre-existing relations of masters and slaves. It imposed on the masters new and Christian duties towards their slaves, and on their slaves new and Christian duties to their masters, but it did not destroy the relation, nor in the whole history of the Church can one case be cited where it was made a condition for a man becoming a Catholic that he should cease to hold slaves. The way, and the only way in which the Catholic

*The words quoted above by Dr. Dupanloup were used by Pope St. Gregory the Great—not in regard to the disfigured and degraded negroes, but of the beautiful and fair-skinned angels from the island of Britain, of whom he said: "Call them angels rather than Angles." They were a people fitted, as the European people have proved themselves, for liberty.

Church put an end to slavery in Europe, was by its quiet and interior work on masters and on slaves. The new duties imposed by conscience on the Catholic master towards the slaves who were under his protection, became a responsibility of which he was glad to be freed when he properly could be so. The Catholic faith, and the discipline of Catholic life fitted the slaves of Europe for liberty, and gave them a force that made it a political impossibility to keep them in slavery without public loss. But the slaves of Europe were of the same white with their masters. They were of that race of Japhet who still inherit the blessing of Noe to this day, whose race is still 'enlarging' and occupying more and more 'the tents of Shem,' while still 'Chanaan remains his servant.'

"Will the present relations of the white and black races continue to the end of time? This we know not, nor seek to know. Enough for the present, the facts of the present. All you who, under the mask of philanthropy, do not hate Cuffy, and want him exterminated, leave him to work out his own destiny! You cannot better it by meddling with him at a distance. The place on all the earth where his race has reached the highest point, especially, where, if a Catholic, he is most respected and most affectionately treated, has been in the slave-holding States of the Union. If the infidel abolitionists and Yankees, who are cockling over Dr. Dupanloup's 'sensation' letter, get their way, the fate of the negro is sealed in the land where he has been the least oppressed and most happy. He must 'move on' with the Indian and bury himself out of the Yankee's way.

"Dr. Dupanloup, theorizing and criticising on a most visionary abstraction in regard to a condition of society of which he knows nothing, never having set his eyes on an acre of slave soil, taking a supervision of affairs not at all within his jurisdiction, takes his abstractions for facts, and ignores the stern fact we have presented as to the superior civilization of the negro in our Southern States. Yet he says: 'I leave aside abstract theories, [as to possible conditions in which slavery may be licit] and I only consider facts.' He argues that slavery should be abolished because all men are by nature free. He adds: 'When

those slaves shall be set at liberty they must be formed into a society, and slavery has ill prepared them for this. But the priests of Jesus Christ and all Christians will come to their assistance!' And this he calls 'facts' and not 'theories or abstractions.' Why he will find those niggers, for the larger part, scoffing at his assistance as to anything spiritual or moral. Ever so many of them are Baptist or Methodist preachers and down on Papists. If he offers his 'assistance' they will accept it in the form of personal attendance on their corporal wants—nothing farther.

"Abandon the black race in the United States to themselves, and in five years they will sink into heathen and unmitigated barbarism. They are 'free by nature.' But are not fools and crazy people in the same sense, 'free by nature!' Are the asylums in which for their own good and the public safety they are confined to be then broken open and all fools and mad men set free? Are not children 'free by nature?' On his own plea of 'taking human nature as it is,' may it not be said that parents generally fail to bring up their children as they ought? Here in the United States the great majority of parents either teach their children no religion or a false one. Why not exhort Louis Napoleon to intervene in the name of 'Catholic France,' and take all the children away to put them under Dr. Dupanloup's instructions, that they may learn the end for which they were created? Why, at least, even if they have not the good fortune to possess the attractive features and skin of negroes, not let them have some small share in those prayers of Dr. Dupanloup's diocesans, for the sole purpose of evoking which he wrote his political letter, copied and lauded by the infidel journals of America. Has Dr. Dupanloup so completely succeeded in the principal work of Christianity, the emancipation of men from slavery to Satan, that he has leisure to teach Catholic prelates and priests their duties in a land he never saw in regard to the relations of a barbarous and generally unchristianized race towards masters who generally do not profess the Catholic faith?

"More than once, in years past, we have felt constrained to remark in terms we would rather have avoided, on the political utter-

ances of Dr. Dupanloup. If not more inopportune in itself, at least in pointed intention to reflect on the institutions of the United States in this time of our calamity, this present letter not only gives no more justification, but seems to demand of us this notice."

TO MY FRIENDS.

"The subscribers to the *Freeman's Journal* are my friends. I owe them no other explanation for the absence of leading articles or of editing other parts of the paper, than to tell them that I have suffered a blow so deep and heavy that it makes the remaining years of my life very different from all the past.

"The wife that, for nearly fifteen years has been the sunshine of my home, has been snatched away from me and from my and her young children. Those who have been intimates, even as visitors, of the household of which she was the soul, and who on leaving had looked back and wondered how there could be so much happiness in a family, will add to the burning tears they cannot restrain the sweet incense of their fervent prayers for the departed and for those that remain here below.

"That home for most part of fifteen years has been so like a paradise that to be absent from it even for one evening, no matter how pleasant the attraction elsewhere, was a period of exile. As time went on that home became dearer and more dear. Sufferings, sufferings long and various, welded and deepened the love that had commenced in the sincere seeking of the will of God.

"Who that was present in Bishop O'Connor's private episcopal chapel, with the select company of forty or fifty that were admitted at her nuptial mass, can forget it? Was there a dry eye there during that double sacrifice? The divine and adorable sacrifice was offered on the altar by Bishop O'Connor, who had been a father to her during her girlhood, and had found in her, as she ripened into womanhood, a soul so sincere and an intellect so bright, as to make her a confident of some of his thoughts, and even an adviser, on account of the purity of her judgment. Another sacrifice was offered up before the altar. It was the life of a pure virgin whose prayer all her life and till her last hour, was that she might do the will of God. Before she consented to marry me she ex-

acted of me but one solid pledge: 'Do you promise you will try and help me save my soul?'

"The way of the Cross is the way of salvation to the soul, and there is none other. Her marriage to me put her in that way. Bad health and physical suffering were her portion for many years. Suffering long and wearing, At one time for eighteen months her eyes were so affected that she could not read a word nor look at any external object. It was a physical reaction after the overstrain on her delicate nerves, consequent on the arrest of her husband by the tyrannous order of Mr. Wm. H. Seward in 1861, for refusing to forego the assertion of correct principles of political morality in face of the civil war that Mr. Seward had done so much to bring on. May God forgive him. Gertrude Fetterman McMaster was too high strung to show one moment's weakness or fear, though she felt all the time that to order her husband to be shot or have him privately drowned off the battlements of the military fortress where he was imprisoned without reason and against law, would have been in perfect keeping with the beginnings of the persecution he underwent.

"In the troubles of those years, in politics, and in other trials later, her intellect and soul, ever sustaining her husband as believing him altogether in the right, overtasked her delicate physical frame. Her voice was never heard in public nor even in social gatherings. The bright gifts of mind and soul that she had were poured into the bosom of her unworthy husband and but casually uttered even to the guests of his house.

"But even dead her works praise her. Two of her daughters, almost budding into womanhood, owe to her all their intellectual training, from the earliest elements. She was their teacher in German, in French, in Latin and in music, as well as in more elementary matters not often well taught or learned. But above all they have been most faithfully trained by her in what Christian girls ought to know, to believe, and to practice.

"It seems almost a sacrilege for me to speak thus of Gertrude who abhorred as indecent, the mention of women in Journals. She has entered into her eternity, and therefore, the showing of her virtues can-

not effect her modesty. But words are easily coined, and therefore, there is an appearance of impropriety in speaking of one who so shunned being talked of.

"It is not after her death only but during her life that very learned and holy men have recognized her exceptional character. I speak of this only to excite pity for myself. *Miseremini mei, miseremini mei, vos, saltem amici mei, quoniam tetigit me manus Domini.*

"I have every human reason to believe that Gertrude Fetterman, late my wife, has entered on the *Sabbatine Indulgence*, at least, '*Indulgentiam quam semper optavit.*' But the judgments of God are inscrutable. I believe that the torrent of the river that makes glad the City of God has filled her soul already with eternal joys.

"But it is bad theology that erects private belief into a rule of conduct. The Redemptorists, the Jesuits, the Passionists, the Dominicans, have been saying masses for her soul, and praying for her. The masses carry their own effect. God forbid that the prayers shall be less fervent because any may consider them unneeded. Not one of us can know the inscrutable judgments of God. The essential pain of purgatory, as of hell, is the pain of loss. Therefore it is not alone expiation of faults committed but the clear vision in presence of eternity, of merits eternal that might have been gained, and have not been, that may be the anguish of holy souls and constitute their purgatory. But, to souls rightly constituted the torment of such a vision, eternity of merits that might have been gained against an idle hour, a useless amusement, in this life, so short that it has no part of it to be lost, is a torment more acute than material fire.

"Therefore I ask the prayers of every friend of mine—whether friends I have ever seen or not—for Gertrude Genevieve Fetterman, a week ago my wife, now my sister in the Lord. If she may not need them they will not be lost.

"Some other holy soul in Purgatory will be solaced and sooner delivered, and amid the choirs of the blessed will go to Gertrude and thank her for the benefit of those prayers. Nor will the merit fail for those that will say these prayers. Gertrude will be invoked to go, in heaven, and ask the Lord to return abundantly blessings for the prayers that have been said for her by her

and my friends. She will be invoked to go to our Blessed Lady, and to St. Joseph, and to St. Michael, the archangel, and to her other patrons, and to ask blessings on all the dear and true friends that have been praying for her. She will certainly do this, for it was her saying here below that it was a mean and shameful thing not to return thanks for every spiritual favor received. This, too, is according to the doctrine of the saints.

"Notwithstanding my strong conviction that Gertrude is in perfect peace, yet, taught by the Catholic Church, I implore prayers for her rather than for me, or for my sorely stricken little ones. This may yet be an instant duty, for God's ways are not open to human ken. For myself and my three little daughters, and my two little sons, even to the youngest not two years old, who still calls excitedly for his mamma, I beg the prayers of my friends. I do so because I know many will respond to my petition; and because I know that prayer will bring the greatest of all help to me; and because I am glad to be a beggar at the doors of the faithful for this most needed alms.

"God's call, striking like the lightning, has shattered the bower of my human delight. It is just, and right and good, that I should be called to march, unsheltered, during the remaining years of my earthly life. I do not repine at this. *Castigasti me, et eruditus sum, quasi juvenculus indomitus. Convertite me et convertar, quia Tu Dominus Deus meus.*

"But how am I to fulfil the mission of rearing as a Catholic family the little flock left to me? It is a hard yoke to lay on shoulders so young as those of my daughters, who, hitherto, have had only to walk in the footsteps of such a mother. This is, however, their and my portion, and so I ask the prayers of my friends.

"Gertrude, whose life was a continual preparation for death, departed this life as an infant goes to sleep. The prayers I said as she was dying, she seemed to think an office of affection, to assist her as she had just laid down for the night. Her last words were 'thank you,' 'thank you,' and as a response to the words of prayer recited in her ear, 'that is right; Jesus, Mary and Joseph.' She was too weak and

thought herself too sleepy to say more. Her pulse had been running at a hundred and forty beats to the minute, and running faster her consciousness was gone. Father Hewitt had but time to reach her room to give her Extreme Unction before her heart ceased to beat. But, as her confessor said to her a day or two before, when she wanted to make a general confession, her 'whole life had been a general confession and a preparation for death.'

"Gertrude died on Wednesday night, July 5, a few minutes after the fathers and brothers of at least two religious houses—the Redemptorists in New York—had offered for her their penances and all their good works. The next morning, in several churches of this city all the Masses were said for the repose of her soul. Also a still larger number on the morning succeeding.

"Nor in New York alone or its vicinity, in communities, as of the Jesuits, Dominicans, Redemptorists, Passionists, were there Masses offered. The telegraph reached Father Freitag at the Redemptorist Novitiate at Annapolis. Many Masses were offered on Tuesday morning, and the united prayers of a vast religious community with all their friends. On Friday, at Annapolis, a Solemn Requiem was said by Father Freitag, with deacon and sub-deacon, and all the fathers, brothers, students and novices offered their communions for the repose of her soul.

"At the Solemn Requiem at St. Paul's Church, New York, on Saturday morning, Fathers Turner, Lilly and McGovern, of the Dominicans; Father Dealy, of the Jesuits; Fathers DeKam and another of the Redemptorists; Fathers Thomas and Gabriel, of the Passionists; Father Pollard, of the Oblates, and several of the Fathers of St. Paul the Apostle, assisted. A large company of most affectionate friends thronged the church. Fathers Thomas and Gabriel accompanied the mortal remains of this bright servant of God to the cemetery, and performed the last rites of religion at the grave. But great as has been the affection and respect shown to our deceased sister—wife no longer—we ask the prayers for her soul of every friend that reads our paper.

"*New York Freeman's Journal,*
"Saturday, July 15, 1871."

WHO SHALL HAVE THE CHILD ?

“To whom do the children of Catholics belong? Who has a right to their training? Who is to have them? There are just now only two claimants—the Church and the world—that is to say, God and the devil! The world claims them. It insists that they shall be brought up as children of the world, loving the world, obeying the world, identified with the world, forgetting God with the world, and going to the devil with the world.

“But the Church also claims them. She set her seal on them in baptism. She does not bestow on them the inestimable gift of regeneration except on the solemn promise and vow of their parents that they shall be brought up in the discipline and in the instruction of the Lord. The Church claims that they shall be brought up as not of the world; that they shall be taught not to love the world, not to conform to it, not to follow or obey it. Parents contract the solemn obligation to bring up their Catholic children in this spirit, as soldiers of the cross and freemen of Christ, and not as slaves of the devil and votaries of the world. Pastors stand as watchmen and as monitors to warn and to urge their people to the discharge of this obligation, by the neglect of which children and parents, and all who do neglect doing their duties in these premises, will certainly perish.

“In schools of the world and of the devil it is reasonable to expect that children are to be brought up to shun the evils of the world and to resist the snares of the devil. The whole question lies here—are schools of the world, are schools where God is shut out, the places for children to be brought up for the religion which the world hates, because it hated Him who died to establish that religion? Think of this, you Catholics, who even yet suffer your children to frequent schools against which the successor of St. Peter has warned the Church, and which the bishops of the country, as well as of every other, have pronounced to be hostile to the faith. Think of this and act on the thought quickly, or harsher epithets will be due you than those of sleepy Catholics, ignorant Catholics, stupid and short-sighted Catholics. If the experience of the past, if the demonstrations of the past, if the voice of Pope and bishops,

and the attitude of all earnest and living Catholics throughout the world, are not able to arouse all who call themselves Catholics to the discharge of this great duty of nature and of religion, then those who still side with the world in this question will not from our pen find terms applied to them gentler than that they are disobedient and faithless people, too brutish to prize heaven more than earth, too base to respect their word plighted in the vows they have taken at the baptism of their children, too servile and too shallow to prefer the communion and the blessing of the saints to the fellowship of the hollow infidels with whom they cast in their lot and the lot of their children.

“Once more let us be up and doing. The work that is before us to do for ourselves, for our children and for our country is perfectly plain. Infidelity, if it triumph, will be the ruin of our country as well as the perdition of our children. But infidelity now reigns supreme in the State education of this country. What we Catholics must do, and must do now, is first to get our own children out of this devouring fire. At any cost, at any sacrifice, we must deliver the children over whom we have control from those pits of destruction which lie invitingly in their way under the name of public or district schools. We must, wherever there are enough of Catholics together to render it possible, organize Catholic parish schools. Where this is impossible let parents withdraw their children from these places where they are certain to learn evil, and probably very little but evil, and if they cannot have them taught elsewhere, let them be set to honest labor or kept from the ways of the destroyer under the parents' eyes. This withdrawal of Catholic children everywhere from the Godless schools should be the first step. It is lamentable that it has not long ago been taken.

“Next we must set to work patiently, calmly, resolutely, perseveringly, to break off from our neck the yoke of State despotism put upon them by Jacobins in the shape of the school system in this and other States. This we can do if we will. We hear now and then of some Catholic with some money, but no brains, or no instruction worth mentioning, who in his over-anxiety to stand well with his Protestant neighbors disapproves of separate schools

for Catholics for fear of being thought illiberal. The Protestant neighbors of such men are the first to see through them, and laugh at them behind their backs, though they encourage them professedly in their prevarication. But we are strong enough to do without the aid of such unworthy brethren. We have the conscience and the convictions of the country with us. Since our last week's paper was issued we have met at different times three several Protestant ministers who have spoken on this subject. Each of them granted that religion and justice and law were on our side. Each of them expressed his private wish that the system of schools without religion should be abolished, and two of them acknowledged (one of his own accord) that the sole reason that Protestants opposed us was their conviction that if justice were done us in the matter of schools it would be the most powerful means of increasing the number and proportions of Catholics in this country.

"Think of this, fellow Catholics. The sustainers of this law do so against their own convictions of right, they do so in the detriment of their own religions, when they have any, but they do it for the sake of wronging us. They do it because they see that children educated in Catholic schools will be Catholics, and children educated in un-Catholic schools, commonly, will not be Catholics.

"And we see the same thing! What do we do then? Nay what are we going to do? Will we not meet together, form a plan for working in behalf of this great object; rouse this Catholic spirit of every parish; make as many centres of agitation as there are Catholic churches in this state; make

the justice and urgency of our claim the topic of conversation with every candid and honorable man we can find; and resolve never to give over our exertions till we have good Catholic schools for all our youth, and till we are free from the unjust burden of paying for schools which are nuisances without receiving any help for the schools we know to be good?

"For ourselves this is the resolution we formed four years ago and the prospect was then dreary enough. At that time there was not one Catholic parish school in the English language in the city of New York and public sentiment was so dead that most people thought we indulged odd notions when we plead for Catholic schools. We did not then expect in ten years to see the change that has taken place in four—and yet we expected then to live and edit the *Freeman's Journal* till every parish in the state of New York should have its Catholic school, and the infidel school-law be exploded as one of the mad dreams of socialism.

"The mad caps who proposed a free school system for the whole state have unwillingly helped us. They have tried their system, and now the same men have met again in Syracuse, as we recorded a few weeks ago, and pronounced their scheme a practical failure. They say, one after another of them, that the cause of education is progressing backwards. Let us meet and without pretention set on foot a movement that will show the people of this state how it is that education can be made to progress forward, to accomplish its ends and satisfy all its true friends.

"*New York Freeman's Journal,*

"*Saturday, August 28, 1852.*"



THE GRADUATES.

BY MARY ANGELA SPELLISSY.

CHAPTER IX.



MARY observed that some new arrivals were placed at the table near theirs; to them John spoke in passing.

The two strangers eyed the girls with more than casual interest. The elder lady was venerable but stately, and

had the air of a traveler. The younger was quite tall, and gave the impression of looking over the heads of her neighbors. Her gaze was crushingly dispassionate. As the two parties left the dining room John presented his friends as Mrs. Craig and her niece, Miss Chase. A sequestered nook was found on the porch, and the conversation became general. "This view is delicious," said Miss Chase. "Did you ever notice that the afternoon light on the ocean is far more exquisite than that of the morning?"

"You know Paula," said her aunt, "that in the afternoon the sun is behind you, and the light shines into the caves of the breakers, coloring them so wonderfully."

"Do they not seem exultant?" asked Mary; "they come hurrying in like wonderful animals. Each seems intent on a purpose."

"See how impatiently they shake back the foam. I admire their supreme transparency," said Miss Chase. "Is not their clearness wonderful when you remember the quantity of sand they churn up as they come dashing in? They remind me of those noble souls who, in the contact of affairs, preserve that majestic simplicity we meet occasionally. All dross goes under in their presence. I do not forget that moralizing is considered in bad form during a summer holiday, but I do not think my present company likely to be constrained by trivi-

alities. What acquaintance have your family with me, Dr. Murphy?"

"It began very agreeably as we left the dining room, Miss Chase. I am very glad that I encounter no preconceived impressions. Thro' Dr. Murphy and our mutual friend, Alex Dent, I have known you all very well for some months, but the reality is much more charming. The doctor's sketches were statuesque; the reality gives warmth, color and a delightful friendliness. I consider this companionship a great privilege. I must explain, Miss Chase, that your letter came to me this morning, forwarded from the hospital, in an envelope addressed by Dr. Watts, who is substituting for me. I was late for breakfast and crushed it into my pocket and forgot it until my brother Paul's attention to his mail reminded me of the letter I had received. I had but ten minutes to reach your train."

"How well you dissembled your indecent haste. You appeared as cool and imperturbable as though you had been enjoying a hammock and a breezy corner. Professional discipline does wonders for man or woman. I had a letter from Mr. Dillon as I left home, and he is in perfect accord with our scheme. Are your family familiar with it?"

"No, we have had no opportunity for lengthy conversation. I am glad yours will be the first presentation of the subject."

"Well, my dear friends, I will premise my statement by acknowledging my obligations to Dr. Murphy's father and mother, whose wisdom prepared for me so admirable an associate in a good work that I have much at heart. By my father's death I am made a very wealthy woman. In examining his papers we found some mining stock that he considered worthless. We have been approached by several parties who wish to purchase, and find that it has attained an astonishing value. My mother was a Cuban. She died when I was very young. My life has been passed in seclusion. My

father was very scholarly and delighted in teaching me. I have never been at school, and have lived a provincial life in the heart of New York City. My father was of Puritan stock, and was one of the community at Brook Farm. He became a Catholic through the instructions of Father Hecker. Occasional visits to the summer homes of our family friends have made me familiar with the fashionable man and woman of my own age, and I have recoiled in horror from such contact. My father often said that to know people thoroughly you should have business dealings with them. I have come to the conclusion that the amusements of the day are also a test. Watching a game of tennis has dispelled many an agreeable illusion; greed, dishonesty, hate shone from the countenances of the players.

"A progressive euchre transforms the timid, amiable girl into a creature I like not to name. Such a thing as playing for the sake of the game, in hearty enjoyment of your opponent's good fortune as if it were your own is rarely met with. I had about arrived at the conclusion that I was quixotic in my expectations, when I met Dr. Murphy, while visiting an unfortunate woman at the hospital. I have always had a great tenderness for poor patients; an uncle of mine died in the alms house. My father learned of his death through the morning papers. That was the first news he had of his brother in twenty years. I was taken to the funeral, and my father impressed on me a tender compassion for the poor and suffering that has never left me. Howell's 'Hazard of New Fortunes' made a deep impression on me. The words of Linden were ever ringing in my ears: 'To be in sympathy with the poor, you must live in poverty: you must *see it all the time; feel it, hear it, smell it, taste it*, or you forget it.'

"I went to live with some nuns who wore no uniform, and who go into the houses of the poor day and night. My six months' experience gave me a knowledge of the wretchedness of some of my unfortunate fellow-creatures, and the causes of their misery. The remedies I am considering. A remark of Dr. Murphy's on the difficulty of procuring any kind of labor in Montana, set me thinking. I have asked Mr. Dillon's counsel, and I am inclined to think

that many of the well disposed poor will be benefitted by emigration to some of our Western States. I have laid the matter before our charitable societies for consideration. I am willing to co-operate with them in their methods of relief if they consider my scheme impracticable. My father held that large donations were an injury to charitable societies. The advice of Mr. Dillon is invaluable.

"Remember I am not so visionary as to imagine it possible to do away with poverty, I wish only to use to the best advantage the wealth of which I am the steward. I confess I am a little selfish; I find no greater enjoyment in life than in alleviating the sufferings of the wretched. Dr. Murphy's judicious counsel has furnished me many golden opportunities. Only think, I saw the other day three of his patients, little children, starvation cases. To think of such a condition in a city where there is so much reckless waste."

"I think, Miss Chase, you are on the right path," said Mr. Murphy; "Mr. Dillon's experience of the conditions of life in his State, added to his ability as an organizer, cannot fail to be serviceable. I wish you success most cordially."

"I propose to go to Montana next week. My good aunt will accompany me. She is my sympathetic abettor in my enterprise. We expect to take with us a sturdy German husband and wife, whose services will be useful."

"Should we not pay our respects to the ocean?" said John.

"Your suggestion is timely," replied Miss Chase; "I shall embrace the opportunity to become acquainted with your brother and sisters."

The young people went off at a brisk pace; the cool breeze made exercise delightful.

"What a beautiful walker Miss Chase is," said Mr. Murphy.

"Yes," replied her aunt; "my brother was fond of long rambles, and Paula was his frequent companion; his influence is stamped on her character. Not only does she step out like a man, but her abruptness and directness are man-like. She has no intimate friends of her own sex but the sisters of the convent. Our relatives are quite estranged from us since we became Catholics. Paula's intercourse with her

father gave her an insight into subjects that most young people shrink from. I think the society of your daughters will be very useful to her and very congenial."

While glancing over the paper one morning, Mr. Murphy uttered an exclamation that attracted the attention of his wife.

"Anything wrong, husband?"

"A scurrilous paragraph, of which Pansy Dodd is the subject. Do you know anything of this affair, Margaret?"

"What is it?"

"Your friend Pansy is here represented as having been married privately to a man for whom she now professes an abhorrence. The paragraph is not edifying reading."

"I have been told that she was married, but I hoped the statement was untrue. Pansy told me she had the greatest admiration for Mr. Green's voice, that when he sang she felt herself entirely submissive to his influence."

"I do not understand," said Paul, "what gets into the girls who talk such nonsense. Now, there is Pansy; she was educated at the convent."

"Excuse my interruption, son, but I must correct a misapprehension. Pansy's attendance at the convent was most irregular. From her infancy she was treated as a pretty doll, decked with finery most unsuitable for a child. The parties of the season had the first claim. The late hours made her attendance at school irregular, and if she was there in the body her mind was distracted by the dissipation just passed, or the one for which she was preparing. I remember her mother's indignation when Pansy was forbidden to wear a profusion of jewelry in school. What but folly could come of such unwisdom in training?"

"I am truly sorry," said Mary. "Pansy was a lovable girl, so pretty and attractive. I had hoped she would have been the wife of Mr. Stapleton, and that his influence would have been useful."

"He is an excellent man, and was devoted to Pansy, but I think she chafed under his criticism and preferred the company of the foolish."

"Here is the marriage of Violet Sperring to the youngster Frank mentioned, Walter Vernon. Frank's tranquility will not be disturbed by the event. The Vernons are a wealthy family, and Walter is a good tem-

pered boy. He and Violet are of the same age."

"I must tell you of a loss we have sustained in the death of our dear Hugh Neville."

"Can it be possible?"

"It is but too true. He died at Colorado Springs."

"I had no idea the end would be so soon. It is but two months since he took leave of us."

"I have long thought that Hugh considered himself doomed. He lived as if he had in mind the counsel, 'work while it is yet day.' I think that conviction prevented his marriage. I know he was a great admirer of Maria Delacroix. She is now in the novitiate of the Franciscans in Rome."

"May he pray for us. Surely he does not need our prayers."

"Our prayers will not be lost even though he needs them not. I hope, my children, your lives will be nobler for having known him. His whole course gave testimony that fidelity to principle wins the respect even of the worldling. From Hugh's boyhood he was worthy the words applied to the Divine Child, 'He advanced in wisdom and grace before God and man.'"

"I have great news for you," said Mrs. Murphy to her family one evening in September.

"Mrs. Butler called to-day. She told me they attended the Catholic summer school, and that for the rest of her life she intends to keep her eyes and ears open, and her mouth shut. She says that Edward did her a good turn by pouncing on her that evening. She did not know at the time that by his assistance Mr. Butler was saved from failure. Edward's money and good counsel proved him truly a friend. She acknowledges that she found experience in the ways of fashionable life most humiliating, and that they are all well pleased to resume the simplicity of their early days. They have taken a house in 36th street. Mrs. Butler's sister, Mrs. Sarsfield, and her daughter Gertrude, will, in future, become members of the family. The engagement of Edward Butler with Gertrude's friend, Miss Fitzgerald, has just been announced, and is received very pleasantly in both families.

"Blanche and Imogene intend taking a course at the institute. They say they have not been so happy since they were little children. While living in the palace they never felt at home; they had turned their backs on their old friends, and the people they courted gave them scant courtesy. Their lives were lonely and filled with bitterness. The latest news from Percy showed him much pleased with life at your Uncle John's. He is an excellent draughtsman, and has an aptitude for architecture."

"I, too, have something to tell," said Margaret. "I met Pansy to-day. She is going to Europe to cultivate her voice. She had nearly passed me before I saw her. She said she thought I was going to cut her. Of course I told her that such a suspicion was unjust. Tears sprang to her eyes."

"You have no idea," said she, "what I have suffered since my law suit, but my mother has forgiven me, and nobody else has any right to say anything about my marriage. I must protest against Pansy's opinion. She has given public scandal in the matter, brought suspicion on her character, discredited on religion and embarrassment to her friends. All our actions, good or evil, have their chain of consequences. It is well to hold in remembrance the saying, 'Have a decent respect for public opinion.' A business woman once said to me that few of our sex appeared to comprehend the obligation of a contract. They wished to bind one party, but would slip out of an agreement. Pansy's marriage gives color to such an assertion. Within a month of her marriage she wished to throw off the bonds."

The beautiful October days came, all too soon, to Mary's family. Her uncle always spoke of her as "the light of the house," and to those whom she was leaving the prospect of separation was unwelcome. With true love they dissembled their regret.

The bride and groom made a retreat, which concluded on the morning of the wedding-day. Reverently they passed up the aisle. Not one who gazed upon them could fail to recognize their realization that they were receiving a sacrament. The eastern sun glorified the beautiful sanctuary in

which they knelt. A golden sunbeam shone on Mary's beautiful head, as if the Holy Spirit smiled upon her. The entire bridal party received Holy Communion at the Mass. The members of the societies whose labors Mary had shared, and the poor whom she had comforted were within the church.

It was one of those blessed occasions when heaven descends to earth.

At the wedding breakfast Mary saw around her the father and mother who had been to her as the Providence of God, the fond sisters, and devoted brothers, from whom she was turning to enter a different path—with another companion. But on the new way shone the blessing of God as on the old. With love she was welcomed by the parents of her husband, and her soul welled up in gratitude to God, that the marriage had but enlarged her family circle.

Their wedding journey was in accord with Mr. Dillon's invitation.

Dr. George Vinton and wife rested at White Sulphur Springs, Montana, and received a warm welcome from Mrs. Craig, Miss Chase and Mr. Dillon. Edward Butler had gone to Philadelphia and expected to bring his bride west with him before the winter.

After a visit to the ranch and the points of interest in the neighboring country, the whole party made the excursion to the wonders of the Yosemite.

"I feel a little like a traitor," said Paula one afternoon, when with Mrs. Vinton she was luxuriating in an unusual experience—an idle hour.

"It is the last thing I should accuse you of," replied Mary.

"Thank you. Has it ever occurred to you that your uncle Edward might marry?"

"Yes, indeed, we have sometimes amused ourselves, during the idleness of the twilight hour, in choosing a wife for him."

"I dare not ask you to describe her, and to avoid all embarrassments had better make you my confidant—"

"I see it in your face," said Mary, "and congratulate you with all my heart."

"I think, my dear, I am a very fortunate woman in having won the love of so noble a man; he is such as my father would have approved. You cannot imagine the sense of isolation that oppressed me at times, especially since the discovery of the wealth

in my possession. I was appalled by the sense of responsibility that was borne in upon me. In Mr. Dillon I see the man of affairs, whose advice will be so useful. This tender consideration has supplied to me both father and mother. With your consent, my aunt and I will travel with you to New York. We propose to be married from my own home, very quietly, some morning next spring."

"My dear Paula, I think you were made for each other; George and I were speaking of it last night. You are both formed on noble lines, and in the settlement of your colony have before you a grand work, one worthy your ability. I know Uncle Edward is recognized as a power in municipal affairs, and his influence will be felt not only in this town, but throughout this section of the country.

I am truly happy in our engagement. I am very sure that my father would gladly have given his sanction to my marriage with your uncle, whose good sense and experience in dealing with affairs assure to me a wise counsellor, while his sense of humor and hidden tenderness make him an ever enjoyable friend, giving me the assurance that in him I shall find that great gift of God, a good husband."

Mr. and Mrs. Scott returned home in October, bringing Dora with them. She had heard of her husband only through the public news. He had spent the summer in

Europe and had transferred his office to New York.

Duty to her parents and to her child left Dora little leisure; that little she shared with the poor, who claimed her. Daily Mass, and her visits to the Blessed Sacrament, were her spiritual luxuries, and from them she drew strength to carry her cross sweetly and with courage.

The tranquility of her soul shone in her countenance, investing it with a beauty far superior to that of her girlhood. The course of study she had pursued steadily during the summer gave her a mental discipline that quickened as well as informed her intellect. She was ever eager to acquaint herself with the best methods for the education of children, and Adolph found her an inspiring teacher. The little fellow was quick to appreciate the change in his mother. After looking at her thoughtfully for some minutes one day he said:

"You don't wear such pretty dresses now, but you're ever so much nicer than you used to be."

Kathleen and Margaret were soon absorbed in the autumn course at the Institute. Familiarity with their instructors and companions made this season a pleasanter one than the preceding.

TO BE CONTINUED.



THE SOCIAL QUESTION.

IV.

BY PIUS R. MAYER, O. C. C.



HE said last month that the "second class of Socialists substitutes for the individual the multitude, arranging the forces of labor as a closed phalanx against the ranks of capital, however, without appeal to violence."

From different sides the forming of labor unions was treated as an unjustifiable, revolutionary measure, and the advocates of this view called into requisition the power of State and Church to break up the unions. Others just as strongly defended the unions and allowed them an absolute sway, short of violence to person or property. For us the question is twofold. (1) Are laborers allowed to unite against their employers for legitimate purposes? and (2) are they allowed to join ANY union for this purpose?

Our historical preamble to these papers showed us that in Catholic times unions of tradesmen and journeymen were formed, and though local in their origin they were by no means local in their efficiency. What was lawful then is lawful now, and this the more as circumstances are changed very much against the employees and in favor of the capitalists. Then the seventh commandment restrained avarice, condemned injustice and bound the violator to restitution. But the business principles of to-day allow the employer to hoard money to his heart's content, and to look upon employees merely as a means of accumulating wealth. Hence the question of employment and wages is no longer a question of fairness and justice to the employed, but of expediency and self-interest. These demanding it, the employer is ready to sacrifice his workmen without a scruple. If, therefore, the workmen unite they act in self defence,

and as long as they are willing to use legitimate means for a legitimate end they are justified before God and the world.

But there are several pitfalls in this matter. The right to work is an individual one, and the choice of work likewise depends on the free determination of the individual. Now, when a number of individuals combine for the purpose of mutual protection against the greed of employers they act within their right, and having agreed on rules of action the members of the union are bound by these rules. These combinations in order to be just must be voluntary. As soon as they go beyond and force unwilling men to enter the union, or remain members against their will, they become unjust, and their regulations need not and cannot in conscience be acted upon.

The plea put forth in defence of force that the union proves abortive unless it comprises all the workmen in a certain branch of work, this plea, we say, is futile. The end does not justify the means. Persuasion may be used to bring all the employees into the union and keep them there, but to designate unwilling men "scabs," to hound them out of employment and render it impossible for them to earn an honest living, is an unjust means and reprehensible. The same thing is true in regard to boycotting firms which employ non-union men. Every man has an indisputable right to accept work offered to him, and to work for the wages agreed upon, as he also has the right to quit the work which no longer suits him, or the remuneration for which appears to him inadequate.

This right belongs to the individual, and also to the labor union, as far as this union is a *voluntary* one. But as soon as moral force is employed in forming or maintaining an union, the decrees of the officers of such union become arbitrary and tyrannical and cannot bind the *involuntary* members.

What we say concerning labor applies

with equal force to *strikes*. A voluntary union of workmen has the indisputable right to lay down the work if the conditions of work or wages are no longer satisfactory, and it may continue the strike until it compels the employer to do justice to his men. But too often strikes are organized and maintained that cannot be considered legitimate in any way. We heard of strikes declared because the employers dismissed men unfit for their work. The union in the case considered it incumbent to compel a reinstatement of the discharged men, not because an injustice had been done to them, but solely because they were members of the union. Such proceedings are clearly unjust, as they are taken not to defend just rights, but to inflict an injustice upon the employer. The membership in an union should never shelter undeserving men from deserved punishment.

We also heard of strikes declared because the employer engaged non-union men instead of the discharged workmen. Also this is unjust, since the employer in justice can claim the same right of employing labor as the laborers claim in accepting or refusing the proffered work. Persuasion as we said before may be resorted to, to bring non-union men into the union, but boycotting is not persuasion, but force, and hence condemns itself.

Again, strikes are declared when often there is but one visible cause, viz., the desire to raise the wages or shorten the time of labor.

It would be impossible for any man to determine in every given case just what wages would be a fair remuneration for work rendered. And this the more as modern facilities and speed of transportation changed all these questions from national into international ones, and the question of supply and demand enters largely into the computation. The larger the supply and the lower the demand, the lower are the market prices and *vice versa*. Hence even a conscientious employer cannot always pay the same price for the same work, and it seems to us that the leaders of labor unions do not give sufficient consideration to this fact.

On the other hand it is certainly true that the employers avail themselves of every glut in the market, nay even produce such glut to reduce the wages even below

the living scale. Hence there is injustice on both sides, and this injustice is of dire results to both sides, as experience in our mining and manufacturing centres abundantly proves.

Greed, which is so often charged against capital, is equally found on the side of labor. When workmen strike for higher wages who earn from four to five dollars a day, as it was in New Jersey and Pennsylvania, they have no excuse left, as they earn certainly more than living wages, and if the leaders of labor announce strikes on such flimsy reasons, and compel hundreds to live on credit and amidst great privations, they are blood suckers just as well as the employers, who take advantage of temporary distress to reduce the wages below all proportions.

Asking the question: "What material advantages did the strikes bring to the strikers?" we unhesitatingly answer, "None whatever." Often we heard that but for the repeated strikes wages would gradually have been reduced so much that no laborer could exist, and if the laborers did not succeed in raising wages they at least prevented lowering them. We look upon this argument as a fallacy. A man in order to allow decent existence requires a certain sum of money. Whether he earns this money in a hundred days by increased wages, or in a hundred and fifty days by ordinary wages, the practical result is the same. But whilst the sum earned is identic, the enforced idleness invites drinking, gambling or expensive amusement, and thus, as experience teaches, the bread earner spends more on himself and less on his family, and habits contracted during the months of a strike but too often cling to the striker, also after work has been resumed. At all events obligations contracted during the strike have to be met from later earnings, and counting up at the end of the year convinces the striker that he did not gain, but lose, by laying down the work whilst work could be had.

This conviction has gradually forced itself upon large bodies of laborers, so that for instance in England they have resolved to abandon strikes and resort to arbitration.

A word yet in regard to *sympathetic strikes*, undertaken not for any grievance of their own crowd, but to give momentum to the

strike of others. These strikes lack all foundation and are an injustice to both capital and labor. Any man contracting to do certain work has the moral obligation of doing it and cannot in fairness refuse as long as his employer complies with the conditions. And the sentimentality underlying such strikes harms the very ones it is intended to benefit, because it deprives them of public sympathy and renders them and their complaints odious.

But is there no remedy against the encroachments of capital? Is nothing left but tame submission to its most extravagant demands? There are three remedies: (1) change of work, (2) arbitration, (3) co-operation. Any of them if rightly wielded is a powerful means. We intend to speak later on arbitration and co-operation and wish to say here only that a man dissatisfied with the work done, or the wages paid, can often without difficulty go over to some

other employment. There are hundreds of farmers, store-keepers, etc., in the West who formerly were miners or workers in iron mills or glass houses. What they did others can do likewise, and when now a good many complain that this way is not open to them, because they are destitute of means, they need but blame their own want of providence or extravagance for the fact.

Young men are inexcusable, if earning from \$20 to \$25 a week they neglect saving some of their money, so that after years of work they have not the means of even furnishing a small house without resort to credit. And alas, how many of the kind have we in the country. And it is just such men that complain loudest of the tyranny of capital, and advocate the most foolhardy measures to right their supposed wrongs. Our sympathy here gives way to aversion.

BLESSED JOANNA OF TOULOUSE.

CARMELITE VIRGIN.

BY REV. A. M. RONCI, O. C. C.



BLESSED JOAN was born at Toulouse towards the middle of the 13th century. She was a daughter of the noble and illustrious family of the Counts of Toulouse. From her earliest childhood she gave unmistakable signs of an unusual vocation to sanctity.

As a young girl, far from being allured by the attractions of the brilliant circle around her, or charmed by the honors showered upon her as the daughter of such a noble family, she was repelled by these vanities, and at a very early period, determined courageously to renounce forever the world and its pomp, and to dedicate herself entirely to God.

As she said herself, in God alone did she find the sweet consolations which her soul longed for, and the delights which ravish the heart.

No human force could withdraw her from her firm resolution. Day by day she made greater progress in piety and virtue.

Her parents were struck with astonishment in seeing her so totally estranged from all those amusements which have such a strong fascination for young people. Her friends could hardly reconcile themselves to see a gifted descendant of a powerful and distinguished family, despise the joys which the world offered her, in order to devote herself entirely to solitude, to penance, and to the cross.

But God had his own designs upon this strong and valiant soul, and hence it is no wonder, that she should manifest such heroic virtue and constancy.

Her soul being thus prepared, a favorable occasion soon presented itself, which made it possible for her to consecrate herself definitely and irrevocably to the service of God.

About the year 1240, at the invitation of

Saint Louis, King of France, religious men from Mount Carmel established themselves in the city of Toulouse. The austerity, the modesty and the fervor of these holy religious, but particularly the fact, that they were in a special manner devoted to the service of the Blessed Virgin, under whose protection they had come from the East to win new clients for her in the West, captivated the heart of the young countess to such an extent that she conceived the most intense desire to belong to the Order of Mount Carmel, and to conquer all obstacles in the way of her perfection under the standard of the Queen of Heaven.

And God, who had in His Divine Providence watched so lovingly hitherto over this privileged soul, now held out His hand to her to facilitate the great step she so anxiously wished to take.

St. Simon Stock, who was then Superior General of the Carmelite Order, came to visit the new foundation at Toulouse. Blessed Joan was so powerfully attracted by the eminent virtues of this heroic saint that she threw herself at his feet, conjuring him to receive her as his daughter and a member of the Order of Mary.

The saint, with that supernatural discernment so frequently found among the servants of God, instantly recognized the holiness of the young postulant. He therefore did not delay in giving her the habit of Carmel, and, according to tradition, allowing her at once to make perpetual vows of chastity.

Having thus been ascribed among the favorite children of Mary, no one can adequately describe the alacrity and fervor with which she ran on the road of perfection, imitating the sublime virtues of the Mother and Queen of Carmel.

She devoted herself to the relief of the poor, and sought no other distraction in the midst of her many occupations, than to pour forth her affectionate longings before the Blessed Sacrament, and to prostrate herself before the image of our Lady of Carmel.

Her mortifications were extraordinary. She continually afflicted her body by the use of the discipline. Her food was the meditation of the sufferings of Our Lord, and frequent reflections on the ingratitude of men towards so loving a Father. She

wept bitter tears while imploring with ardent sighs the conversion of so many unhappy souls living in sin.

Having generously and heroically ascended to the heights of Carmel, to the highest perfection of a life of prayer and contemplation, it pleased God to call her to Himself on the 31st of March, 1286. She died at Toulouse, her native city.

Blessed Joan, in rendering her beautiful soul to God, left behind her an imperishable fame of sanctity. Far from diminishing through the course of the centuries, devotion to her memory became more and more universal among the people, especially of France and Belgium, who in their needs had recourse to the intercession of our illustrious saint.

And the saint, or rather God Himself, rewarded the veneration which was given her by granting innumerable favors and graces to those who, with confidence in her intercession, resorted to her protection.

It would be difficult to make a choice among the thousands of miracles which have been attributed to our saint during the course of centuries. I shall only mention one, which, having occurred recently, has been fully investigated by the authorities.

It happened in May, 1892.

Sister Mary of Christ, a professed nun of the Carmelite Convent in Agen, 34 years of age, had been reduced to a most deplorable state by an alarming disease.

Stomach, liver and heart were attacked to such an extent that she could not take food, excepting in the most minute quantities, and then only with extreme suffering. Her sufferings and pains were so intense that sleep was an impossibility. The attending physician had given up all hope. Finally, on the 1st of May, 1892, when, at his visit he found her tongue literally black and her agony, if possible, increased, he retired from the convent, convinced that he would not find her alive at his next visit.

But, where human aid fails, God is all-powerful.

The sisters, seeing that all human remedies were unavailing, determined to invoke the help of Blessed Joan. Carrying her relic in procession to the infirmary, they began a novena in honor of the saint at the bedside of the dying nun. This was on the second day of May, 1892. The prayers of

the good religious were speedily and wonderfully heard. The following day, at noon, Sister Mary asked for food, ate it with relish, and having eaten, with a joyful countenance began to exclaim: "I am cured, perfectly cured!"

And it was true. She rose from her bed, assisted at Mass next morning in the convent chapel, went to communion with the others, and began her former occupations without the slightest fatigue or pain.

The grateful feelings of joy and devotion which this sudden and miraculous cure excited in the community may be imagined, especially as it was noticed that Sister Mary's health was better than it had ever been at any time, and has remained so.

The physician who had attended the sister, and who is eminent in his profession, was completely nonplussed by the event, and confessed that the cure was utterly impossible by any natural means.

The devotion to our saint has since taken deeper root than ever in the hearts of the faithful in all parts of France, and there are continual reports of new favors obtained and prayers answered.

May, our holy sister, Blessed Joan, obtain by her intercession from Almighty God that peace and prosperity which France so sadly needs.

A Poetic Feast in Honor of Our Lady.

BY DON JUAN PEDRO.



ALTHOUGH very rare, yet what more appropriate way of celebrating the beautiful feast of the Holy Name of Mary than to dedicate to her the sweet notes of music, the enchanting harmonies and sublime beauties of

poetry? Such was the noble idea conceived and realized by the talent and zeal of one of Mary's most devoted children in the ranks of the Spanish hierarchy, Dr. Morgades y Galli, Bishop of Vich.

An eloquent pastoral was sent forth by him, breathing in every line the aroma of love and devotion to our Sinless Mother, and summoning all his faithful Catalonians—aye, all Spain, to the historic Monastery of Santa Maria de Ripoll on the 15th of September last year.

My enthusiasm being aroused, I proceeded in the early dawn of a beautiful harvest morning from the Condal City of Barcelona to the smaller and far more picturesque town at the conflux of the Ter and Fraser, to

be one of the vast crowd that thronged the aisles and filled the naves of the grand temple on that day.

This sanctuary was dedicated nine centuries ago by the saintly prelate Olivia, as a thanksgiving for the repeated victories achieved by the troops of Count Wilfred, over the hitherto invincible cohorts of the Prophet. For the first time the crescent had yielded to the cross, and the swarthy battalions of the Saracens, the fearless sons of the desert, had fallen back vanquished, before the valour and intrepidity of the brave Christian mountaineers of the Pyrenees.

After its dedication, this beautiful Church and its matchless cloisters were handed over to the Sons of St. Benedict, under whose watchful care they remained for centuries.

In the evil days of 1835, like so many another monastic institution of the peninsula, it was reduced to a mass of ruins, the ashes of its princes and prelates dragged from their hallowed shrines and flung to the winds, and its cloistered sons, men of whom the world was not then worthy, were either butchered or ostracized.

For years this shrine, once the brightest

gem in the coronet of Northern Cataluna, the final resting place of its noble sons, its priests and prelates, its counts and princes, remained a moss-covered ruin, an ivy-clad relic of the glorious Catholicity of Cataluna.

At length God gave to the honored See of Ausona a prelate, who like the prophet king of old, was filled with a burning zeal for the honor and glory of God's Temple, and who, to an ardent and persevering faith, united an unequalled patriotic longing to revive the glories of the past, particularly to restore that beautiful memorial of a principality to faith and patriotism.

Never was a resolution so enthusiastically received, so warmly and generously seconded as was the appeal of Dr. Morgades y Galli to revive the ancient glories of Ripoll.

Many were the distinguished personages, foremost among them the royal family and Infantas of the House of Bourbon, many the provincial associations and pious confraternities, who wished to contribute generously for the reconstruction of a monument so typical of Cataluna's religion and nationality.

The work so auspiciously begun soon attracted universal attention. When the news reached Rome our loving octogenarian Pontiff Leo XIII, at once showed his high appreciation of the noble undertaking by sending a priceless donation, the peerless mosaic of "Nuestra Senora de Ripoll," which now, placed above the high altar in its frame enriched with precious stones of inestimable value, forms the artistic "chef d'oeuvre" of the Church.

Together with this valued support of the Holy Father came the generous aid of every class of society. From the earnings of pious artisan families were erected the unique marble altars; out of the savings of laborers were presented costly lamps; the wealth of the rich and the mite of the widow flowed in the same stream of beneficence, so that soon the good bishop, who had already spent his princely private fortune in the work, was enabled to complete the restoration. The altars were again erected, the gothic windows again filled with the choicest designs of stained glass, the ancient sarcophagi of princes and prelates restored and the glory of the great Catholic province re-established.

No wonder, then, that its ancient history, its glorious traditions, the beauty of its

architecture, its wealth of souvenirs, all clothed with eloquence in the pages of the Bishop's pastoral, should attract a vast multitude from valley and hillside. By rail and road and mountain path the young and old came crowding into Ripoll. At an early hour the consecrated Virgins of Charity of the Order of Carmel, foreseeing the rush, had grouped their hundreds of children around the altars. No sooner did the sweet notes of the bells from the lofty tower peal forth their music than the immense crowds came trooping in and in a short time densely thronged the vast basilica, long before the ceremonies commenced.

The Pontifical High Mass at 10 a.m. was sung by the bishop of the diocese. He was attended by a large number of the chapter of Vich. The Orpheus Society of Barcelona of over 70 voices, accompanied by the majestic tones of the organ, sang Gounod's mass. Within the sanctuary were seated in their picturesque habits and dazzling uniforms the Chevaliers of the Order of the Holy Sepulchre, headed by the captain general, the Marquis of Teneriffe, as representative of the boy king Alphonse XIII. They came to honor the memory of one of their ancient heroes and brothers, Count Ramon Balenguer IV, commonly known as the "saint", whose body for seven centuries had remained incorrupt in its sepulchre, until consumed by the sacrilegious fires of '35. In his honor to-day the brothers of this illustrious order, dating back to the crusades, uncovered in this basilica a magnificent sarcophagus of polished marble in byzantine style, corresponding to the epoch to which it refers.

A beautiful sermon was preached in the Catalonian dialect, by one of the most eloquent poet orators of the diocese, a diocese already so famous for the oratory of its sons. The world-wide fame and gigantic intellect of one of these in the early days of this century has shed a halo of glory over the city of his birth and the diocese to which he belonged. We refer to the distinguished philosopher and first of modern thinkers, Father James Balmes, whose marble statue to-day decorates the "patio" of his native basilica.

After the termination of the Mass and the imparting of the Papal Benediction, commenced the ceremonies of the poetic feast of Our Lady of Ripoll. The unusual

character of its ritual attracted the undivided attention of the vast congregation. It is impossible to describe the gorgeous scene presented by this vast assembly of bishops, priests, knights and people; the beauty of flowers and lights and glittering gold; the magnificent splendors of decoration.

The first item of the varied programme of the day was a session of the chapter of the Knights of the Holy Sepulchre. The Provincial Grand Master, General Weyler, in the name of the youthful king, and of the Patriarch of Jerusalem, Grand Master of the Order, conferred on the celebrant of the day—the illustrious Bishop of Vich—the grand cross of the order, and elected him a brother. Then all proceeded to the niche created in memory of the valiant and saintly Count Balenguer IV., Count of Barcelona, and uncovered the classic structure, amidst the suppressed applause of the vast congregation.

Now came the grand literary and poetic tributes, ushered in by a triumphal hymn for organ and chorus, composed for the ceremonial of the restoration of this Church.

A dedicatory poem was then read by the bishop, a true poetic crown, read before the peerless mosaic picture of our Lady of Ripoll. This was followed by the reading of a letter from Cardinal Rampolla, sending the Pope's benediction to all the faithful to-day assembled in the basilica.

An exquisite piece of Castilian poetry, composed for the occasion by one of the Royal Infantas, Dona Maria de la Paz de Bourbon, Princess of Bavaria, extended a fraternal salutation to the poets assembled before our Lady's miraculous picture.

Next a Latin poem, entitled "Wilfridus Comes," by Henricus, after which the organ pealed forth Wagner's "Last Supper."

A noble rendering of Palestrina's "Benedictus," by the choir, was followed by a succession of poems in the provincial dialects, read by their authors in honor of our Lady before her picture.

The "Sanctus," sung by the choir, introduced the poetic tributes of languages:

1. A beautiful poem in Spanish, called "Santa Maria de Ripoll," by Father Garcia, a gifted Augustinian.

2. A poem in the provincial dialect of

Southern France, "A Nuestra Dama de Ripoll," by Monsieur Victor Lieuland. As interlude a "Choral," composed by Senor Millett, was given under the direction of the composer.

3. A historical contribution in French, "Ripoll in 1882," when the sanctuary was still in ruins.

4. A poem in Italian, entitled "The Basilica of Ripoll," contributed by a Lady of Modena. A combination of organ, harmonium and piano rendered Grieg's "Our Country."

5. A Bohemian poem, "Santa Maria de Ripoll," by Father Segimon Bonska, read in Catalan translation.

6. A translation into Catalan verse of "Der Kaiserglocke Gruss," by Joh. Fastenrath.

The poetic feast closed with a triumphal march by organ and orchestra, "The Joys of Santa Maria de Ripoll," which was executed in masterly style, under the direction of Senor Millett.

After so interesting a series of religious ceremonies, so unique a gathering of every grade of Catholic society, accompanied by the most delicious weather that alone would fill one with child-like happiness, well might one, in a farewell address, repeat to Ripoll the sublime language of the Prophet Isaiah:

"Surge, illuminare Jerusalem."

Yes, thrice blest happy village, nestling beneath the shadow of the Spanish alps, and now enjoying the delightful breezes of a Pyrenean summer, lift up thine eyes and see all those that are gathered together; they are come to see thee. "Thy sons have come to-day from afar, and thy daughters have to-day arisen at thy side," for thy ruined sanctuary is still alive. The voice of thy pastor is heard rejoicing in the strength newly imparted to thee. Fearless and undaunted he beholds the morrow, for the sharp winter of persecution is over and past, the ghastly spectre of religious hatred has been driven from the land, and the zephyr breezes of spring once more sweetly fan thy brows. Arise then, O Ripoll, and be enlightened; cast off thy former coldness and indifference, for behold to-day "the light is come, and the glory of the Lord is risen upon thee."

Adios! Adios! Santa Maria de Ripoll!

FOR OUR YOUNG PEOPLE.

EDITED BY MISS MATILDA CUMMINGS.

[All communications to this department to be addressed to Miss M. Cummings,
1588 Madison Avenue, New York City.]

SECRETARY'S LETTER.

SEPTEMBER, 1896.

MY DEAR YOUNG FRIENDS,—

For two months we spoke of vacation days and the joys they brought with them. Now they are over and are of the past, which we leave safe to the mercy of God. Work is now before us, and with willing hearts and hands we must meet it. Some of us perhaps will not be very anxious to take up the burden which we threw down so gladly two months ago. Well, whether we will or not, each one's burden must be borne. It depends upon ourselves as to the manner of bearing. Some will insist on dragging it behind them; and, as the children say, it will "bump." Others take it up gayly, whistling or singing the while, and so the burden loses half its weight.

Now the great question is, how shall we shoulder ours? During the summer many of us had ample opportunities to notice how very attractive were the people who made the best of everything. We often hear people talking of philosophy. The best meaning of the word is the common sense definition—making the best of things. Now that the work-a-day world is all bustling again, it is well worth our while to consider how we can get the most out of the work which is our portion. Doing our very best, no matter how we feel; trying to be amiable and agreeable with our neighbors, and above all things trying to forget ourselves. That is the great secret of happiness in the world. So many of our troubles come from selfishness that it is really one's duty, particularly for young people, to cultivate the opposite virtue. Pray for it, strive for it, watch those around us who are unselfish—the trouble will repay us before very long. The word "crank" is a title carrying with it so much odium that it is a positive duty to avoid being so called. Perhaps it is not a very charitable charge to make, but very

often the pious cranks are of the most unbearable kind. Now, isn't it a shame that piety, whose chief aim is to make one beloved of God and man, should produce the very opposite effect? See to it, dear young friends, that no such criticism be made of you or your piety. Think of the graceful gracious piety of St. Francis de Sales, "the gentleman saint," as he has been called. So sweet and winning, so amiable, that St. Vincent de Paul cried out, "Oh, what must Jesus Christ be, since the Bishop of Geneva is so lovable!" He was said to be the most perfect imitator of our blessed Lord that ever lived. And what do we read of him? That he was ever charming in his intercourse with others. Any one who has had the good fortune to read the "Life of St. Jane de Chantal," by Emily Bowles—the first edition—not the curtailed one, as now published, will read in its pages of the delightful intercourse of the sweet St. Francis with the first daughters of the Visitation. Why he was fairly child-like in his playful sallies with those dear children of his. One day, we read, when their beloved father was talking to them all in the Galley House, a thunder storm arose. One of the young nuns was very much frightened, and the gentle bishop said smilingly: "Be not afraid, my daughter, the lightning only strikes great saints or great sinners. We are neither." Another, less gracious than St. Francis de Sales, would not know how to give a lesson so charmingly. The art of being gracious, what a lovely thing it is. We cannot all be beautiful in face or form, but we can and may be gracious, and the advantage is all on the side of the latter. It wears well, dear children, and, as the old folks used to say, "it is all wool and a yard wide." The eighth of September will bring us our Blessed Lady's birthday, and of course we shall all want to bring some gifts to her shrine on that day. She loves flowers, as we well know; how would it be

to make a novena in the form of acts of kindness—say three every day for nine days. It seems to me if many of us would offer more acts and less prayers for novenas we would be more lovable people than we are to-day. Let us begin, one and all. Sweet smiles and bright cheery words and shutting one's teeth tight when one is out of sorts. Yes, and not being so very touchy as we are at times. Let us look more at what people mean—less at what they do. Don't look for affronts then, don't see them when they come, and sometimes when they will make themselves seen and felt, let us be heroic enough to say: "Thank you, my God," way down deep in our hearts. And if we can let Him be the only one who knows we are hurt, my! how near to becoming a saint that one practice would help us. On the 24th of September we will have the sweet feast of Our Lady of Mercy, or Our Lady of Ransom, as it was called in olden times. We have all been captives to sin, and our dear Mother, Mary, freed us over and over again by pleading for us with her Son, How much we owe her, sweet Mother of Mercy as she has ever been to us. A very just and generous practice was that of the young girl who said in one of her letters: "I never fail to say each day a *Te Deum* (the hymn of thanksgiving used by the church) to thank God for my daily mercies."

Blessings are hovering around us just like the air we breathe, and we make just as little of them. So cultivate a grateful spirit. Our dear Lord will appreciate the simple "Thank you" of a loving heart. Send a host of them to the loving Master through the hands of His sweet Mother and ours.

FOR THE PUZZLERS.

1. My first is a human being, my second is to walk, my whole is an Indian fruit.
2. Though short my life, yet I supply
A thousand blessings 'ere I die,
And in the scriptures you may see,
A prophet once referred to me.
3. What the miser spends, and the spendthrift saves—all men carry to their graves.
4. When is a brick a tile?

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES.

(IN AUGUST NUMBER.)

1. Cabin.
2. Because it has been so often crossed.
3. The one nearest to the pole.
4. Balaam's ass.
5. The door-bell.

FOR THE THINKERS.

1. Which one of Shakespeare's plays makes one think of the last day of February?
2. What Pope called "the gentlest of men" was imprisoned by Napoleon I.?
3. What city is called "the Rome of America"?
4. What saint prayed: "Take pity on me and my Lady Poverty whom I love so dearly?"
5. Who founded the order of the Ladies of the Sacred Heart?

Answers to Questions for the Thinkers.

(AUGUST NUMBER.)

1. Italian shepherds who sing the praises of the Christ child on Christmas eve in Rome.
2. Father Wood, an English monk, in 1711.
3. Pedro da Ponce, a Spanish Benedictine, in 1570.
4. In England, by a tailor, who took the measure as he would for a coat.
5. John Barry, an Irish Catholic.

MAXIMS FOR SEPTEMBER.

1. I don't believe in the goodness of disagreeable people.

—ORVILLE DEWEY.

2. Nothing can atone for the want of modesty, without which beauty is ungraceful and wit detestable.

—STEELE.

3. By doing good with his money man stamps the image of God on it.

—RUTLEDGE.

4. The morning hour has gold in its mouth.

—FRANKLIN.

5. A room hung with pictures is a room hung with thoughts.

—SIR JOSHUA REYNOLDS.

6. Give alms—so make God your debtor—not your judge.

FOR THE LITTLE ONES.

THE THREE SISTERS.

IF you take the map of Europe, my dear children, you will find in the southern part of Turkey the Gulf of Salonica; at the head of that gulf is the city of Salonica, formerly called Thesalonica. Here, in the times of the early Christians, about three hundred years after the death of our Lord, lived three sisters, Agape, Chiona, and Irene. In those days, to be a member of the Catholic Church was to be every day in danger of a violent death. Diocletian, the emperor, made a law that any person that kept any part of Holy Scripture in their possession should be put to death. These pious sisters, and other holy women, being desirous above all things to know the will of God, had hidden many copies of different parts of the word of God, and studied them dilligently in order to learn the way of truth. In those days there was no printing or paper like ours; the books of scripture were copied by the hands of holy men and women on a paper made of a plant called papyrus. Always precious, the words of Scripture were perhaps more prized when they were so difficult to get. These sacred treasures were found in the possession of the sisters, and they were brought before the emperor to answer for their crime, for by this they were proved to be Christians. The wicked persecutors sought to make them eat of the sacrifices offered to their false Gods, and to deny their holy faith.

“Why will you not obey this command?” said one to Agape; “it cannot hurt you. It is a pity one so young and bright should die by the hands of the executioner.”

“I fear to offend God,” she replied.

“And will not you, Chiona?” he said.

“Never!” was her reply. “Shall I deny my Lord and lose my soul?”

The man turned to Irene, but she cried out, “I would rather die than eat of your sacrifices.”

Not one of that band of young Christian girls would yield for a moment to the temptations of their persecutors. Then the governor read their sentence, which was for Agape and Chiona to be burnt alive for disobedience to the laws of the emperor

and for acknowledging themselves Christians. They were therefore tied to the stake and burnt, amid the shouts and contempt of the mob, while Irene was ordered back to prison. But, not yet weary of their bloody work, her tormentors brought her back again soon, and tried her in most infamous ways; but she still cried out, “I will serve only one true and living God!”

The governor sent for her, hoping her courage and resolution were crushed by the last terrible trials; but the God whom she had loved and served would not let the stain of sin come upon her soul, and they found her ready and longing to die for love of Jesus Christ. The authorities therefore commanded a huge pile of wood to be raised, and fire kindled about it, and then ordered her to get onto it, which she obeyed instantly, and died singing psalms and glorifying God, who had counted her worthy to suffer for His sake.

ST. GILES.

ST. GILES was an Athenian of royal blood. He left his country to become a hermit. After long wanderings, he came to a cave in a forest near the mouth of the Rhone, about twelve miles south of Nismes. Here he lived upon herbs and wild fruits and the milk of a hind. It happened one day that as the king of France and a large party of noblemen were hunting in the forest, this hind was pursued by the dogs. It fled to the cave and nestled in the arms of the saint. A hunter sent an arrow after it, and when they looked in the cave, they found the holy man wounded by the arrow. Their sorrow was great, and they entreated his forgiveness even on their knees.

They urged him to leave the forest and return with them, but he resisted all their entreaties, and was soon after found dead in the cave.

A city soon sprung up around the spot, bearing the name of the saint, and a magnificent monastery was built upon the site of the cave. The church, which still remains there, is a most interesting remnant of the Middle Ages.

In the year 1117, Queen Matilda dedicated a hospital, which she had founded outside of London, to St. Giles, and the name is now given to an extensive parish. St. Giles is also the patron saint of Edinburgh and of the woodland everywhere.

WHEN CHILDREN PRAY.

WHEN little children humbly kneel,
And make to Christ their soft appeal,
He gently bends a listening ear
Their simple, loving prayer to hear.

And if they strive with earnest will
The garden of their souls to till
So only good shall grow within,
His kindly aid they're sure to win.

And if perchance a truant weed
Should sprout among the goodly seed,
He longs to have them turn to Him,
To save them from the guilt of sin.

When children pray, the angels smile,
And seraphs cease their songs the while,
Then strike their harps with gentler touch,
And sing, "Thy kingdom is of such."

LINNÆUS.

WHEN Linnæus was a baby, his father used to put flowers in his little soft hands, to amuse him lying in a cradle. This baby grew up to be one of the greatest botanists the world has ever known.

Little children, in your plays, think loving thoughts, speak gentle words, do kind actions. Then you will grow up good men and women. Feed your souls with beautiful thoughts, as Linnæus fed his eyes and mind with flowers.

A LITTLE girl was asked how it was that everybody loved her. "I do not know," said she, "unless it be that I love everybody."

SEVEN BIRTHDAY GIFTS.

BY ELLA A. MULLIGAN.

"O MAMMA! what do you think Miss Armstrong wanted me for?" exclaimed Annie Blake, as she tripped into the house one bright September noon.

"I presume her sending for you had some connection with the coming 8th of September," replied her mother, smiling.

"Yes, she sent for the seven of us, who made our First Communion on Our Lady's last birthday, and she wants us to keep the feast this year by receiving Holy Communion in a body."

"Which will be very pleasing to Our Blessed Lady," said Mrs. Blake, softly.

"And besides, mamma," continued Annie, "Miss Armstrong would like each girl to buy

a lily with her own pocket money, and she says she will place the cluster of seven lilies on the Blessed Virgin's altar, in honor of her seven joys."

"And did you all agree to this proposal, my dear?"

"Of course, mamma; only Etta Morris asked Miss Armstrong if she might not have her mamma to buy her lily for her, as she had only a dollar and a half of her own, and she had meant to use it for a box of Huyler's candy."

"And what did Miss Armstrong say to Etty?"

"She told her she was sorry, but she must buy her lily with her own money, like the rest of us, else not buy it at all, because, (I don't think I know exactly what Miss Armstrong meant, mamma,) but she said she wished our lilies to be a love-offering to Our Blessed Mother, and there could be no real love without sacrifice."

"Very true," quietly observed Annie's mother.

Three days, and Our Lady's Birthday dawned bright and beautiful, a faint reminder of her own surpassing loveliness. Mass was soon over, and as our seven little friends filed out of the church their eyes rested for a moment on the seven exquisite lilies nestling at the feet of Our Lady's statue—a mute appeal that she might accept the young hearts which the children had offered to her keeping in their thanksgiving after Communion.

They now repaired to the Angels Sodality room to remove their veils, and at once commenced to chat in a low tone.

"Do you know girls," said Etta Morris, "I am ashamed to say so, but after I went home Saturday I had a crying spell over my lily."

"Oh, Etta!"

"Yes, I had, because mamma offered to buy me my lily with her own money, and it was so hard for me to make up my mind to do without that candy, but just when I was crying, ready to break my heart, the thought came to me that if I was to offer Our Blessed Mother a lily in honor of one of her joys, why not offer her my disappointment about the candy, in honor of one of her sorrows—and girls! I knelt down and did it."

"How nice Etta, and how strange that the same thought should come to me," re-

marked Annie Blake. "You know I was to go on an excursion up the Hudson Saturday, and when I got up Saturday morning it was teeming rain, so of course I couldn't go. I was dreadfully disappointed, but when my first cry was over I suddenly thought of Our Blessed Mother's sorrows, and offered her my disappointment in honor of one of them."

"I declare," cried rosy-cheeked Bessie, the youngest of the group—"I do believe we all had the same thought. I'm sure I felt like crying because I had the smallest lily of all to give Our Lady. You know I couldn't buy a large one for a dollar, so I asked the Blessed Virgin to accept my disappointment in giving her so small a lily in honor of one of her sorrows."

"And when I was out buying my lily yesterday," said Julia. "Uncle John came and took the other children for a drive. I offered Our Lady of sorrows that disappointment; it doesn't seem much of a one, but girls, I was longing for that drive."

"I think the trial I offered Our Blessed Mother was a pretty big one," remarked Alice. "I was to go to Atlantic City with papa for a week before the opening of school, but he told me yesterday he couldn't spare the time to go."

"That was a big trial, Alice," said Clara—"I think Our Blessed Mother liked mine almost as well, it was my disappointment about going to grandma's."

"Well, girls," said fair-haired Marie, after a pause, "I asked Our Blessed Mother to accept a gift from me too, besides my lily."

Her companions pressed more closely about Marie, in token of sympathy, as they guessed what was coming.

"You know," she continued tremulously, "a year ago to-day my dear mamma was here to kiss me after my First Communion,

and now she is dead—to-day, after Communion, I asked Our Blessed Mother to accept my great sorrow in honor of one of hers."

"And I am sure, Marie," said Father O'Connor, who had slipped in unobserved, "that Our Blessed Lady has accepted your great sorrow in remembrance of her own greatest one."

"But, oh Father," exclaimed Bessie, "wait till we tell you—it seems so strange, yet so nice—you know each of us gave a lily to Our Lady in honor of one of her joys—and now, we have just found out that each of us, without the others knowing it, has offered her a little disappointment, in honor of one of her sorrows." And the group forthwith recounted, what we have already heard. As Father O'Connor listened, a sweet sad smile lent a charm to his spiritual face. When they had finished their edifying story, he simply remarked:

"Be sure, my children, that Our Blessed Lady herself was the inspiration of your offerings. You see, while she was pleased with your lilies, in honor of her seven joys the gift would not be complete, without a remembrance of her sorrows, and so, she asked her divine son to send each of you a little trial, that you might offer it to her, in remembrance of one of her dolours.

"And now, children, I will give you my blessing, that the memory of Mary's joys and sorrows may be so blended in your hearts, that throughout your lifetime, you may receive sunshine and shadow, as sent to you, from God, by the hands of Mary; and oh! my dear children, remember, great treasure for Heaven may be made of life's suns and shadows, purified and glorified as they are, with the smiles and tears of an Immaculate Mother's love, and her divine Son's Death and Resurrection."



BITS OF TALK WITH OTHER WOMEN.

IX.

OF NEW BEGINNINGS.

BY MARIE LOUISE SANDROCK REDMOND.



HAVE never been able to understand the tendency of most people to regard the autumn through blue glasses, to discern melancholy in the gloriously tinted foliage, in the fallen leaves and vigorous breezes.

To one who is sensitive to extremes of heat and cold the autumn is indeed the only livable portion of the year. With the advent of the cool days and the long evenings involuntarily one braces up. Energy becomes a possibility. Work is less the curse than the blessing of humanity.

As one crunches the fallen leaves under one's hurrying feet, the crisp sound exhilarates. The healthful chill in the air makes exercise a delight and sends a cheerful glow through all one's being—a longing for vigorous exertion possesses one. The capacity for, and enjoyment in, planning that the hot weather rendered impossible, returns. The sense that life is beginning again, which always comes to the children as they resume, however unwillingly, their school days, comes also to the grown up portion of the world.

"Rejoice in the Lord always," becomes unconsciously the keynote of our thoughts rather than that less inspiring word of the apostle relative to "dying daily."

It is time for our clubs to resume their sessions, time to resume our neglected study of some favorite language or science, time to acquire the accomplishment we have so long desired, time to make time for the numberless interests that crowd our lives, if we will it so.

How to make ends meet in the way of securing enough hours in the day for the many calls upon them is as difficult, though less painful a study for the busy housewife, as the making ends meet of income and outcome. The systematizing of duties goes

a long way towards solving the problem. The old-fashioned wisdom of "a place for everything and everything in its place" has a practical application in the disposal of the furnishings of our mind as well as those of our body.

So much has been said pro and con concerning women's clubs that an argument either way is unnecessary. But, while deprecating the extreme passion for club life indulged in by the Chicago woman, whose husband sued for a divorce on the ground that his wife spent the greater part of his income in club dues, I would certainly recommend every woman to dip slightly into the pleasant excitement of club membership.

Philanthropy, spiced with congenial companionship, is pleasanter and not less useful than the prim, puritanical, lovely article. Besides, we are apt to think less highly of our own efforts when contrasted with the greater exertions of our co-laborers.

Both arguments are equally true of the intellectual, the devotional and the purely social club. Self-sufficiency, that repellant quality, rarely exists in the club woman. Self-confidence is as rarely absent.

There are still probably a few selfish and unprogressive men in the world who are capable of decrying the woman who seeks the society and aid of other women as neglectful of her home, her husband, her children. The woman who has learned how to use her own common sense treats such an outcry as beneath contempt. She knows far better than they that her chief delight is in her home with her own dear ones; but she does not think it necessary to tag her devotion to her husband and her children, and she does think that the pleasure of being with them is much enhanced by the pleasure of getting away from them occasionally. It is on the principle of counter-irritants, perhaps.

In innumerable ways, that each of us can

best decide for herself, the fall days bring us a chance of new beginnings. Let us get ready our plan of reading, our plan of recreation and exercise, our plan of charitable work, our plan for whatever chief interest

fills our life. It is not impossible to adjust everything together as satisfactorily as the Roman mosaic worker selects and combines the multitudinous shades of the tiny materials in which he works.

OUR ROMAN LETTER.

BY CARMEL.



HE feast of Mount Carmel was celebrated with great solemnity in the church of St. Maria in Traspontina, this year. Within the past year this beautiful church has been entirely renovated, thanks to the energy and ability of the Father General Aloysius Galli, at a cost of 105,000 lire. The rich marbles of various hues which line the whole interior of the church serve as huge mirrors reflecting the light of a thousand candles, dazzling the eyes with their brilliancy.

The feast usually occupies nearly the whole month of July. It begins with a preparatory Novena, and ends with the Octave. Every evening complines were sung followed by a sermon on our Blessed Lady. Then followed the special prayers of the Novena or Octave before the Blessed Sacrament, ending with the Litany of Loretto and Benediction.

On the eve of the 16th of July the first vespers of the feast were sung with the greatest solemnity. Bishop Casimiro Genari officiated. The select choir from St. Peter's sang the vespers, aided by the boys' choir of St. Peter's Chapter, who sang the famous "Laudate Pueri," by Capocci.

The large church was crowded by worshippers. On the feast day itself thousands approached Holy Communion and made many visits in order to gain the great indulgence. Early in the morning, at five

o'clock, Father General celebrated High Mass. During the entire morning masses were said by representatives of all the different religious orders. In most instances the Superior General came himself. Thus, the Augustinians were represented by Most Rev. Sebastian Martinelli, lately appointed Apostolic Delegate to the United States. At 11 o'clock the second solemn High Mass was celebrated by the venerable Archbishop Grasselli of the Order of the Conventuals of St. Francis. The venerable prelate of three score and ten, wears a long flowing white beard, and reminded us of our great founder, St. Elias.

In the evening after vespers an eloquent sermon was preached by Father Ciampia. It was with difficulty that the immense crowd of faithful gradually disappeared. Again and again the faithful turned to take a last look at the beautiful statue of Our Lady of Mount Carmel, enthroned in the centre of the church beneath the dome.

On the Sunday within the octave, Cardinal Mazzelli, Titular of the church gave Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament. The octave concluded on the 23rd of July. The venerable Cardinal Parrochi came to close the octave with a solemn *Te Deum*.

At the church of S. Maria della Vittoria the Cardinal Vicar of Rome unveiled on the 16th of July a new monumental altar adorned with a beautiful group of Our Lady of Mount Carmel giving the scapular to St. Simon Stock.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

BY THE EDITOR.

THE cycle of the great mysteries commemorated during the ecclesiastical year is almost completed. The Assumption and Coronation of the Blessed Virgin, the last glorious mysteries of the Rosary, have had their festival day. September, the first autumnal month, brings us back again to the immediate dawn of our redemption, the rising of the Morning Star, the birth of the Blessed Virgin. Thus our hearts are gradually prepared to sigh for the Advent of the Messiah.

* * *

THE glorious name of Mary charms our hearts with its potent spell. The "Mistress," as one of the fathers explains the name. The Mistress of our hearts, the Lady of our allegiance. Her name has been called "blessed" by all generations of Christians. Every knee that bends in adoration at the name of Jesus is subject to a head that bows at the name of Mary.

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THE opening days of this month are devoted to a large gathering of Irishmen from all parts of the world, who assemble in Dublin to bring about a reunion of all divergent factions into one invincible national party. Could this union be brought about, it would undoubtedly be invincible. No parliament could ignore, or successfully resist the pleading for justice of a united Ireland, backed up by the millions of Irishmen in all English speaking countries of the world. The wise and prudent Archbishop of Toronto suggested this great convention in the interest of union. It is the only means to that end. But to make this last means available, it was essential that all the leaders of the different parties should magnanimously place themselves at the disposal of this great Irish convention, and acknowledge a common leader to be chosen by such a representative body. There seems to be little prospect for such a happy consummation. Already one of the factions has issued a bitter pronunciamento, which has saddened the hearts of all friends of the

Irish cause. We fear that the hope of those who believed in the possibility of union will be turned into grievous disappointment. Alas! poor Ireland!

* * *

THE late encyclical of the Holy Father on the re-union of the Christian churches, is acting like a veritable touchstone of good or bad faith. The comments upon it by the English and American religious papers, and by the individual writers in Protestant periodicals are as varied as the state of mind of the various readers. While some acknowledge the sincerity and evident honesty of purpose which inspired the Holy Father in writing this able presentation of the doctrine of the Church, others are questioning the motives and belittling the importance of the Pope's action. The seed is sown. The document stands. It must and will be read by all earnest seekers after truth. The argumentation is irrefutable. Not a loophole is left to the honest inquirer. The proofs gathered by the Holy Father, and welded into a solid chain of truth, were well known before, and many a time placed before the enemies of Catholic faith, but the illustrious position of the Pope, his personal virtue, his eminent learning, his many claims upon the present age, are so many additional factors in aid of the truths laid down in his encyclical, that at all events, they will become known to thousands who would not otherwise have patiently listened to them. The plea of ignorance no longer holds good as an excuse for heresy and schism in this age of schools and the printing press.

* * *

THE European nations who are in the last instance responsible for the cruel atrocities committed upon the Christians of the East, will reap what they sowed. Every sin comes home to its perpetrator. The history of the future will prove the truth of that old saying: "God's mills grind slowly, but surely." What is true of the individual sinner, is true of a sinning

nation. This sin of Europe is one crying to heaven for vengeance. What a sad contrast between the Ages of Faith, the ages of the Crusades and this nineteenth century of ours. A Peter the Hermit would now be locked up for disturbing the peace.

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THE people of the United States are more deeply interested in the coming presidential election than they have been at any time since the beginning of the civil war. The long period of depression in trade and business, the hard times, so full of misery and privation to the laborer, the gradual decrease in value of agricultural products, and the difficulty in determining the causes, have brought about a state of unrest and doubt, which obliterates party lines and destroys party allegiance on all sides. So far the citizens of this greatest of all republics have always demonstrated their good common sense in settling questions put before them, and we have no doubt this will be the final outcome of this election also. Neither the gold standard nor the free coinage of silver will be allowed to injure the country for any length of time. Which of the two is the more injurious is the question of the campaign. The gold standard is very defective, as all students of political economy know, but whether bimetalism, especially with the present depreciated market value of silver, and without international agreement, is not still more defective, is a difficult problem to solve. Whatever its practical solution may be in the coming election, one thing is certain, that the silver question has so strong a following now that it will be a growing source of disturbance, unless it carries the day and proves itself one way or the other, or, is buried under such an overwhelming avalanche of votes, that it will not be able to summon a corporal's guard to any future rally.

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THERE is one highly gratifying result connected with the absorbing issue of the campaign. The anti-religious organization, so-called A. P. A. cannot persuade either of the great parties that its help is necessary to carry the election. The Catholic bishops following the prudent example of Cardinal Gibbons, have taken no active part in the

currency question and the Catholics are at liberty to vote as they please, since no moral issue is involved, in spite of the rantings of some Protestant ministers. We notice that all the German Catholic papers which we have seen are on the side of the single standard, while nearly all the English Catholic weeklies, as far as they are in politics at all, favor a double standard. The main duty of every Catholic is to be honest to God, to his country and to himself in casting his vote. Bribery and corruption would be far less powerful for mischief if even the Catholic vote alone were purely conscientious.

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THE Catholic summer schools of the east and of the west have closed their sessions. Both seem to have an ever-growing vitality. Those who doubted their chances of success must, by this time, have been converted to a different view. And that they must be productive of good, and of a great deal of good, stands to reason. The great and noble truths preached there in sermons by distinguished preachers, the useful and instructive lessons on other than religious subjects, but all permeated by a truly Catholic spirit, the social meeting with other Catholics who are full of love for their faith and its growth, are features that are not usually wedded to mere summer outing and mid-summer picnics.

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ACCORDING to Our Roman letter, appearing elsewhere in these pages, Archbishop Martinelli, the Prior General of the Augustinians, is appointed Apostolic Delegate to the United States, to succeed Cardinal Satolli, who is recalled to Rome. If this statement should prove true the positive assertion of a Roman correspondent who writes for the *Sun* and calls himself "Innominato," will be found as false as many others of his guesses. He said that no monk would or could be sent to America as Delegate Apostolic. Archbishop Martinelli is an Augustinian friar, who occupies the highest position in his order at present.

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PARENTS, who are looking about for good boarding schools for their sons and daughters, will do well to consult their pastors and confessors. Nearly every priest, who

has charge of a parish, is acquainted with several Catholic institutions, and, knowing the character and disposition of the child, can suggest the school, which will be most beneficial to the boy or girl in question. In very many instances, however, it is advisable, both for the parents' and the child's sake, to select some school at a distance. We can honestly and without reserve recommend the academies advertised in our pages, as we are acquainted with all of them, to be of high excellence. We are quite ready to give all information asked for by our readers.

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As the evenings grow longer, and recreation in the open air is no longer pleasant, parents should provide indoor amusements for their children. Make home pleasant, as pleasant as innocent fun and play can make it. Don't ask the little ones to go to bed right after supper; don't make the school-going boys and girls do your housework for you, and then study their lessons for school, and don't ask the grown up boys and girls to sit around quiet till they are sleepy. Let all have amusements to suit them. Introduce music and plays into your house. Let the parents take part in their children's sports. You will give them such a liking for home, that as the boy grows into the young man, and the girl into the young lady, no outside enjoyment will give them such satisfaction as the pleasures of home. Then, at a reasonable hour gather them all together for night prayers; let the smaller ones retire, and the older ones either study or do something useful until bedtime.

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WE are happy to be able to give our readers an account of a most unique feast in honor of Our Lady, which was celebrated at Ripoll, in Spain, on the feast of the Holy Name of Mary last September. It is written by our regular correspondent, Don Juan Pedro, in his usual warm and eloquent style. He asks us to inform those among our readers who may cross the Atlantic in search of health, study or relaxation, that they should not omit to visit the sanctuaries of Ripoll and Montserrat. They can easily be visited on the same day from Barcelona, being only four hours by rail from the "Condal City." He is confident

that no excursion from Barcelona will repay the Catholic tourist so well as one to these two sanctuaries. English speaking tourists will be glad to learn that the custodian of Ripoll is an English Father, the Very Rev. Jose Wilson, so that they need suffer no inconveniences which can be removed by courtesy and kindness of manner.

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THE present surroundings of General Weyler, the much-abused commander of the Spanish troops in Cuba, contrast strongly with the beautiful religious and literary gathering in which he took such a prominent part a year ago in honor of Our Lady of Ripoll. Should Cuba succeed in defeating Spain and establishing a republic, and it is beginning to look that way, it will be many a day before its governors will unite to pay tribute to Our Lady, or honor the bishops and prelates of the Catholic Church. Cuba "Libre," will, we fear, be far from a Cuba "Pia."

MAGAZINES.

THE September number of the *Messenger of the Sacred Heart* is full of interesting articles. We have noticed with pleasure the steady progress of this religious monthly. It is due to the Jesuit Fathers to state that this magazine is not intended as a representative monthly of their society. It has its own limited field and cannot be compared to the scholarly publications of the order elsewhere, such as the *Civiltà Cattolica* or the *Stuimen ans Maria Laach*, or even the *Month*. It should be compared only to other messengers in the different languages. Applying this standard of comparison we consider the *Messenger* superior to them all, especially since the greater part of its contents are contributed by the members of the S. Society. "A Journey Across Iceland," which is concluded in this number, is not only a timely contribution in view of the general intention of the past month, but it is also a fascinating description of a country more or less *terra incognita* to most of us. "Echoes from Faray C. Monial," beautifully illustrated, is full of the sweet aroma of the spot so dear to the Sacred Heart. "Talks on Ethics," by Father Halpin, are talks on a most important subject, hitherto considered the exclusive "pabulum" of the scholar. It was a happy idea to popularize the teaching of our philosophical schools on a subject which every intelligent citizen of a civilized commonwealth ought to understand. But the best portion of the monthly is that devoted to the various editorial departments. The comprehensive explanation given of the General Intention of the month, the work of Spiritual Retreats, the clear summary presented of the latest encyclical, the able grouping of the latest developments of the educational question in England, Ireland, Canada and the United States in "The Reader," and the strength of all the other subsidiary departments, make of the *Messenger* the ideal of a devotional magazine.



October, Month of the Holy Rosary.

BY ENFANT DE MARIA.

PRELUDE.



COMING again like a summer breeze
Scented with fragrant flowers,
E'en though autumnal leaves are sere
And darkening the evening hours;
Breathing once more in the sweetest tones,
Melodies soft and low,
Joyful, and plaintive, and glorious strains
Blend like the water's flow.

SONGS OF JOY.

List to the Bethlehem songs of joy:
"Glory to God on high!"
Angels are winging through vaults of night,
Far in the star-lit sky.
List! for the chords of a golden harp
Shrill with exulting praise;
Sweeter those tones of the Virgin's soul
E'en than angelic lays.

TONES OF SORROW.

Slowly the dirge of sorrow now is stealing
Mournfully and low,
Like a passing bell its voice appealing
To each tender, sympathetic feeling,
In the tones of woe.
Murmur soft the words of Jesus dying,
Veiled in shadows dim,
Through the Mother's heart their sweetness sighing
Echoed by her love and grief, replying
To the farewell hymn.

THE CARMELITE REVIEW.

GLORIOUS STRAINS.

Hark to those glorious strains of song!
 "Alleluia!"
 Through the bright choirs they sweep along,
 "Alleluia!"
 Shadows of suffering have passed away,
 Golden the light of His Easter-day,
 Gladsome our souls as we watch and pray,
 "Alleluia!"

FINALE.

Beautiful Mother and gentle Queen,
 "Hail full of grace!"
 Now art thou rising o'er moonlight sheen,
 Radiant thy face.
 White is thy robe as the Alpine snow,
 Stars in thy diadem flashy and glow,
 Gifts through thy hands to our spirits flow.
 "Hail full of grace!"

 THE RANGE OF MEEKNESS.

BY CAROLINE D. SWAN.



HE sage outspake, in conscious pride,—
 "The mind of man, like the world, is wide;
 Mighty to measure this earthly ball,
 Whose dross, whose atoms, may be our all.
 O science, far searching! We plunge with thee
 Into the depths of the deepest sea."

Flashed out Saint Michael on wings of flame,
 Brushing him by, as he downward came;
 Brought, swift as light, by the potent tears
 Of a woman crowned with the grace of years,
 Whose mere petition availed to span
 The awful gulf between God and man.

"The great profound of life defies
 Thy power," the Prince Archangel cries;
 "O, son of man, would'st search out Him
 Whose silences baffle the cherubim?
 The woman's up-soaring outstrippeth thine,
 Scaling, in meekness, the throne divine."

LIFE AND CATHOLIC JOURNALISM

—OF THE LATE—

JAMES A. McMASTER,

EDITOR OF THE NEW YORK FREEMAN'S JOURNAL AND CATHOLIC REGISTER.

EDITED BY VERY REV. MARK S. GROSS.

CHAPTER XII.—CONTINUED.

CATHOLIC EDUCATION IN THE STATE OF NEW YORK.



IN the State of New York there is a Catholic population of half a million souls at the least. The human reason and divine religion of these half a million alike tell them that they are responsible for the education of their children, and that they are bound to bring them up in the Catholic religion, and under the supervision of the Catholic Church. The Pope, to whose voice pastors and people alike are bound to listen, has called on all bishops to see to it that Catholic youth are educated in schools, where all, and in all things, are Catholic; that is, in schools under Catholic teachers of approved faith and morals, where the instructions given in secular science shall be in conformity with and accompanied by the religious teachings of the Church, and where during the years of their study they shall not be exposed to the company of children who are heretics or infidels. The late National Convention of Baltimore, in conformity with the voice of the successor of St. Peter, has called upon us, people as well as pastors, to labor earnestly to this end of providing an exclusively Catholic education for the children in this country baptized in the Catholic Church. The state of the case is thus made exceedingly clear. The duty of Catholics in the premises is most plain. They are bound to unite and to strive to provide for the entire Catholic youth of the country, schools, Catholic in their teachers, in their instructions, and in the character of the scholars attending them.

“In so doing they must meet with opposition from the devil, and from his ser-

vants, the world and the flesh. It is the condition of being soldiers of Christ that this three-fold opposition be made to them, and it becomes active just in proportion as the servants of Christ exert themselves in behalf of Him, of their duty, and of their religion.

“There are, then, two active visible influences set up and opposed to the commands of the Catholic Church in reference to education. The world, which is represented by the system of State schools, ignoring the existence of the soul, of eternal life, and of God, claims the right of taking the education of children into its own hands, and of bringing them up for its own purposes; of teaching them to read, and write, and calculate numbers, and so on, for its own worldly purposes, as if there were no God and no Church having authority over men.

“The flesh, which is represented by Socialism, sets up its claim to educate children for indulgence in their passions and natural inclinations. It insists not only on ignoring God in education, but on substituting its own God, which it avows to be passion. It rejects all authority, of the State as well as of the Church, and seeks to bring up children to be lawless men and women, without natural affection or natural restraints, but as slaves of passion and adepts in vice.

“By way of preference the devil, of course, would choose Socialism as his favorite of these two. Socialism is, indeed, the devil's own church, the very incarnation of this spirit. But six thousand years of experiment on human nature have taught him that things on earth go by degrees; and like a skillful politician, he takes what he can get and uses it for getting more. Socialism in this country is not strong enough yet to resist the State; the devil therefore urges it to take part in

the meantime with the State in the matter of education, and to aim in future at carrying out the views of the State, that is of the world, in educating men and women for worldly pursuits without reference in any way to religion or to the existence of God, or of immortal souls. When this shall have been obtained thoroughly in any one generation, logical consistency, the cravings of souls distracted from their true end, and the downward impulses of fallen human nature would make the triumph of Socialism a sure thing at the next stage.

"The world, then, is the hostile power now openly arrayed by the devil against the Catholic Church in the matter of education, State education and the form of this array. The flesh, or Socialism, is obliged to coalesce in the meantime with the State in order to half effect its desired debauchery of youth.

"We have stated the case of education in this State precisely as it exists. Our contests as Catholics is not against any given form of Protestantism as taught in the State schools. It is not against 'Protestantism in general' except that most general sort of Protestantism which negates *all positive religion*.

"Now it is well for us half million Catholics in this State to recollect that this is professedly, and, in a good degree, really a land of personal and religious liberty. On almost any question a statute that oppresses half a million of the people of the State of New York—that takes their money without rendering them any valuable equivalent, is too oppressive and unjust to meet with popular support. Such a statute is, past all doubt, the school law in its present form. The State, in stepping forward to control and prescribe the education of the children of her citizens, has struck a deadly blow at the liberties of American Republicanism as distinguished from Jacobinic and despotic Democratism. The providing for education by State tax is something outside of the normal duties of government according to the principles of American Democracy, and is tolerable only on condition that the education thus provided is one that does not clash with the wishes, interests, or convictions of any body of citizens, or, at least, of any considerable body. But the existing State school system conflicts

directly with the convictions of the half-million Catholics, and beyond them with that of every religious sect that has positive dogmas to teach, and enough of life left as a sect to wish to perpetuate itself. Under these circumstances we look upon it merely as a question of time when this odious anti-American Jacobinical system of impiety is to fall. If Catholics will please now to shake off the sluggishness that has so beset them on this as on other mixed questions affecting their political rights, and if Presbyterians and other Protestant sects, which have still dogmas or a religion which they care to teach to their children, will not refuse to work with them for a common interest, we know that there are in this State enough of candid impartial men, and enough of men disgusted with the profligacy, the inefficiency, and the expensiveness, as well as the illegality of the present State system, to extinguish the monstrous growth, or so to modify it as to give back to parents and citizens their right of directing the education of their own children. If Catholics still sleep on under the pretext of being quiet citizens, or from their usual honor of combination for the assertion of their political rights, then their fellow citizens will reasonably conclude that their backs were made for packsaddles, and will very properly load them with other grievous burdens made especially for them, until even their patience will be worn out, and, with more difficulty, and by more disturbing and violent efforts they will by and by be compelled to stand up in defence of their legal rights.

"If Catholics will now arouse and organize for effort on this subject, and if the Protestant sects join hands again with the infidels and Socialists in opposing the right of positive religious education in schools—choosing rather to sink in the flood of unbelief than to swim by helping with Catholics to bale out and caulk the vessel in which both are interested, then the glorious sight will be given the world, and especially to all men of good will among ourselves, of Catholics struggling alone in behalf of the principle of religious education for the young. It would be a spectacle in its general moral results on the community worth every sacrifice. It is one that would become intolerable to all

heretical sects, which would thus be self-condemned of destroying religion, and being purely negative, and in face of such a contest we would see the most striking conversions to the faith of all men in whom the natural sentiment of religion had not been extinguished by impiety. Moreover, we would see far sooner than we dream that the correctness of the principle would be conceded, and honorable and well meaning men in sufficient numbers would join us in regaining our rights.

“The Catholic sentiment on this subject is a hundred times stronger and more general now than it was two years ago. Our own opinion is that it is high time to organize and to commence our work. We shall never carry it through except by long and patient efforts, but the sooner we commence the better. We are glad of the letter addressed to us from Utica, which we publish this week. The proposition to have a convention we heartily approve of, and we know of no fitter place to hold it than at Utica. As to having representatives from the parishes we can say nothing. That would be a question about which our correspondent would do well to consult the bishops whose Sees are in this State. We cannot go into the consideration of parishes without their approbation and consent. But that a convention of Catholics, clerical and lay, and of such others as would meet with the same object in view, to devise means for relieving from the injustice of the State school system those who object to it on principle, would be of great interest and of great importance, is to our minds very certain. There are influential gentlemen in all parts of the State of much legal, political and practical experience whom it would be very desirable to bring together for consultation on this subject. We hope to hear the opinion of others on this matter. Will our friends write to us their sentiments without delay?”

“*Saturday, Aug. 14, 1852.*”

EQUAL TO THE PUBLIC SCHOOLS.

“The extracts from the report of the Catholic School Board of the diocese of Fort Wayne, Indiana, published in the *Freeman's Journal* of last week, are of great interest, as showing that the parochial schools of all dioceses do not go as they please.

“While the ‘cultured’ East, particularly Massachusetts, is only awakening to the real necessities of Catholic children, Indiana, which does not boast of its ‘culture,’ sets an example of good school government that might be widely imitated. The Fort Wayne system tries, perhaps, to do too much; it is capable of improvement; but the fineness of purpose and breadth of mind which have so far distinguished its management, are guarantees that no new and good suggestion will be disregarded, even if an old idea will have to be dropped. One of the strongest obstacles in the way of the progress of Catholic education is not conservatism, but a sensitiveness to criticism of the methods already in use. The result of this is that parents who do not believe that the teachers should entirely usurp their rights, grumble quietly, or refuse to send their children to schools where a little catechism and an occasional prayer are supposed to redeem methods of teaching which are mere imitations of the public school system.

“There are parochial schools which are truly Catholic, the directors of which do the very best thing they can; in the most trying circumstances showing an angelic patience and a heroic devotion in the cause of Catholic education that eventually must gain their end. But there are others where the fatal mania for imitating the methods that make the public schools dreaded by the wise and avoided by the prudent of all religious beliefs, is prevalent. ‘We follow the public schools,’ is a motto which some of our Catholic teachers, wearing the garb of religious, are not ashamed to use. And what is there in all this ‘glorious’ public school system worthy of imitation? Thoroughness in the secular branches? Fitness of the means to the end?”

“Development of the natural faculties of each child so that he may make his way in the world? No. Thoughtful men of every creed—from Richard Grant White to the editor of the *Teacher's Institute*, answer no. And yet we find Christian educators willing, either from lack of ability to strike into better ways or from ignorance that there are better ways meekly to follow the crowd. To say that a parochial school is as good as a public school is not to recommend it, except to

the ignorant; some of our educators admit this when they say that they are obliged to advertise their schools in this manner, to conciliate the prejudices of parents. Parents with prejudices against Catholic schools cannot be conciliated by concessions which are only apparent. No parochial school can be 'as good as a public school.' If the Catholic school be held in a barn or by the roadside fence, and the duty and privilege of the human soul to love God and serve Him in this world, and to be happy with Him forever in the next, be taught, it is infinitely better than the school held in a handsome structure, where the God of the Christians, and the teachings of Christianity are banished as 'sectarian.' If Catholic educators were as anxious to profit by criticism and to put good suggestions into practice as they are to conciliate the prejudices of the ignorant, Catholic parochial schools would not be, as they are in many places, considered by judicious parents as compromises, which they support perfunctorily without enthusiasm, without zeal. Catholic schools must be Catholic—not schools in which a rivulet of religious instruction is let on at certain hours of the day, then turned off until the next day. A Catholic atmosphere must permeate every crevice of a Catholic school. Christianity, above everything else, must be taught—engraved sharply on ductile minds, rubbed in until it would resist the influence of a social state in which every duty of society is held tightly. Everything should be held secondary to Christian teaching. Our late Holy Father, speaking of the teaching orders, said emphatically: 'Make education more Christian.'

"That is what we need—to have education made more Christian—that the gifts and fruits of the Holy Ghost may be secured to our children—that others, noting their example, may say, with a just pride bordering on humility: 'I, too, am a Catholic.' 'Parents,' the reply is, 'want for their children education, shallow and showy though it may be; they want education, not religion.' Conciliation is not the means by which to reach the hearts of such ignorant and careless persons. To give way to them is to confirm them in their error and to ruin our schools.

"The managers of some parochial schools

are obliged, in order to compete with the public schools, to assume a great part of the burden of education which should fall on the parent. They are compelled to furnish the pupil with books, etc., thus relieving the parent of all the charges that may fall upon him. As the poorest parent is, however, indirectly taxed to support the public schools, it is well that he should be taxed as lightly as possible for his own school. Yet to relieve him of all pecuniary responsibility is to cheapen the value of that most inestimable of all things—a good Christian education. There are Catholics sufficiently foolish to believe that Christian education can be obtained in almost fifty-two hours a year of teaching of the catechism, and that a child who sits in a Godless school during over fifteen hundred hours in the year will learn how to save his soul in fifty-two!

"Is it strange that, in spite of the statistics of optimists, which give us results in brick and mortar, not in souls, the children of the Church grow up lukewarm—that 'nominal Catholicity' increases, and that mixed marriages create indifference, and promiscuous reading, unchecked by good knowledge, makes infidels?

"The need of the age is more Christianity. It is not a time to minimize truth or to conciliate prejudices by catering to them. It must be remembered that American Protestants with whom our children must mingle are not enemies of morality or faith, but though without faith they sincerely respect the man who is willing to proclaim aloud that his soul is God's, not his own. Our children must be taught that they stand on solid rock; that the truth is with them; that they have naught to fear from mock science, shallow philosophy, or the everlasting drivel of 'free thought.' In a truly Catholic school they will learn to respect themselves and their neighbor; but if we go on teaching them that the public schools and such like inventions of the state and the devil are to be admired and imitated, the formation of stiff Catholic backbone sadly needed in this country will never be accomplished. Let us have no more imitation of features of the public school system which all sensible men are deploring. Catholic, practical schools are needed, and some kind of

centralization which will give strength and vigor to their management."

THE "CATHOLIC WORLD" AND A "MODUS VIVENDI."

"In the last number of the *Catholic World* Rev. I. T. Hecker answered the question: 'What does the public school question mean?' It is unnecessary to say that Father Hecker's article is lucid and elegant in style—so lucid and elegant that the reader might be tempted to forget its inclusiveness. Father Hecker's answer is addressed particularly to Prof. Lyman, of Chicago, whose very sensible letter is published in the *World*. Among other things Father Hecker says:

"All the State has for its duty is to see that such instructions are imparted to children as are necessary to good citizenship, itself being the judge of this, and to remunerate for this education accordingly, and for nothing else. It is a matter of indifference as for the rest to the State whether the school be denominational or a common public school. The suggestions of interference on the part of the politicians to the free development of denominational schools, or jealousies among them, or complaints of the smaller sects against the larger sects securing the lion's share of the fund—these objections are all based, in our opinion, on misconceptions or on fears without foundation in reason.'

"This is an admission of State claims which can be made so wide and elastic as to cover any usurpation on the part of the State. Radical France demands no more than this. It desires to mould citizens, and it has decided that the crucifix, the statues of the Mother of God in the school house, make citizens 'superstitious'; therefore these sacred symbols must be removed. The State is, then, not only infallible in its judgment as to what constitutes good citizenship, but it is to be the judge of the extent of that infallibility. This is the only interpretation that can be put on Father Hecker's words. Good citizenship implies a number of attributes. Morality is the first. If the State assumes the right of teaching morality. It usurps the right of the Church; it usurps that right now in the public schools. It insists that the more 'education' a child receives the better is he fitted to be a good citizen;

consequently it gives him at everybody's expense that long-drawn-out smattering of knowledge which it has decided is necessary to make him a good citizen. If we allow the right of the State to define 'good citizenship' according to its taste, we are illogical and inconsistent if we do not accept the public schools as mistaken but rightful fruits of the prerogatives of the State. If we admit the right of the State to tax childless people for the education of other people's children, we admit the right of the State to levy taxation without permitting representation. And that would be a very unreasonable and unrepresentative assumption.

"Again, quoting Prof. Lyman, Father Hecker says:

"But the doctor's main objection surprises us, because we did not anticipate such a clear-headed man falling into so great a confusion. I object, he says, to such support of a denominational school for the same reason that I object to State support for any high school, college or university. He then lays down this correct general principle: It is unjust to tax the whole people for the support of anything in which they have not a common interest. This is precisely the ground on which Catholics base their objection to the so-called common schools, which are not common schools at all. And if the plan proposed involves a remuneration from the State, it is distinctly stated over and over again, it is only for those instructions imparted to children which the State considers necessary in order to make them, when grown up to manhood, good citizens.'

"The hope of a division of the school fund, to which some Catholics cling so desperately, is illusive. Politicians raised it, knowing it to be illusive. This hope has led Catholics to 'wait for something to turn up,' instead of turning up the thing which lay nearest to their hands, and ought to lie nearest to their hearts—the means of improving Catholic education. To accept aid from the State is to endow the State with a right which it never possessed—that of educating. The recent expulsion of the teaching orders from the schools in France has shown how far a State may stretch its assumption of the right to make citizens. The same danger would confront Catholics here if they per-

mit the State to interfere in the education of their children. If the State contributes funds for education it will insist on forcing conditions, and, as it is the church which makes good citizens, not the State, the Church can accept only such conditions as do not interfere with the Catholic ideal. But if the State, as Father Hecker asserts, is to be the judge of what constitutes a good citizen, the Church loses her right and her power. Her influence becomes oblique, indirect; she is not the educator, but the assistant, in a mild and deprecating way, to the real educator—the State. Father Hecker, speaking for Catholics, concedes too much to the State. In fact, if his concession be accepted by Catholics it leaves no grounds of complaint against the present school system. The State—or the States—taxes everybody ‘to make good citizens.’ It has decided that the common schools turn out the kind of citizens it wants. Anybody that does not think so can pay his money and take his choice. The State does not interfere. But in offering free instruction as it does—‘colorless instruction,’ in keeping with principles of a government which acknowledges only a vague Deity—it simply puts into practice the right which Father Hecker too generously offers it.

“Taxation without representation is a wrong which ought to be particularly abhorrent to Americans, since, in fighting against it, they achieved the means of governing themselves. And yet, in a country ruled by the will of an ostensible majority—though generally by that of a real minority—many men must bear the imposts of the government without exercising the right of representation. The *soi-disant* majority steps into power, and the apparent minority has no right of representation under the constitution. This is a principle which the citizen of the United States accepts uncomplainingly. It is not a good principle; it is a principle which might be made very efficient in a Napoleonic coup d’etat, but it is a very bad principle. There is no evidence anywhere that the founders of our government intended to interfere with the right of the parent to educate his children—that they intended the State, or States, should assume the prerogative of educating children in the ways of ‘good citizenship.’ The

men who drew up the Declaration of Independence and those who signed the constitution held the family—the pillar of the State—sacred. But in taxing the people, without distinction of creed or opinion, to support schools, the State does interfere with the right of the father. It attempts to assume a responsibility which God never laid upon it. The State may make laws to punish crime and repress vice, but when it tries to teach virtue and to form good citizens it goes beyond its warrant. It invades the jurisdiction of the parent. A public school system is, however, a fixed fact in most of the States; and in approving of this system the mass of the people—Protestants, Jews, atheists, and some so-called Catholics—agree. Those who do not agree are in the minority; but it is settled, according to the teachings of our sages, that a majority must rule, and that a minority has no rights which anybody is bound to respect. In this case the voice of the people is for a public school system. It is an exceptional case in which a majority rules here; and this case is exceptional. *Vox populi* is not *vox Dei*; *vox populi* is strident and powerful; and, in accordance with the spirit of American institutions—the oldest mixture of republicanism and tyranny ever moulded by the hand of man—the public school system has every reason to exist. But the eyes of the public are gradually opening to its anomalies. It may be American, but it is not right. The time will come, if the United States do not drift into the current of modern Radicalism, when the right of the State to educate will be derided as the attempt of inexperienced statesmen. The pet plan of certain Catholics—a ‘division,’ which would end in the parcelling of the children, so many to each denomination, after the manner of the Indian policy—is ridiculous and impracticable; and Catholics have only made themselves seem grasping and shortsighted in listening to the siren voice of the politician. Catholics are freer and less hampered in this country than in any country under the sun. Their real enemies are not primarily the public schools, but liberty, half understood and half practiced, and, above all, the ignorance and callousness of most Catholics. If the consciences of our own people were Catholic, we should not fear the blandish-

ments of Cæsar or the allurements of materialism. *The Church must educate, since her's is the right.* She cannot sell her right for the few drops of State pap which a 'division' might offer. She must educate her children now, every hour, every day. The commission to teach is her's, and the gates of hell shall not prevail against it."

YOUNG MEN AND FREE MASONRY.

"There are some young men—mostly ill-instructed and ill-read young men—who grumble against the attitude taken by the church against the Free Masons. There is no harm in Free Masonry, they say. They know crowds of good fellows that belong to the Masons. The rites and the ceremonies, the grip and the oath, are only innocent amusements, which do nobody any harm, etc., etc.

"Now, the position of Catholics with regard to Free Masonry is settled by the church. The encyclical of Pope Leo XIII.—*Humanum genus*,—so wonderful in its effects on the seemingly impregnable wall of Free Masonry—made that very clear. The Catholic must avoid Free Masonry. It is a matter of obedience with him.

"Still, this obedience is very often yielded grudgingly. The young man takes for granted all the Free Masons say of themselves. He sees himself that many of them are well meaning men, who would shrink from the horrors known to be planned and executed by the Continental Masons; who believe in God, although the Grand Orient of France has declared that God does not exist. The exaggeration of Masonic horrors, which certain people, in their zeal, occasionally resort to, do more harm than good, since the young men who find out these exaggerations are inclined to doubt that any horrors are to be rightly connected with Free Masonry. There are no exaggerations in the Encyclical *Humanum genus*. And it is a foolish thing to say that priests know nothing about Masonry or secret societies. A little reflection on the opportunities which confessors must of necessity have of discovering matters hidden in the depths of the soul until the soul trembles on the brink of eternity, will put an end to that illusion.

"Another illusion which young men entering life are fond of cherishing is, that the Masonic societies are safe investments

for widows and orphans. 'How charitable they are!' cry our young men. 'Why have not we a society which will look after our relatives when we are gone?' And then follow the usual regrets that Catholics are uselessly handicapped in the race of life by the church's prohibition against Free Masonry.

The formation of the Catholic Benevolent Legion and other societies has done away with the ground of the dissatisfied young man's complaint that there is no substitute for him for the Masonic Associations. The praise given to the Masons for their immense charity to their own associates is very much overrated, as is also the great temporal benefit gained by being a Mason. Recently, in New York, an aged Mason, a member of numerous lodges, died. He was thoughtfully supplied with a coffin, and the transportation of the corpse to the place of burial was paid for out of the Masonic funds to which he had liberally and interestedly contributed. That was all.

"The *Freemason* is a paper recently begun in Toronto, Canada. From this publication we take extracts from a letter, written by a 'grand officer.'

"The time has arrived when the brethren should inquire what they are paying for,' writes this 'grand officer,' 'where does all the money go, and if we are to attend lodge for the sole purpose of manufacturing Masons.' The cry comes from all over the jurisdiction that the craft is degenerating, and this is owing to the want of some practical effort to arouse the enthusiasm of the craft in the direction of benefiting mankind. But what is the old and wealthy Grand Lodge of Canada doing to benefit mankind? Is the paltry \$30 given to a few pensioners, and the few dollars granted to transient brethren in distress, calculated to arouse the brethren to take deeper interest in the craft?"

"Now, about dues. We pay in from \$3 to \$5 annually, according to locality. What do we get in return? In some cities an apology for refreshments in the shape of stale beer, cheese and antiquated biscuits, or cold coffee, sour milk and confectionery, whose age alone entitles it to respect. In the country an oyster spread, say, once a year. The sum left after paying for these 'luxuries' is hardly sufficient

to pay our rent and capitation tax. This may seem harsh criticism, but I ask my brethren to honestly state if it is not correct in every particular? Now, I want to know how we can expect the brethren to retain a living interest in the fraternity, when there is no other motive apparent?

“The ‘apparent motive’ in Free Masonry is mutual assistance. But it is not the real motive which is never apparent in secret societies. The remarks of the Canadian ‘grand officer’ apply to American lodges. Let the grumbling young men cease to find fault with the wisdom of the Church. There is not even the shadow of an excuse for it.”

CATHOLIC HOMES.

“If homes are made Catholic they will be happy. If not—if the whole responsibility of keeping the children right is laid on the teacher—they will run great risks. The root of the evils that fill the hearts of parents and guardians of souls with sorrow is in the neglect to make Catholic homes. Preserve the Catholic family and there will

be no fear for the future of the Church in the United States.

“It is a shortsighted method by which the parents and children are separated at Mass. There are good reasons why children should go to Mass in flocks; better reasons why families should go together. The decline of family life, home life, among Catholics of the new generation is more alarming than even the increase of bad literature. The father that reads good books to his assembled family on Sunday is a figure of the past. He who leads in the recitation of the Rosary during Lent is regarded as very ‘old-fashioned.’ And in every congregation the heads of families who occupy their pews together with their families are becoming rarer and rarer. Family union, family love, is a gift of Christianity. The Church fostered it, and changed the cold selfishness of paganism with it. To preserve the family, to preserve society, the bonds of home life ought to be strengthened in every possible way.”

TO BE CONTINUED.

OUR LADY OF MOUNT CARMEL.

BY HENRY COYLE.

I.



OUR Lady of Mount Carmel, hear thou me;
Turn thou thine eyes of pity—list my plea!
On sorrow's hour, when clouds roll dark as night
Above me, may thy love guide me aright.

II.

Our Lady of Mount Carmel, hear thy child;
O, succor me when sinking in the tide
Of worldly care and strife; help me to win
The struggle fierce, and conquer every sin.

III.

OUR Lady of Mount Carmel! I am weak;
Make thou me strong. O guide me as I seek
The better way—the higher, nobler plane;
The crown of glory help me to retain.

THE GRADUATES.

BY MARY ANGELA SPELLISSY.

CHAPTER X.



R. MURPHY returned to Philadelphia early in autumn. He became the associate of an eminent physician whose extensive practice and declining years made the services of an assistant desirable. John's

duties left him little leisure for visits to his family. He surprised his mother one day by appearing unexpectedly before her.

"I am glad to find you alone, mother," said he after the interchange of greetings. "Dr. Grim advises me to marry and bring my wife to preside over our household."

"Well, my son, what do you think of the suggestion?"

"I do not know what to think. I see so much unhappiness from ill-assorted marriages that I confess it has chilled my boyish ardor for matrimony. Another reason against it was that I did not consider myself free to marry until I had made some pecuniary acknowledgment to my father for the great expense my education has been to him."

"The latter consideration need not prevent your settlement in life. Our income is sufficient for our expenses, thanks to economy and simplicity in our manner of living."

"Paul is self-supporting. I have been the slowest in responding to your care."

"I am afraid you are inclined to take a morbid view of your relation in the family. Your father and I have ever considered our children as the gardener regards the precious plants committed to his care. We realize that our darlings were entrusted to us with their respective talents by Divine Providence, that we might contribute as far as we were able to their highest development, not for our own satisfaction, but that they might fulfil their duties in the different vocations to which

they should be called. We have been blessed in the fidelity of each one of our children to duty. Your father and I are fully compensated by the praises borne to us by your patients, especially the poor. The record you have made in your profession is more gratifying to us than any money value. We are grateful to God who vouchsafes us such consolations."

"My dear mother, 'a good name is better than riches.' It shall be my aim to preserve unstained the inheritance bequeathed to me by the purity, temperance and integrity of my ancestors. The idea of marriage has occurred to me occasionally, as I suppose it does to the generality of young people. I have before me three types whom we will call Belinda, Matilda and Beatrix. Belinda is accomplished and at times attractive, but so egotistical that her mind is dwarfed. She is so occupied with herself that she is incapable of giving serious attention to any subject under discussion. In her eagerness to appear well informed she often manifests her ignorance and lays herself open to ridicule. In her vanity she is so exacting that I should not be able to satisfy her demands and those of my profession. Matilda is truly good, she is amiable and eminently domestic, but I fear to find her but a dull companion. Beatrix is sparkling and most enjoyable, any man might be proud of her, but she has spent her life in school and at hotels and knows nothing of domestic duty."

"The old-fashioned poet says, 'Ask a good wife of thy God.'"

"What do you say?"

"I cannot give advice while ignorant of the circumstances to which you should apply it. I can but state a few general principles, leaving to your judgment to decide on their fitness to the exigencies of your case. It is said that men often ask an opinion not because they desire advice, but because they seek approbation. In the choice of a wife one should use the same discrimination he would exercise in the selection of his clothing. The prudent

man considers the occasions for which he will require his suit and decides on the material and style most fitting. The man who in marriage is guided only by sentiment or passion is likely to regret the consequences all his life. One in faith and with mutual love founded on esteem a man and woman enter the marriage state with a fair prospect of happiness. The graces of the sacrament find in them fitting subjects. I can imagine that the conceit of a Belinda might prompt her to a haughty exaction of unreasonable attention, and that under disappointment she might make home miserable by her peevishness. But I have known such a one to prove herself a sympathetic companion to a sick or sorrowing friend. If you can pierce the crust of selfishness you may discover a quick perception of the sufferings of the afflicted and a tender compassion for the grief-stricken. It is sometimes said that "a person is too sensitive, that is a mistake. It is only that their sensitiveness has been badly directed. I know such a character as Belinda's whose fine possibilities were frustrated by the flattery of an unwise mother. Removed from such pernicious influence and in the companionship of a manly husband Belinda's native good sense might awaken in her a proper conception of her relative position in society. To judge of Matilda's type you must know her familiarly in the home-circle. Such an one is usually provoked to contempt for the man who she thinks has no standard but that of fashionable society. She is embarrassed under his monocle and indignant at the assurance that presumes to sit in judgment on her. She protects herself by retiring behind her eyelashes and the man loses a good friend. Matilda may not play the piano, but it is possible for a man to be very happy in his home even though his wife is not a musician."

"Are you not very severe, mother? You think I refer to"—

"Pardon, my son, it will be wiser to confine ourselves to generalities. If we become personal we may find it embarrassing. I am following the characters of the imaginary women you have presented me. The one thing necessary is to discover what qualities are essential in your wife, and your mutual ability to assimilate with each other and with your respective families.

The adaptability of our American women is the marvel of our trans-Atlantic neighbors. If your wife shall have good sense you can trust her to adapt herself to the exigencies of her position. It is not necessary that the bride shall have the aplomb of the society veteran. Generosity is the characteristic trait of a loving woman, and I can imagine a Beatrix not only content, but radiantly happy with the husband of her choice, even though deprived of her accustomed luxuries. There is another consideration. The Beatrix is a creature of sensitive organization. Is it just to ask such a one to become the wife of a poor man? That depends on her point of view. If her affections are interested it may be unjust to withhold the proposal. In my youth I knew a noble hearted Beatrix bring her joyousness into the details of the domestic economy of a ranch. She was a dainty creature, the darling of a luxurious home, but she gladly left it all to become a Queen of her husband's log cabin, and speedily proved herself equal to the requirements of the primitive conditions. From a frail and delicate girl, she blossomed into a noble matron, with vigorous sons and stately daughters encircling her. When her husband became a senator their home was one of the most elegant centres in Washington, the favorite point of reunion of the brightest minds of the capital, and its mistress a universal favorite."

"Time 's up, mother; my mind is clearer for this chat."

"I think, my son, it amounts to this: If a wife has the fundamental qualities, she may be trusted to acquire or develop the social graces necessary to the changes in her position. The husband and wife educate each other. If, on the other hand, the bride is ignorant of all that pertains to housewife's duty, she will, if loving and sensible, soon make herself acquainted with all that is necessary in her new position."

To busy people time passes swiftly. The arrival of Christmas surprised our friends. With it came Mr. and Mrs. Redmond. In the midst of the festivities in the Murphy household, Mary's absence was felt by all. Her parents heartily approved their daughter's decision that her place was with her husband's family, and suppressed all useless

expression of their privation. Paul spent a fortnight at home. John managed to appear at the family-dinner on the festival days. Letters from uncle Edward gave the menu for Christmas dinner at the ranch; it was as varied and toothsome as that of a grand hotel. Mrs. Edward Butler expressed her satisfaction with the assistance she received from the men in her family during her preparations, which were on a grand scale.

All the bachelors of the immediate neighborhood were invited, and the company of twenty-five was a merry one.

Mrs. Dent and Alix were the guests of Miss Chase. Mother and daughter had been received into the Church on All Saints day, and found the prospect of Christmas in the family much more to their taste than all the friendless display that the hotel could present.

During Christmas week Paul detained Margaret in the dining-room one morning. "Sister, can you spare time to call on a friend of mine?"

"That depends, dear boy, on the length of the journey."

"It will be a matter of fifteen minutes."

"I am entirely at your service."

As they left the house, Paul said, "I am much indebted to Miss Desmond for her kindness to one of our men. He met with a serious accident and was compelled to go to the hospital. Miss Desmond is a trained nurse, and was unremitting in her attentions to poor Johnson; I shall be pleased if you will arrange for her to spend an evening with us."

"You may be sure, Paul, that any friend of yours will be welcomed at home."

The exhilarating walk was too short for Margaret. Paul rang the bell at the house that Margaret remembered was devoted to boarders. Miss Desmond was "at home." They were ushered into the parlor. Margaret shrank from meeting strangers, and often found the initial steps in forming acquaintances, rather formidable. She had not time to stiffen with apprehension when Miss Desmond appeared.

"How very kind of you to bring your sister to call so soon; I know that in the family circle every one is busy with the duties of this happy season, and scarcely expected you."

All Margaret's shyness sped away, ab-

sorbed by admiring love for the genial woman before her. The rich full tones of her voice, the brilliant coloring of her face, her dark eyes, eloquent with mirth, or tenderly compassionate, according to the varying emotions of her heart. All these impressed Paul's sister most pleasantly. Miss Desmond explained that she was visiting her sister, who had a position in the city. The death of their father had left them orphans and compelled them to seek for employment.

The sisters rejoiced in having attained, by years of striving, that proficiency in their respective professions which secured them a comfortable income, while their dignity of character commanded the respect of all who knew them. Before leaving, Margaret received Miss Desmond's acceptance of an invitation for herself and sister to take tea at Mrs. Murphy's the following evening. Margaret was eloquent in praise of Paul's friend. Mrs. Murphy looked forward with unusual interest to the appearance of the strangers. The family were assembled in the sitting-room, chatting by the fire-light, when the bell rang. Margaret ran down quickly. As soon as the visitors were admitted the salutations and replies were borne to the group upstairs.

"Those tones are very familiar to me," said Mrs. Murphy.

"I should say that was Rose Carey speaking," replied her husband.

The lights were turned on when Margaret ushered the ladies into the room. As she introduced them to her mother, Mrs. Murphy grasped Kathleen's hand affectionately, saying, "Unless I am much mistaken, I see in you the daughter of my old friend Rose Carey?"

"That was my mother's name; my sister is her namesake, Rose Carey Desmond."

"You are very welcome for your own sake, my dear girls, and I am delighted that I have the opportunity of welcoming your mother's daughters."

The evening was passed most enjoyably by all. When Paul returned from escorting the young ladies home, he found the family still in conversation.

"I congratulate you, Paul," said his father, "in having secured such a delightful friend."

"Thank you, father; I was pretty sure she would meet with approval. I hope very soon to ask you to receive her as a daughter."

The Feast of the Purification witnessed the marriage of Miss Chase and Mr. Dillon, Alix Dent and Dr. Murphy acting as bridesmaid and groomsman. The wedding was very private; Paula felt that she should miss her father more sensibly in a public ceremony.

After the departure of Paula and her husband for Montana, Mrs. Dent and Alix removed to Philadelphia.

Mrs. Murphy was soon reminded of the conversation she had with John, and was not slow to recognize in Alix the Beatrix he had portrayed. She *was* a delightful creature, and gave promise to develop into a noble woman. Her merry nature told wholesomely on John's seriousness; united they formed a harmonious pair—as the vine embellishes the granite, which sustains it.

The feast of St. Monica was chosen for the double wedding of the brothers. Cousin Bert gave Alix away; Kathleen, our young friend Redmond, was her bridesmaid, Margaret sustained the same relation to Kathleen Desmond. Cousin Bert told his friends at the club, on his return from the wedding, that he considered his cousin had shown her usual good sense in choosing her husband, and declared that he had never met a more delightful set of people. The wedding breakfast was served at Mrs. Murphy's, Dr. George Vinton and wife being of the party.

For some weeks Mr. Scott had been suffering from an attack of influenza. His convalescence was tedious, and caused much anxiety to his wife and daughter. At last the doctor ordered the family to try change to the sea shore.

Although early in the season, they found many visitors enjoying the delightful May days in the air which was at once so restful and invigorating. The change worked wonders. Not only to the invalid, but to the entire party, came increase of vigor. Mr. Scott, in his wheeled chair, accompanied by Adolph on his bicycle, became familiar objects on the ocean boulevard.

The resting-place chosen by Mr. Scott and Dora became the objective point for the wheelers of the party. Dora found her-

self quite shy in meeting again acquaintances whom she had not seen since the days of her early wifehood. This excursion was Dora's first return to the world since her separation from her husband. She found the ordeal quite painful, but she was resolved to resume her place in society for the sake of her boy. Adolph was a noble little fellow, sturdy and boyish. The two spent their afternoons on the sand; the boy, most happy when building a miniature Fortress Monroe. The moat encircling it was his crowning satisfaction. Wearied from his exertions he would throw himself beside his mother, waiting and watching for the rising tide to fill the ditch. These quiet afternoons brought to Dora many a reverie. She was constantly meeting old friends, husbands and wives, happy in their domestic relations, and a yearning for her husband's companionship filled her heart. Prayer, and devotion to her parents and child, were her only consolations. One sunny afternoon when Dora and her boy were at their usual resort, Adolph came running to her, crying out:

"Mother, if you don't help me I can't get done in time; that wave came nearly up to the ditch, and it's not half done. Here's somebody's shovel. Do dig, mother, dig."

"All right, Adolph," responded Dora; "there will not be another breaker like that very soon; that must have been the tenth; we will have nine before another great one."

The little mother and her big boy worked together with all their might, chatting merrily as they plied their shovels. Both were clothed in blue serge. Dora's jacket revealed the white blouse of linen, her felt hat fitted her head snugly; her hair was blown into little curls about her forehead. Adolph's sailor suit, completed by the regulation cap, left him free to enjoy his favorite amusements. As they finished their task the water flooded the ditch. Adolph's shouts of delight testified to his satisfaction.

"You are a love, mother," cried the boy, gratefully; "that would have been only pudding if you had not worked; it has made your cheeks as red as anything."

Borne by the breeze, their voices reached a trio of men seated under a canopy near them.

"Isn't that a pretty sight?" asked the eldest of the party. "What a delightful playfellow that boy has, what a wise mother she must be to devote herself so utterly to her child. I never see them apart. They are stopping at the same hotel that I am, and I have been observing the little man at table. His manners are beautiful; it is refreshing to meet an unspoiled child nowadays. I think the little mother's parents are of the party. Why do you not marry, Max?"

The response from Max was inaudible. The next morning's mail brought Dora a letter. The address startled her usual composure.

"Join Grandpa at the table, Adolph. I must go back to my room for a moment." In the privacy of her own apartment Dora read her husband's words.

"My Noble Little Wife:

"You have conquered. At intervals I have observed you; sometimes I have followed you into church, where you seemed to be in paradise. Again I have had glimpses of your dear face as you passed me on the street. I am full of admiration for your training of our son; has he forgotten me? I am longing to atone for the past. The experience of years has brought me bitter lessons, during which I have missed you sadly.

"I see what your religion has enabled you to accomplish, and I recognize the mistake I made in leading you to neglect it. I am very anxious for an interview with you at an early day, but I recognize that I should await your convenience.

"We are still young, and I trust you will allow me to prove myself your devoted husband.

"MAX VAN BRUNT."

"Blessed be God!" cried Dora. When she joined the party at table Adolph said: "Mamma, you look so happy this morning. What was in your letter?"

In the spring the birds are busy building their nests, which soon are filled with families of tiny creatures. Not many weeks go by until the nests are empty.

Mr. and Mrs. Murphy were visited frequently by their children, and entered with

full sympathy into the joys and sorrows of their lives.

"Our Graduates have gone from us, wife," said her husband, "and we must remember that our 'Commencement Day' cannot be far off."

This was in the evening of the day that Margaret left home for "that better part." She entered the Order in which Miss Chase had spent some months, the object of which was the education of poor children. In their schools the girls were taught trades, and worked at them under the supervision of the sisters. A family friend asked Mrs. Murphy why she consented to Margaret's abandonment of home.

"Would you have asked me that question if we had given her to be the wife of a foreign prince?" was the reply. "Suppose she had married," Mrs. Murphy continued; "What assurance have I that she would have been spared to keep me company? My prayer has ever been, 'May the Holy Will of God be accomplished in me, and through me in others.'"

A wise priest inquires:

"What became of Kathleen Redmond, who has in her the material of holy nun or valiant mother."

Kathleen is still unmarried. It is not essential that a woman shall marry before a certain age or become a nun; between the two lies an uncared for class with few to care for them. Here and there a solitary lay nun struggles single-handed in her strife with sin and poverty. There is ample scope for the noble-hearted single woman in the world. She can draw closer to the poor in their homes; she can persuade more effectually even than the nun the intemperate mother to rise to a life of temperance. If Kathleen is to marry her husband is now living on the earth and shall find her in due season. Meanwhile her life is full; congenial occupations await each moment. Her father finds in her an intelligent councillor and assistant in his profession. The pastor of the little chapel calls her the angel of the parish—his right hand. She is the prime mover in Church work, at home, in the sanctuary, the choir, the Sunday school or the reading circle. She lives—

Last week the father, mother and daughter left home to visit the architectural wonders of Europe.

Kathleen's course of reading during last winter has well fitted her to visit the principal countries of the old world. She is

familiar with their histories and their present politics. Should she be married to a foreign Prince she will persuade him to make a home in America, for she is an ardent Patriot.

THE END.

THE SOCIAL QUESTION.

V.

BY PIUS R. MAYER, O. C. C.



THE second question we asked last month referred to the different kinds of labor organizations: "Are laborers allowed to join ANY union for the legitimate purposes of their organization?" As we said before the end does not justify the means employed, and only those organizations can stand the test that can boast of good intentions, upright means and a just end. Let one part of this triad be wanting and the organization is no longer commendable.

Often we are compelled to acknowledge that labor organizations act not with a view to righting an injustice under which they suffer, but to give vent to envy or a desire of vengeance, to harrass capital also, when such action does not involve any boon to themselves. In this case the action is bad, and no conscientious Catholic can take part in it.

Again, some organizations are wont to inflame the passions of the laborers in order to make the men overlook the real merits of the case and drag them into measures which in sober mind they never would have countenanced.

Or, the meetings of the organization are opened by a chaplain, real or so-called, by prayer and hymns taken from a Protestant ritual. But participation in this is not lawful to Catholics.

Furthermore, some of these organizations are oath-bound, and there the question

comes up: To what do the members bind themselves?

That any organization of men in order to defend their interests may bind their members to secrecy towards outsiders and forbid the presence of all but members in their deliberations, there can be no doubt. Nor is it in itself reprehensible, if the easier to obtain secrecy, they introduce grips and passwords by which members may know each other and detect foreign elements. The oath enjoined should in our opinion be abandoned. Decent conscientious men will observe their pledge as faithfully as they would keep an oath, and unprincipled men would not hesitate to violate even their oath if it seemed to serve their interests. Experience furnishes ample proof of this. But when an oath not only enjoins secrecy, extending even to the confessional, but adds an obligation of blind obedience to masters known or unknown, without any limitation as to the laws of God or religion, such oath becomes a monstrosity, sinful and therefore forbidden to Catholic workmen. No plea of material interest can excuse it, and no plea can bind those that rashly took the oath to keep it. Spiritual and eternal interests are always to be considered first, and whatever jeopardises them must be abandoned.

There is a fatal tendency in all similar organizations gradually to go beyond the original scope and to develop into a secret society, whose aims are inimical to religion or government. Consequently Catholic workmen joining one or the other of the labor unions ought to be on the lookout against this design, and frustrate such

designs by voting them down or leaving them in a body.

An organization built upon sound principles and desiring just ends to be obtained by just means has no need of secrecy, which in itself is calculated to rouse suspicions and thus effectually bar an understanding based upon trust and good faith,

The third class of Socialists is composed of Titans, storming heaven. Dissatisfied with the results of meetings and deliberations, and believing the way of force to be the shortest and most effective for their purpose, they advocate violence against the persons and property of their employer and against laborers not of the same mind with themselves.

This class of turbulent spirits, though numerically small, is the most loudmouthed and active. And their very aggressiveness drags others with them.

The question now is: "Is it ever and under any circumstances allowed to resort to violence?" We answer decidedly not. We have laws, we have arbitration, we have strikes, each member is individually allowed to quit work of a certain kind or for a certain employer whenever he wishes, but these are all the means legitimate. Any amount of damage inflicted cannot right the wrongs the employee may suffer.

When about twenty years ago a mass of laborers in Pittsburg, Pa., took forcible possession of the roundhouse of the P.R.R. and destroyed property worth hundreds of thousands of dollars, what good did it do the laborers? None whatever, but it injured the municipality, it injured Pittsburg trade and manufacture, and it injured the laborers themselves. The same has to be said of similar occurrences in Chicago, Buffalo, Cleveland, etc.

There is a divine law binding the violator of his neighbor's property to reparation, that is to restitution of the damage caused, and when a number of men club together for the purpose of inflicting damage each of them is bound to make restitution jointly and severally. Now the greater number of transgressors will not acknowledge such an obligation, or at least will not discharge it, and in consequence it falls upon the few that have conscience enough to obey divine laws. But in such a case the unlucky man owes more in restitution than he can honestly earn in years. Will

anybody be foolish enough to imagine that by loading himself heavily he will better his circumstances? The world's stability rests upon the recognized right of private property, and Proudhon's famous word, "Property is theft," is a glaring monstrosity. The assumption of the anarchists that the factories were built and run by their sweat is false to a great extent. Capital, skill, learning, experience, etc., are required that do not come from them, and these qualifications are of much greater importance to success than mere mechanical labor.

By destroying machinery or factory buildings the workmen render it impossible to themselves to obtain constant employment, which without the machinery is impossible. Thus they work directly against their own interest. Any violent change of existing relations is fraught with evil, and though the capitalists may suffer severely for the moment, the ultimate loss falls upon the shoulders of the masses.

Is not the French revolution of last century a convincing proof of this? There the words, "He that uses the sword, by the sword he shall perish," found its awful application, and the unlimited liberty which by excess became licence was speedily followed by the most ruthless autocracy. Fortunes were wasted, but never won back, faith and morality were destroyed and could not fully recover their ground to the present day.

Therefore anarchy is a monster, swallowing its own children, and no matter how serious and well grounded the complaints of the laborers may be, an appeal to violence ought to be always out of question, and this the more since there are so many other expedients which if properly handled will prove successful.

Christian Socialism as advocated by Protestant bodies is a failure, because it supposes a paramount influence upon the individual conscience which Protestantism does not possess, and by its own principles cannot even claim. Only the Catholic Church can hope to cope successfully with the issue, if its voice is heard. How often did Catholic bishops and priests prevent riot and bloodshed, and compose matters which but for their participation looked hopeless. How much more could they have effected if both employers and employees

would without exception have listened to their admonition. When complex questions do not admit of a definite settlement for good, a fair compromise is to the advantage of both parties.

In the next number we shall give some hints how the social question to our mind ought to be treated from a Christian point of view.

The Great Shrine of the "Pilar" in Spain.

BY DON JUAN PEDRO



THE famous pilgrimage church of "Nuestra Senora del Pilar" is situated in the ancient metropolis of Caesar Augustus, the modern Saragossa. Saragossa is one of the principal cities of Spain, connected with Madrid and Barcelona by rail.

The Shrine itself is one of the oldest in Spain. It dates back in antiquity to the days of the Apostles. It vies with the House of Loretto, not only in antiquity, but also in the wealth and abundance of the votive offerings, brought by the pilgrim hosts, who came from afar, like the Kings of old, to deposit their gifts in the sanctuary of Our Sinless Mother beneath the columns of her "Pilar," both of which have been in the past; as they are at present, the citadel and stronghold of the spiritual life and hope of a nation.

Popular as pilgrimages to this shrine are throughout Spain, they are pre-eminently so in the principality of Arragon. For it was here that this altar with its column, was raised as a glorious Thabor of devotion to our Immaculate Mother, under the endearing title of "Nuestra Senora del Pilar," to commemorate the visit of "La Virgen Aragonesa" made by her during her lifetime, to the diminutive church erected by St. James in this city, which, then, was the pride of the Caesars. Since that memorable event, a thousand generations have passed away, each proclaiming louder and more lovingly: "Blessed art thou amongst women." Since then countless

multitudes from North, South, East and West have here chanted her praises in accents of love. Millions have rejoiced to hear her eulogies, millions have blessed her holiness and invoked the salutary efficacy of her power, beneath the lofty dome of this glorious Byzantine basilica.

Nor has the stream of pilgrims decreased during the course of the centuries. On the contrary, with the gradual increase of population the number and size of the pilgrim hosts has steadily increased until their gigantic proportions may well startle the stranger who visits this shrine. Thousands and tens of thousands of the devoted children of Mary are found journeying, by day and by night, by rail and by road, in order to kneel beneath the shadow of her "Pilar" in her historic sanctuary, beside the waters of the Ebro, to pray before that miraculous statue in the gorgeous basilica erected in her name, and enshrining within it the Lillipution chapel which she ordered the "Son of the Thunder"—Santiago—to build in her honor, the first temple raised to Mary within the narrow limits of that early Christian world.

Here, then, annually, during the historic October feasts of the Pilar especially, are heard the loud invocations of the litanies, rising like the clamor of assaulting armies, intermingled with the suppressed soft pleadings for mercy at this throne of the Eternal.

Such was the heavenly benediction given to this sanctuary and its frequenters, in the spring time of the infant church, that neither the tyranny of the Roman governors, who covered the soil with the life blood of the innumerable martyrs of Saragossa, whose feast the universal church celebrates on the 3rd of November; nor

the bloody persecutions of the supporters and advocates of Arianism; nor the cruel fanaticism of the hordes of the Crescent, who for seven centuries by fire and sword laid waste the plains and deluged with slaughter the sequestered glens of Arragon; nor the varied atrocities of the disciples of the Encyclopædia of the 18th century; nor the torch of the Communists and Iconoclasts of the Voltairean era; nor the truculent godless warfare of the followers of the French Revolution at the dawn of the present century; nor the fierce deluge of fire, with which the impious Liberals swept the monastic institutions not only of Saragossa, but those of the entire peninsula, together with the cruel massacre of countless religious of both sexes during the dark days of July and August, 1835—not all of these terrible upheavals were able to break the “Pilar” of a nation’s faith. The gates of hell have not been able to undermine the rock of Peter, neither have these terrible persecutions been able to undo the work of Mary.

Yes, thanks, under heaven, to the heroic custodians of its fortunes, the trustees of its traditions, Saragossa is still her bulwark, sanctified and sealed by the blood of countless martyrs. It is still the impregnable fortress of devotion.

Through the blessings of our Heavenly Father, and the never failing protection of our Immaculate Mother, Saragossa to-day, for her defence of religion, bears the proud title of the “Villa Invicta,” of the Peninsula. Hun and Saracen and fiery Goth—children of the trackless wastes of the desert and of the barren steppes of the North, as well as the valiant cohorts of the mighty Napoleon (in 1808) have reeled back, discomfited and disorganized before the mere handful who fought with supernatural powers beneath the azure blue of Mary’s banner, in defence of her sanctuary.

It was during this last attack that the daughters of Sparta and the Roman matrons had their rivals in the bravery and devotion of Augustina of Arragon—the Joan of Arc of the 19th century—and her noble sisters. For sixty days, during which time every house was an hospital, every convent and home of prayers a fortress, the indomitable bravery of Saragossa’s sons and daughters made its siege as memorable and

their heroism as conspicuous in the World’s history as Numantia and Saguntum.

Their enemies, the hitherto unconquered Gauls, launched forth their thunderbolts of fire and destruction, poured forth an incessant rain of iron against the walls of the city, and converted its streets into a continuous series of blazing furnaces; yet, those, whose first sigh in life is for the “Virgin,” and whose last embrace is the column of her “Pilar,” have learned from it to fight, and to conquer the invaders who sought to pollute that sanctuary with their impious footprints. Like the autumnal leaves of the forest are scattered by the fierce blasts of approaching winter, the chivalry of the Napoleonic hosts, the flower of the battalions of France, are scattered by Arragon’s devoted soldiers of Our Lady of the “Pilar.” Their heroism, too great for words to eulogize, their endurance and privation too deep for tears to measure, now figure on the golden pages of the church’s history.

Even the poetic genius of the stranger has found in their bravery and devotion to Our Lady, subjects of lofty inspiration. Byron in his “Childe Harold,” and Wordsworth in his “Excursion,” have both immortalized the human woes, the mortal pains, the excruciating sufferings and the heroism which these brave children of Mary inspired by faith and sustained by love whilst battling with matchless ardor in defence of their Shrine.

It remained, however, for the artist Wilkie to bring to canvass the principal incidents of a siege that has few equals among the many memorable ones of ancient or modern times. Surely, few called forth such deeds of noble heroism, all the more noble, as they were inspired by the loftiest patriotism and the most elevated motives of love and veneration for the Queen, whose sanctuary was placed under their guardianship. Thus the “Pilar” has ever been the fountain of Arragon’s prosperity, the shield of a nation’s safety from the heresies of the past, and the godless teachings and maxims of the present.

Nor is it less popular now, that Lourdes has attained the world-famed celebrity, which in the middle ages belonged to the “Pilar,” now that this new shrine has halted, and not without cause, in their march southwards the tens of thousands,

whose ancestors were accustomed to scale the Pyrenees, and climb their winding paths to penetrate through their defiles into northern Spain onwards to the banks of the Ebro.

The fervor is not diminished nor the enthusiasm frozen which the children of Maria Santissima throughout the length and breadth of Spain have still for their national shrine on which "Our Lady of the Pilar" is enthroned. The hymn of praise, the palm of joy, the loud voiced litany of petition are still heard there, and, as of old, miracles of God's grace are again and again wrought there. To-day, as in the heyday of its historic greatness and popularity, the earnest outcries and humble entreaties of Mary's countless hosts have oft and oft turned aside through Almighty God's omnipotence the universal laws of nature, and proved to the unbeliever the power of prayer and confidence in Mary's patronage.

Oft and oft, when earthly love and earthly power with all its scientific aids had exhausted their varied resources to stop the insidious inroads of an apparently inevitable mortal illness, to soothe the agonies of the death-bed, to wrestle with the devastating advances and destructive power of the flood and the hurricane, the typhus and the cholera, in fact, when all worldly wisdom and calculating science had looked in vain and in dismay at these terrible calamities, then, at the eleventh hour maybe, a deputation of pilgrims is thought of as the only remedy left, the panacea around which flickering hopes are clustered, and oft they hasten with humility and faith, fortitude and perseverance, to the shadow of the "Pilar." There their confiding prayers are breathed, their loud, incessant ejaculations are uttered, appeals for Divine compassion are wafted on high, and break with majestic power, like the waves against the solitary rock in mid ocean, around the throne of Almighty God.

And, as if Mary's supplications, as she presents through the merits of her Divine

Son, the petitions of her clients, cannot be refused—relief comes from the throne of the Eternal, lightning like, peremptory and efficacious.

Such is but a brief epitome of the miracles, which, year after year, are chronicled in the archives of the "Pilar." These miracles are the fruitful cause of the overflowing crowds which annually cover the Corso, the Plazzas and the streets of Saragossa. Thousands of our brothers and sisters of Carmel come in serried ranks to the Shrine of the "Pilar" to participate in its gorgeous annual festivities, and especially the beautiful processions of the Rosary in October—events, which, as ever, have God's benediction on them, for they are beauty to His eyes, sweetness to His taste, and music to His ears.

POSTSCRIPT.—One of the most beautiful traditions of the "Pilar" is, that when a new archbishop enters the city to take possession of his See, and to visit the matchless Cathedrals, the "La Seo" and the "Pilar"—one, that of the son and the other, of the mother—he must arrive at the latter for his first visit, mounted on a snow white mule caparisoned in all the glittering trappings of Arragon. For it was thus that St. James, the Apostle, appeared at the battle of Claverigo. The archbishop is surrounded at this visit with a gorgeous suite, civil and ecclesiastic of all the highest dignitaries of Church and State. Such a ceremony took place on the feast of the Purification, when Dr. Alda, formerly bishop of Hulsea, preconized in the last consistory as the new archbishop of Saragossa, to succeed the late Cardinal Buenavides, entered the city amidst the enthusiastic acclamations of its citizens and proceeded to the "Pilar," and before the column of Our Immaculate Mother of Carmel prostrated himself, imploring the protection of her, who has ever been the invincible shield of the prelates of the "Pilar."

A PERFECT WORK.

BY ADA A. MOSHER.



IN nature's temple, 'rapt, the poet stood
Where violets purpled 'neath him miles on miles;
He heard the sweet-voiced choirs of the wood
Thrill all the length of its tree-pillared aisles.
Impelled of his imperious poethood,
He sang as only heaven-born poet could.

How his sweet song his sweeter thought to express
So pitifully little had availed,
The poet only knew—we did not guess—

“ I've failed, my heart, thou knowest I have failed !”
And straight his true heart made him answer: “ Yes,
Thy passion was divine, thy song is less.”

Again the poet stood as one bespelled
And watched the sunset creeping like the sea,
Till all the gates that had its floods withheld
Were loosed to let the mighty waters free;
And as the golden glory surged unquelled
E'en so the rapturous heart within him swelled.

The olden passion—subtle, sweet and strong—
He seized his brush—his soul was in his hand—
Look, look, these tints to heaven alone belong!
Ah, that sweet after-glow upon the land!
We wept for joy; the poet, for the wrong
His inspiration bore in scene and song.

White streamed the moonlight, wherein, pale and sweet,
The apple blossoms drifted flake on flake,
And yonder, wave on wave, the wind-swept wheat
In silent, silvery blossom-billows brake—
A tear-drop startled a pale Marguerite—
He bowed his head and struggled with defeat.

Starward at last he lifts beseeching eyes
As searching for a sign—then, tenderly,
He folds together both his hands, childwise,
“ Our Father, who art in heaven, hallowed be
Thy name—” “ At last! At last!” his heart replies,
“ The only perfect work that satisfies.”

FOR OUR YOUNG PEOPLE.

EDITED BY MISS MATILDA CUMMINGS.

[All communications to this department to be addressed to Miss M. Cummings,
1588 Madison Avenue, New York City.]

SECRETARY'S LETTER.

OCTOBER, 1896.

MY DEAR YOUNG FRIENDS,—

The most delightful month of the year has come — the queen month of the golden autumn. The summer heat is over and now we may enjoy to its fullest that most charming of seasons—the Indian summer. Never is nature more attractive than during these days when the earth is robed in crimson and gold. When the sky seems to vie with the earth in a display of gorgeous color, and all nature revels in the enjoyment of the wonderful scene. No book teaches us the goodness of God like this ever open book of nature. His finger is seen on every page and traces but one word—Love! When the soul is in the state of grace, and the heart almost irresistibly rises to God in prayer, a walk through the country, or even through a green field or park, is a source of delight second only to the real presence of our Lord in the Blessed Sacrament. Nature and grace are always in harmony; so we find this gracious month of October dedicated to the Queen of the Holy Rosary. It is as if the Church in the magnificence of her desire to lay all the fairest tributes of nature at the feet of this heavenly Queen, rejoices in adding a second month to her calendar wherein to honor Mary. We crowned her with flowers in the sweet month of May. Now the forests give of their wealth of glowing foliage to deck her autumn shrine, while the beads of the Holy Rosary will more than compensate for the loss of the roses which are always her's by right divine. How dear to us are the blessed beads. How often the pious Catholic mother gives them into the hands of her little ones even before they have learned to lisp the Hail Mary. Happy mothers who thus early surround their

children with the atmosphere of holy faith and love. While traveling through Catholic Canada last summer the secretary was edified most deeply by the tender devotion of the little children to our Blessed Lady. In the great cathedral of St. James in Montreal she saw a little boy whom one would think hardly able to do much more than talk sitting alone in a pew, before the statue of our Lady of Victories, playing with if not saying his beads. In another French Church she saw each morning one of the altar boys lead his baby brother to the front pew and leave him there while the elder one served the Mass, and lo! the little toddler took out his beads too. In another pew sat a forlorn looking child, poor and deformed, looking as if she were a street waif for whom no one cared; but there she was, happy and at home before the holy altar at the early morning Mass, and she too had the blessed beads in her hands. Most charming is the piety of the French children of Catholic Canada. At St. Anne de Beaupre, that most favored shrine of America, the devotion of the people—men, women and children—to the holy Rosary is a sermon in itself. The beads are constantly in their hands. With the children they are a sort of plaything, jingling in the pocket like the old-fashioned game of "Jacks." Very few children play "Jacks" nowadays, but the little lassies of Quebec and St. Anne de Beaupre are like the dear children of whom Adelaide Proctor sung so sweetly in her poem: "Links with Heaven." The babies who died and whom our Blessed Lady amused in paradise by giving them her milk white beads to play with, promising that their mothers would come soon. How beautiful are the things of faith, and how easy it is to teach children to love them and grow familiar with them, and make them a part of their daily lives. Dear young friends, if any of you who read

this letter are so unfortunate as not to own a chaplet—a string of blessed beads—let me beg of you to enrich yourself at once. More precious are they and more to be desired than the costliest necklace of gems. Why, the secretary would count it a great privilege if any or many of the dear children who read her letters would send their names and addresses to her and she will send them a pair of beads blessed by a Dominican father and indulgenced so highly that not all the riches of earth could purchase heaven as easily as they. Why do the children take no part in this corner of Our Lady's magazine? Here is an opportunity to start them. It is their especial department, and yet they leave all the work to the secretary, who would be delighted to hear from them and put their letters in their own "corner." Now set to work; and the one who writes the nicest letter, telling something about the blessed beads—a true story—shall have the prettiest pair the secretary can get for her, or him either. There is plenty of room in a boy's pocket also for a pretty rosary. Be sure of one thing, dear children, no true child of Our Blessed Lady is a stranger to her rosary, and I am sure that no child who loves the blessed beads and carries them through life will die anything but a happy death. Our Lady of the Holy Rosary will see to it that the cry of the soul that went up to her day after day will be answered—"Pray for us now and at the hour of our death." One word before we part about St. Teresa, the great doctress of the church of whom the Carmelites are so justly proud. Her feast falls on October 15th. Ask her to teach you how to pray, not only with your lips but with your minds. She was a great teacher of the science of prayer; and perhaps you will learn to love her so well, if you begin to pray to her and read things about her, that you will want to read her wonderful works when you grow older. Did you ever hear that she was fond of novel reading, and that God showed her in a vision the place she would fill in hell if she kept on? Think about that and do not lose your time in foolish reading. Above all things ask St. Teresa to make you think as little of the opinion of the world as *she* did, and *you* will become a saint without knowing it. There is something for us all to think about long and earnestly while we say our beads in October.

FOR THE PUZZLERS.

1. What has a mouth larger than its head?
2. What road has no dust?
3. Why are people who never return books to the owner very useful in an office?
4. What would the Armenians like to do with the Turks?
5. What sea do we all hope to sail on when we die?

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES.

(IN SEPTEMBER NUMBER.)

1. Mango.
2. A coal.
3. Nothing.
4. When it is a projectile.

FOR THE THINKERS.

1. Who invented the notes of the gamut?
2. Who discovered the mouth of the Mississippi?
3. Who invented speaking trumpets?
4. What white man first discovered Falls of Niagara?

Answers to Questions for the Thinkers.

(SEPTEMBER NUMBER.)

1. A Winter's Tale.
2. Pius VII.
3. Montreal.
4. St. Francis of Assisi.
5. Madame Barat.

MAXIMS FOR OCTOBER.

1. You ask what heart will enter most surely into the Heart of Jesus: The most humble will enter best into that adorable heart.

—BLESSED MARGARET MARY.

2. The life of every man is strewn with the wrecks of his mistakes. The wise man blunders, and from his blunders learns the large experience and the more prudent mode of action; the holy man blunders, and out of his blunders builds unto himself a citadel of sanctity that becomes his protection against temptation.

BROTHER AZARIAS.

3. Attentively consider how fickle people are, and how little room there is for trust-

ing them, and so repose all your confidence in God who changes not.

—ST. TERESA.

4. When you find the world most opposed to you, be of good cheer; you have a sure token that you are in the right.

—CARD. MANNING.

5. Great talkers, little doers.

FOR THE LITTLE ONES.

ST. TERESA.

(Feast, Fifteenth of October.)

When St. Teresa was a child,
As sweetest act of love,
She longed to die a martyr's death,
To please her Lord above.

In after years her burning heart
Seemed like a caged bird,
Beating its bars with weary wing,
To make its love song heard.

And later still, love's longing grew
Till the tired soul would sigh

"Almost I die, my dearest Lord,
Because I cannot die."

A GOOD EXAMPLE.

A little boy ten or twelve years of age, in Namour, a city in Belgium, was often forced, without fault of his own, to hear much cursing and swearing. He had no one at home to teach him, so it must have been his dear guardian angel who filled his heart with hatred and disgust for this sin, so displeasing to God. His father was a cross, ill-tempered man, and one day when his little son came home rather late, punished him severely, and then began to curse and swear. The child, terror-stricken that he had been the cause of his father taking God's holy name in vain, fell upon his knees and cried, "O, father! father! beat *me*, but don't curse." The man looked on the pale, frightened face of his child, and was silent. He was deeply touched, and never forgot the incident, and from that time was completely cured of his evil habit,

Ask your guardian angels, my dear boys, to give you the same hatred for this sin, and when you hear God's holy name used without reverence, do you whisper it to yourselves as lovingly and devoutly as you are able.

A CHRIST-CROSS RHYME.*

Christ his Cross shall be my speed:
Teach me, Father John to read,
That in church, on holyday,
I may chant the psalm and pray.

Let me learn, that I may know,
What the shining windows show,
With that bright Child in her hands,
Where the lovely Lady stands,

Teach me letters—one, two, three—
Until I shall able be
Signs to know and words to frame,
And to spell sweet Jesus' name.

Then, dear master, will I look,
Day and night, in that fair book
Where the tales of saints are told,
With their pictures all in gold.

Teach me, Father John, to say
Vesper verse and matin lay,
So, when I to God shall plead,
Christ his Cross will be my speed.

*An abecedary marked with a cross at the beginning, is called a Christ-cross.

GUARDIAN ANGELS.

(Feast, Second of October.)

Is it not sweet to think
That at our side,
Ever God's angels wait
Our steps to guide.

Angels, who see His face
By night and day;
Angels, who sing His praise
Even while they pray.

Dear angels, fair and bright,
Proven and tried,
By His sweet love, whose will
Made you our guide.

Lead us, with loving hand,
Ever to Him
Who on Mount Calvary died
Meekly, for sin.

Lead us, oh, angels fair,
And help us on,
That we may reach at last
Our God and home.

LITTLE LUCY AND THE ANGELS.

Little Lucy was about four years old, and her mother and father loved her very much. She was quite a pretty child; her hair curled in ringlets all around her head, and her eyes were very black and bright.

Her mother loved her, not because she was pretty, but because she thought her little Lucy was also good; but I am sorry to say that, though Lucy knew how to do right, she was sometimes very naughty.

Let me tell you all about it. Lucy would obey her mother, and do everything she knew her mother wished her to, when her mother was near; but if she went out walking with the nurse, she would run all about, just where she liked, and would not obey nurse, but gave her a great deal of trouble. Then sometimes, if her mother would go out and leave her at home, Lucy would not be good, but scream and cry, and say "I won't," and tease her baby brother, and do a great many naughty things that she would not think of doing if her mother were home.

Now this was very wrong, and Lucy knew it was. Nurse did not like to tell her mother about it, because she knew it would trouble her very much.

These were not all the naughty things she did, for very often, when her mother had company, she would not go to bed for nurse, but would cry and give her a great deal of trouble.

One day Lucy's mother went out and stayed all day, and Lucy was just as naughty as she could be, and nurse did not know what to do with her. The very next day, when she was playing beside her mother, she coaxed her mother to tell her a little story, and this is what she told her:

ABOUT THE ANGELS.

"Always when God sends a little child into the world to its father and mother, He sends an angel along with it, to take care of it and keep it from all evil. Holy Scripture says 'He has given His angels charge over them.' As the little infant grows larger, and learns how to talk and walk and run about, the angel whispers in its little heart to love every one and be

good, and if the child does what the angel tells it, it is always happy and everybody loves it. But then the bad angels come too, and whisper to the little child not to do what the good angel says. The bad angels tell it many wrong things to do, and if the child does them, then the ugly, bad angels are glad. But the good angel is very, very sorry, and covers its face with its wings, and follows the child at a distance.

"It is a dreadful thing," said her mother, "for a little child to be naughty and make sad the good angel, and I am always sorry for such a child. I am afraid even to see it go to sleep, for fear something will happen to it before it wakes up."

When Lucy heard this story she thought how naughty she had been the day before, and she began to cry, for she knew her dear good angel must have covered its face with its wings when she was so bad.

She told her mother all about it, and asked her if she thought her angel would be pleased with her again, if he saw she was sorry, and if she tried to be good from that time.

Her mother said that he would.

So Lucy knelt down and made a promise to God to be as good as ever she could, whether her mother was with her or not, and she begged God to give her grace to keep her promise.

After that, nurse had no more trouble with Lucy, for she always tried to behave so that the angel never had to cover its face with its wings for shame at anything she was doing.

Dear little children, who have been reading this story, remember that every one of you has a guardian angel near you, to teach you to be good, and to watch over you. Do not make this dear angel sad by doing naughty things, for then he weeps. Please him always, and when you die he will lead you safely to Heaven and God.



BITS OF TALK WITH OTHER WOMEN.

X.

OF CHARITABLE SMALL THINGS.

BY MARIE LOUISE SANDROCK REDMOND.



THIS is the time of year when the busy housewife sets about an investigating tour of her closets and attic. She is just as much astonished as at the last pilgrimage of like order at the accumulations,

mostly rubbish, that have taken place in the interval. Who would have supposed that she and the children had worn out such a quantity of garments? And with such economy as she had practised! If it were Mrs. Overthway's attic, now! One would expect revelations there!

The pile of gowns, coats and hats looks formidable. On closer examination, at least three-fourths are found to be soiled, faded, out-grown and worn out beyond redemption. Here and there something is discovered, spared equally by moths and sun, which will stand "making over"—that nightmare of childish vanity only equalled by the mortification of wearing big sister's old dresses.

After the wheat has been carefully separated from the chaff, a few more camphor balls are stuck at random in the pockets of John's best winter's suit. The head of the family carelessly decides that it will do very well for him again. A new tie is all that a man needs to freshen him up. Besides, men's clothes are so expensive, and there are so many new winter dresses to be bought for the children and one's self!

After, I say, the wheat has been carefully put on one side, the question of the disposal of the chaff arises. Mrs. John and her daughters agree that there is positively no room in the attic for all this trash. The dresses are too hope-

lessly out of style to be worth remodelling or to be worn as they are. And most of them are so dreadfully soiled and filled with moths.

The question is speedily answered. That convenient receptacle for superannuated necessities or unsightly superfluities, the family laundress, when she next gets to the end of the weekly wash, tries to look as grateful and cheerful as she knows she is expected to feel when she finds herself the possessor of a huge bundle consisting of one or two very soiled light silk waists, a chiffon ball gown as tattered and draggled as only chiffon past its prime can look, an opera bonnet and a cloth skirt or two badly in need of sponging and velveteen.

In view of such a donation as this, and every family laundress has experienced the benevolence of which my account is scarcely an exaggeration, is it to be wondered at that we have complaints of the tawdry finery of the poor.

Very often, too, we hear of the women who have bestowed these doubtful gifts confidentially enumerating to a circle of friends various instances of their own generosity and complacently accepting the fervent hope of their listeners that such munificence will be appreciated and that the "perfectly good" garments given away "will be properly cared for."

It is thus that our left hand keeps the charitable secrets of our right, and that we women, who have kind impulses and not a great superfluity of money nor of thought, combine our benevolence and our rubbish clearance.

It is not my purpose to lay down arbitrary laws of charitable giving and doing. Every woman must decide for herself what her purse and time and duties can allow. Even if we all had the holiness to practise alms-giving to the extent recommended somewhere by Father Faber, viz., to the

point where our giving pinches ourselves, it would be quite impossible for any of us to know when that point was reached by our neighbor. There could hardly be a truer charity, perhaps, than to believe it often reached by others.

My intention is only to suggest a possible method of systematizing small charities for those who are not active members of any regular aid society, or who have a little extra leisure and a desire to use it in a good cause.

I shall briefly describe for their benefit a little organization founded three years ago. This circle, which shall at present be nameless, was composed of nine young girls, and begins work this year with the number of its members unbroken, although four of them, since its organization, have stepped from the ranks of maid to matron and assumed larger and different duties.

The meetings of this society are held regularly at the homes of the different members from September to June. One afternoon each week is given up to sewing for the poor. Each member pays the very small sum of five cents a week into the treasury. This, with occasional donations from the hostess of the day, furnishes material for work and also helps largely towards the decoration of the Christmas tree that has been a source of delight to some thirty or forty needy little children for the past three years. No regular line of work has as yet been taken up. If a member hears of a case of distress, an afternoon or more is given up to supplying the necessities needed.

Underclothing, quilts, infants' outfits, children's frocks, have all been fashioned at these pleasant little gatherings. Over the coffee and sandwiches that generally

end the afternoon many a plan is laid for future work.

Whenever none of the members happens to know of a worthy object of charity, an appeal is made to indefatigable religious, whose tact and practical good sense make her the refuge and aid of many troubles, who always knows of just the person to whom a little benevolence will be most welcome.

Every year at least one communicant has been dressed by these young women. Last year they were enabled to prepare four little girls for the Beautiful Day.

The society of which I speak is most unpretentious. The good it has accomplished—and some good, we may hope, has been done by it—has been done easily and simply and pleasantly. The members are delightfully congenial. The meetings are marked by an air of good fellowship. Candor and good humor reign supreme. Spite and petty misunderstandings, those insidious foes of most feminine societies, could never live in the highly oxygenated atmosphere of these afternoons, for the watchword of this society is common sense.

In its humble way, it might serve as a model. Other societies, of like or greater scope, might be formed by the numberless women in the world who are not very rich nor very clever and whose time has many claims, but who earnestly desire to help their poorer neighbor and who have an occasional afternoon at their command.

It is always consoling in such a little undertaking to remember what that wise old book, "The Imitation," says: "Without charity, the outward work profiteth nothing; but whatever is done out of charity, be it ever so little and contemptuous, all becomes fruitful."



EDITORIAL NOTES.

BY THE EDITOR.

At a time when Luther cast aside the solemn obligations of monastic life, and bade his followers no longer to take up the cross and follow a crucified Lord, but to indulge in all the lusts and inclinations of sinful nature, St. Teresa successfully introduced the most severe monastic life in her many foundations, and asked Our Lord "either to suffer or to die."

* * *

THOSE who find the Rosary monotonous are like those who find the ringing of beautiful chimes of bells monotonous. The Rosary is a chime of bells; fifteen bells of joyous, mournful and glorious melodies, sounding harmoniously upon the deep diapason of our apostolic faith and Our Lord's prayer—to the glory of the Father and of the Son and of the Holy Ghost.

* * *

ST. TERESA is the great Carmelite Saint of this month. She appeared in Spain at a time when Columbus had opened all the material treasures of a new world to the greed and rapacity of the impoverished nations of Europe. Her mission was to draw away the attention of a world ready to forget everything in its pursuit of riches to those higher treasures of heaven, which were revealed to her so abundantly.

* * *

IN October we gather the last roses of summer and bind them into a wreath for our Queen. We call her the Queen of the Most Holy Rosary, and we consecrate the first Sunday of this most beautiful month to the celebration of the Rosary. We kneel down before her throne in company with the Holy Father of Christendom, and offer our mystical garlands of roses—to the "Rose of Sharon" and the "Flower of Carmel."

* * *

A GENERAL chapter of the Carmelite Order is to be held in Rome during this month of October. A new Superior General is to be elected for a term of six years. Many questions of importance are to be decided. The Order is prospering every-

where, and new provinces are springing into existence. This entails considerable work for the members of the chapter. News of its elections and transactions as far as it may interest all the lovers of Carmel will be furnished in these pages.

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THE unusual excitement in political matters, due to the introduction of the money question, shows how deeply rooted is the anxiety for material prosperity which animates all classes of American citizens. If people were only as anxious about their souls as they are about their pocket books—But we fear the ratio between those who are more anxious for this world than for the next and those who are more anxious to save their souls than to gain this world, is far greater than 16 to 1.

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WE are glad to be able to announce to our readers that the prospects of the CARMELITE REVIEW for next year are brighter than ever. We have made arrangements for thorough going improvements in every direction, and we have secured the assistance of many new and able contributors. A new story by Miss Anna T. Sadlier will appear early in the year, and a most interesting work will follow the "Life of McMaster," which will soon be completed. The last two chapters of "McMaster's Life" will be the most interesting of all—as they deal with his inner life, and contain many private letters which passed between him and his daughters.

* * *

THE poor man's saint, the most perfect imitator of the poor carpenter's Son of Nazareth, St. Francis of Assisi, is becoming more widely known than ever. Even Protestant students of medieval institutions look upon him as the ideal patron of the laboring man and the poor man. Let our Catholic workingmen, who hear so much now-a-days about their rights and their duty to govern themselves, and not to be governed by the classes; let our Catholic

voters adopt St. Francis as their guide and learn how to govern themselves in the true sense of the word. Then the vote in their hands will be used for the benefit of themselves and of their country. The beatitude of the poor can only be found in the methods which St. Francis taught and practiced.

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We hope that not one of our readers will neglect to honor Our Blessed Mother during the month of the Holy Rosary by a fervent recitation of at least five decades of the Rosary every day. In families, all the members of the household should be assembled every evening before some picture or statue of Our Lady to join in this salutary prayer. It is the prayer of the people, the democratic prayer as it has been called. But it is no less the prayer of the scholar, whose mind feasts on the profound mysteries of the Rosary. The most intelligent Catholics are the greatest lovers of the Rosary. Our readers will not have forgotten the touching incident connected with Sir John Thompson's death, when a rosary and scapular were found on his body. Those who are following the "Life of McMaster" in these pages will remember his love for the Rosary. And yet, how many of our Catholic men are without the blessed beads?

NEW BOOKS.

THE Carmelite Nuns of Boston have conferred a great favor on all friends and lovers of Carmel and the Brown scapular by publishing the *Proper Offices of the Saints according to the Carmelite Breviary*. The Order of Mt. Carmel, by its very nature, shuns publicity and seeks quiet and solitude. Hence the Saints of this Order are not so universally known and esteemed as those of other orders, who led a more active life and are therefore more before the public. St. Teresa is probably the best known of the Carmelite Saints. She was too great a saint and made too powerful an impression upon her century to be ignored. But so many other glorious Saints of Carmel are but little known—Saint Albert, the great thaumaturgus of Sicily; St. Angelus, the friend of SS. Francis and Dominic; St. Berthold, St. Cyril, of Constantinople; St. John of the Cross; St. Mary Magdalen of Pazzi; St. Andrew Corsini, St. Peter Thomas, St. Simon Stock, and so many

others are known only by name to those who have heard of them at all. This book, which is well printed on good paper, and bound in brown cloth, contains the lives of all the Carmelite Saints who have an office proper to themselves in the breviary and missal of the order. The book is sold by the Carmelite Nuns to help them build their new convent in Boston. It can be obtained by writing to the Rev. Mother Superior, Carmelite Convent, 61 Mt Pleasant Ave., Roxbury, Mass. The price of the book is \$2.00.

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THERE is nothing so conducive to stagnation of mental and moral life in the individual as self-satisfaction. And what is true of the individual is true of corporate bodies. On the other hand, no greater stimulus to progress can be provided than a frank and friendly exposure of our shortcomings. The Rev. John Talbot Smith, in a most readable book called: *Our Seminaries—An Essay on Clerical Training*, has performed this friendly office for our Catholic Colleges and Seminaries. It is not written in a fault-finding spirit, but contains any number of highly practical suggestions for useful and even necessary improvements, in methods, discipline and training. The author gives his own views on all the subjects that enter into the training of a seminarian, and gives voice to many an unpublished sentiment in the minds and hearts of his fellow-priests. Whether we agree with all his views or not, the book provokes thought and stimulates progressive action. It will do good, as it was no doubt written with that intention. It is published by Wm. H. Young & Co., 31 Barclay street, New York, in the best style of printing and binding, and is illustrated with beautiful photo-engravings of the leading seminaries of America.

PETITIONS.

The following petitions are earnestly recommended to the charitable prayers of our readers: Urgent needs, 5; means to pay debts, 15; employment, 14; success in undertakings, 12; safe journeys, 5; schools, 6; spiritual, 20; temporal, 25; special, 23; reforms, 30; conversions, 17; in affliction, 5; sick persons, 8; children, 10; parents, 4; families, 18; happy deaths, 10; for patients,

3: resignation, 11; vocations, 8: souls in purgatory for many special intentions. Thanks are rendered for the return of two who had neglected their religious duties for 40 years, and also for many other favors obtained.

WEARERS OF THE BROWN.

NAMES have been received at our Monastery, Falls View, Ont., for the scapular registry from St. Barbara's Church, West Brookfield, Ohio; St. Vincent's Church, Chicago, Ill.; Garnavillo, Ia.; Mt. St. Vincent, Halifax, N. S.; St. Martin's Church, Whitfield, Ind.; St. Michael's Church, Bradford, Ind.; Merrickville, Ont.; St. Francis Church, Tilbury Centre, Ont.;

Sacred Heart Church, Sydney, N. S.; Traverse City, Mich.; St. Bernard's Church, Saranac Lake, N. Y.; St. Patrick's Church, Brooklyn, Ia.; Amherstburg, Ont.; Watertown, N. Y.; Holy Trinity Church, St. Johns, N. B.; St. Joseph's Church, Shediac, N. B.

At St. John's Monastery, New Baltimore, Pa., from Bourbonnais' Grove, Ill.; Sacred Heart College, Prairie du Chien, Wis.; Ridgely, Md.; St. Peter's Church, Louisville, Ky.; Holy Trinity Church, Evansville, Ind.; St. John's Church, New Baltimore, Pa.; St. Michael's Church, Doytville, Wis.; St. Mary's Church, Lake Church, Wis.; Dane, Wis.; Lodi, Wis.; Annunciation Church, Portsmouth, Ohio.

TWO MIRACULOUS CURES.



OWING to two sudden cures the Italian colony in Newark is rejoicing over what the members think are undoubted miracles, and there have been several church services of thanks. The case of Gregorio Policastro, a little girl, of No. 73 Monroe street, has caused her family great rejoicing.

The friends of Antonio Policastro, who is no relation of the girl, do not hesitate to attribute his cure to the divine influence as a result of prayer.

Father D'Aquilo, pastor of the Church of Our Lady of Mount Carmel, at Ferry and McWhorter streets, said yesterday that the girl's father had sent thirty pounds of wax candles to the church as a Thanksgiving offering. An impressive service of thanks was held at the church and both families attended. Speaking of his daughter's case, Policastro said:

"My little girl of three was ill with some unknown complaint and began to waste away. We could not find out what was the

matter with her. The doctor could not help her, and two weeks ago said she would die. My wife and I felt very bad, and told Father D'Aquilo about our sorrow. He said he and the other priests would pray to the Blessed Virgin to remove our affliction. I prayed, too, and asked that my little girl be made well in time for the Feast of Our Lady of Mount Carmel. After we had prayed for several hours I went home and my little girl opened her eyes and knew me for the first time in a good while. Then a rosy color came to her cheeks and she grew well very soon."

Father D'Aquilo said Antonio Policastro had been told by physicians that they would have to resort to amputation of his left leg. He did not want to lose it, and, added the priest:

"He supplicated the Blessed Virgin that his sickness pass away. His leg immediately grew better, and to-day he is as well as ever."

Policastro in return offered a wax leg on the shrine of the Virgin in the Church of Mount Carmel.—(*The New York World*, July 22nd, 1896.)



LA VIERGE AUX CANDÉLABRES



A CHILD'S DREAM.

BY ENFANT DE MARIE.

I.



WILT thou lead me, holy angel,
 To that mournful land of shade,
 Where dear holy souls are waiting,
 For the day the Lord has made ?"
 Oft her young heart softly murmured
 To God's angel pure and bright,
 And, at last, he gently led her
 Through deep silence of the night.

II.

Like a vast, mysterious temple
 Seemed it to her wondering eyes ;
 In its dimness knelt the mourners,
 And the air was full of sighs.
 All were robed in sombre mantles
 Like the shades of twilight grey,
 Then appeared a sacred altar
 Lighted as by golden ray.

III.

And a minister of Jesus
 Offering up the host of praise,
 Impetrating His sweet mercy,
 Shone before her dreaming gaze.
 There, amidst those spectre forms,
 Silent, as if wrapt in prayer,
 Knelt the child,—but still she marvelled,
 Seeing flames appeared not there.

IV.

Swiftly they unclasped their mantles
 And their arms now outspread,
 Underneath was fire raging,
 O, those holy, suffering dead !

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Then like clouds that darkly gather
 Close were drawn the folds again ;
 Low their heads were bent in silence,
 But she heard no moan of pain.

V.

Who are there in robes of whiteness
 Gliding through that mournful throng ?
 Surely to some brighter region
 Of God's bliss they must belong ?
 There are holy guardian angels
 From His fair land far away,
 Come to lead some happy spirits
 To a glad unclouded day.

VI.

With a wand they gently touch them,
 Joyfully she sees them rise,
 In through white clouds swift ascending
 Upward to the azure skies ;
 And poor captives still remaining
 In the purgatorial fire,
 Ah! with arms wide extended,
 See, they gaze in sad desire.

VII.

Seem they not, in piteous accents,
 Sighing, " Miseremini !"
 " O, ye loved ones, now so blissful,
 Let us not forgotten be.
There all weary ones are restful,
There the sad are full of joy,
There is peace and light unfading,
There sweet love without alloy !"

DEDICATION—TO THE DREAMER.

Thou hast passed the mystic portals
 Seen in dreamland when a child ;
 Thou hast heard a blissful sentence
 From our loving Saviour mild.
 Art thou still in patient longing
 For eternal peaceful rest ?
 Or, 'midst white-robed virgins singing
 To the Lamb with gladness blest ?
 Ah! we know not,—God has folded
 Round thy soul the veils of love,
 But soft whispers in our prayer-time
 Seem to breathe thou art above.

LIFE AND CATHOLIC JOURNALISM

—OF THE LATE—

JAMES A. McMASTER,

EDITOR OF THE NEW YORK FREEMAN'S JOURNAL AND CATHOLIC REGISTER.

EDITED BY VERY REV. MARK S. GROSS.

CHAPTER XII—CONTINUED.

FATHER LAMBERT'S "NOTES ON INGER-SOLL."



FATHER LAMBERT'S "Notes on Ingersoll," published by the Catholic Union Publishing Co., Buffalo, is a volume which ought to be widely circulated. With great tact, Father Lambert has united the two qualities necessary in a book of this kind—of answering a fool according to his folly and of not answering him according to his folly. Ingersoll will never be wiser in his own conceit from what Father Lambert says, and Father Lambert does not put himself on a level with foolishness.

"Father Lambert's wit and humor are more trenchant and fresher than Mr. Ingersoll's old newspaper jocosity. The secular press has widely disseminated Mr. Ingersoll's good-humored and superficial atheism; Father Lambert has entered the field to neutralize the effect of atheism made popular through the medium of the joke. It is a 'smarter' pamphlet than Ingersoll's. This quality ought to be enough to recommend it to that large class of enervated people who like spiciness even in their 'theological views.' Father Lambert has turned all the Ingersollian weapons against Ingersoll."

"REFORMATION AND CULTURE."

"Luther in the attitude of an apostle of culture, Luther heading the Reformation against a mob of ignorant priests, Luther establishing colleges, spreading the bible and letting loose a flood of knowledge, is a familiar figure in English literature; and to-day we find many intelligent people believing that knowledge flew in and ignorance out with the Reformation. But Erasmus, the correspondent of Sir Thomas More, the student who played fast and

loose with the new 'theology,' and who is claimed by the reformers, declared that 'wherever Lutheranism reigns, there learning perishes.' Writing of a man of learning, but of little principle, Mutian, a writer in the *Westminster Review* for April says: 'Like Erasmus, he saw that the Reformation would destroy all true freedom of thought.' It did destroy all true freedom of thought; it taught men to impugn the known truth and left their minds in a narrow channel of error.

"The state of affairs immediately following the Reformation may be gathered from the lamentations of the heads of the German universities. Melancthon, the Reformer, is compelled to regret the decline of study at Wittenburg. Licentiousness and all species of viciousness reigned in the universities. Not long before the outbreak of violence against authority called the Reformation, 6,000 students were at Leipzig; in the following fourteen years there were not 2,000. At Fribourg a famous teacher lectured in 1523 to six French hearers. The 7,000 students at the university of Vienna dwindled to a 'few dozen.' In 1528 Heidelberg was a desert. Erfurt lacked everything that had made it a home of learning. Erasmus and Mutian suffered from the storm they had helped to raise. The Reformation destroyed their occupation. The Lutheran mob burnt the house of Mutian, Canon of Gotha, who had encouraged the new doctrines, and who was ruined by them.

"The wonderful structure of knowledge which the Church had diligently protected received a hard blow from the Reformation. The current of learning was turned back upon itself in Germany, and so dense were the clouds of ignorance and falsehood that the silly fable that Luther gave the Bible to the world is still believed by many who fancy that they have fallen heirs to the

treasures of knowledge unearthed by the Reformation.

“‘Hogs’ Luther at one time called his followers. That epithet will describe the condition to which he had reduced the students of Germany. It would be well for eulogists of Luther to say as little as possible about his services to learning.”

“A NOBLE PEDIGREE.”

“Nearly fourteen hundred years ago St. Patrick died, according to the most reliable accounts, at Sabhull, in the County Down. Trained in the school of St. Martin of Tours, sent forth to teach by St. Celestine, successor of St. Peter, St. Patrick had nothing to fear. In sixty years he conquered Ireland. The Irish, so fiery and rebellious under human conquest, accepted quickly the sweet yoke of Christ. And while others have slipped it off, they have borne it meekly. It is a glorious thought for the humblest Irishman’s son to remember his great ancestry on this feast. The shamrock, which, tradition says, was used by St. Patrick to teach the mystery of the Blessed Trinity, is the symbol of higher nobility—of a nobler genealogy than the strawberry leaves of the ducal Howards or the three plumes of the Prince of Wales.

“From father to son, for fourteen hundred years the ancestors of the Irish of to-day have kept the faith. Through persecution, through famine, in exile, in fever, in thirst, through temptations, at the expense of all that men hold dear, they have held to the shamrock of St. Patrick and kept it alive in their tears and their heart’s blood. The aristocracy that dates from the battle of Hastings, from the crusades, from—since this aristocracy is much flaunted—the Mayflower, from colonial times is, according to its degree, very trifling before the glorious pedigree that began when in the fourth century of the Christian world the waters of baptism were poured on the ancestors of him who to-day praises Ireland’s patron saint. Nearly a whole nation can point to an unbroken line of Christian ancestors and confessors of the faith. To apostatize meant temporal advantages to any Irishman who would do so. To deny the faith brought by St. Patrick from Pope Celestine, would save the apostate from famine and his children from fever.

“How few were the apostates! Every Catholic Irishman is the son of a martyr. There is no blot on his escutcheon, no bar sinister. Emperors and kings have compromised, and denied St. Peter as St. Peter, denied Christ. But the sons of St. Patrick have always been true to St. Peter. Americans of Irish blood must not forget the shamrock, if they would have their children be worthy of their ancestors. It has been misused by demagogues and dragged in the dust. It has been sneered at by the ‘Americanized,’ and scorned by those who are ignorant of its glories. It must take root afresh on American soil and flourish through all coming years. The children of Irishmen may become less Irish if they will, but never less Christian if they would retain this most high, yet most humble symbol, of the noblest nobility on earth.”

THE CONSISTENCY OF “SCIENCE.”

“It is the opinion of a correspondent that Catholic journals are behind the times in not giving a large space to the deductions of modern science. ‘Science,’ he says, ‘in spite of the complaints of the retrogressive, is as infallible as any natural thing can be. It is founded on facts and its consistency makes it powerful, and until its arguments are met in the Catholic press, young men of education will prefer to take sides with Darwin and Huxley against the Catechism,’ etc.

“Young men do many foolish things, especially young men cursed with the ‘little learning’ which the public schools and newspapers furnish.

“It is the habit of Catholic young men of this thin culture to believe everything said against the Church. A dry rot kills all the manliness in them. Catholics are always wrong. That is understood by these ‘scholars’ who talk glibly of books which they have read through newspaper reviews. We are not aware that there is any contradiction of Darwin or Huxley by the Catechism so long as Darwin or Huxley does not attempt to invade spheres beyond the reach of the microscope or the dissecting knife—so long as he who makes a boast of relying on the evidences of his senses does not say that what he cannot see does not exist.

“Faith is not founded on the evidence of the senses. Science is. How can they

contradict each other? One might as well talk of parallel lines meeting.

"Our freethinkers boast of the exactness of modern science. And many of our young men—Catholics by baptism—are led into indifferentism by these brilliant boasts.

"When Prof. Huxley tells us something new about the action of the glaciers, there is no reason why we should not listen with respect; but when he declares that the doctrine of the Resurrection of the soul is untenable because goats eat grass from graves, it is plain that the scientist has got beyond his depth.

"Our correspondent, doubtless a young man of 'culture,' who, he says, 'seldom reads a Catholic paper,' might learn a few things with advantage. Among these that the science he exalts is very exact and contradictory. Darwin and Suatrefages, Haeckel and Virschow might be quoted in support of this assertion. In the book of the Abbe Moigno, '*Les Splendeurs de la Foi*,' there are a hundred instances ready to hand.

"Our public school correspondent has probably never heard of the Abbe Moigno, a scientist who is considered by the high priests of modern science worthy of honors. It is the fashion of these public school sciolists to sneer at names they have never heard. But, at least, our correspondent has heard of the names that Abbe Moigno quotes.

"Figuiet and Maury both agree that the agent which produced the first terrestrial formation was fire. Two great names in science, and these two great names give weight to the fire theory. Then comes Dupaigne and Choyer. Water, they say—everything was produced in water. But Agassiz contradicts them all. Ice, he says—the world in the beginning was covered with ice. He even tells us how thick the ice was. And yet a hundred 'cultured' voices tell us that modern science is consistent!

"D'Omalius and Darwin hold firmly to evolution and the gradual perfection of creatures by evolution and natural selection from primal types. D'Orbigny, another scientist, denies this point blank.

"Larcusse and Rossi hold that the remains of various beings found are the remains of men and animals that lived contemporaneously. Lyell denies this, and as-

serts that these remains belonged to different epochs and were afterward mixed.

"Tyndall holds that the solidification of the globe began in the centre; Laplace, at the surface.

"Zobrowsky teaches that the glacial epoch lasted 226,000 years; Lyell, 180,000 years; Karenger, 15,000 years; Gastaldi, 1,000 years; De Rosemond that it is not certain that the glacial epoch of the geologists ever existed!

"Lambert declared that geology is a science. Bornemann calls it a mass of theories without foundation.

"The Abbe Moigno multiplies examples. It is for this shapeless mass of hypotheses that the faith of centuries is to be surrendered. It is for this series of contradictions that Hope and Love are declared irreconcilable with common sense. Yet who has reconciled the theories of these exact scientists?

When a young man writes or talks of the "exactness" of science and of the weakness of the Christian religion, the thoughtful observer may at once set him down as very shallow or very superficial, and quote Pope:

"A little learning is a dangerous thing;
Drink deep or taste not the Pierian spring."

CHAPTER XIII.

THE SOURCES OF GRACE, PRACTICALLY RECOGNIZED BY MCMASTER—THE HOLY MASS, THE IMMACULATE MOTHER OF GOD, CHARITY TO THE POOR.

THE FIRST SOURCE OF GRACE—THE HOLY SACRIFICE OF THE MASS.

"The most sacred and most powerful prayer which a Catholic can offer to God is certainly the holy Mass; for the holy Mass is not only a prayer but also a sacrifice. 'He who has not a correct idea of the holy sacrifice of the Mass,' says St. Alphonsus, 'shall never be able to assist at Mass in the right manner and spirit.'

"In the holy sacrifice of the Mass it is the Son of God incarnate, Jesus Christ himself, who is at once our High Priest and Victim. And thus, in order to form an adequate idea of the dignity and sanctity of the Mass, it would be necessary for us to be able to form an adequate idea of the Victim that is there offered, of the

sanctity of the High Priest who offers it, and to measure the depth and the height of the mysteries of our Lord's Life, Passion and Death, which are here represented, continued, and renewed. But this is simply an impossibility. In order to compass the idea of the dignity and sanctity of Jesus Christ, our High Priest and Victim at Mass, it would be necessary to comprehend the greatness of his Godhead. But what mind of man or angel can conceive the greatness of the divinity of Jesus Christ, which is indeed infinite? To say that his Godhead is greater than the heavens, than all kings, all saints, all angels, is to fall infinitely below it. Jesus Christ, as God, is greatness itself, and the sum of our conception of greatness is but the smallest atom of the greatness of his Godhead. David, contemplating the divine greatness, and, seeing that he could not and never would be able to comprehend it, could only exclaim, 'O Lord, who is like unto Thee!' (Ps. xxxiv, 10.) O Lord, what greatness shall ever be found like to thine? And how in truth could David understand it, since his understanding was finite and the greatness of Jesus is infinite? 'Great is the Lord, and of His greatness there is no end.' (Ps. cxliv, 3.)

"It is then an utter impossibility for any human or angelic understanding to conceive an adequate idea of the Mass. All we can say is that its dignity and sanctity are infinite. Indeed, in this sacrifice there is nothing to be seen but the Infinite; the Priest is God, and the Victim is God. For this reason, 'All the good works together,' as the saintly Cure of Ars says, 'are not of equal value with the Sacrifice of the Mass, because they are the works of men, and the holy Mass is the work of God. Martyrdom is nothing in comparison; it is the sacrifice that man makes of his life to God; but the holy Mass is the sacrifice that God makes of His Body and Blood for man.' So sublime is this sacrifice that in order to establish it, our Lord Jesus Christ had to die. To redeem the world it was not necessary that he should die. A single drop of His sacred blood, a single tear, a single prayer of His would have sufficed for that purpose; but to leave to His holy religion a fitting sacrifice, a victim pure, undefiled, worthy of God, He had to die, as in the whole Universe not any victim nor High Priest

could be found of equal worth with Himself.

"'Jesus Christ, therefore,' says St. Alphonsus, 'performed no action on earth greater than the celebration of Mass.'

'Mass is, therefore, of all actions, the most holy and divine. *'Necessario fatemur,'* says the Council of Trent, *'nullum aliud opus adeo sanctum ac divinum a Christi fidelibus tractari posse quam hoc tremendum mysterium.'* (Sess. 22) It is, then, as we have seen, an action the most holy and dear to God, an action which appeases most efficaciously the anger of God against sinners, an action which beats down most effectually the powers of hell, an action which brings to men on earth the greatest benefits, spiritual and temporal, and which affords to the souls in Purgatory the greatest relief; it is, in fine, an action on which the salvation of the world depends. Hence a Catholic when hearing Mass should offer himself to God in union with the spotless Victim on the altar.

"If we had many hearts to give to God, the blessing of creation would claim one, redemption another, the Christian character a third, the heavenly bliss promised you a fourth. Now we have but one heart. Can we refuse to give that one to God? Suppose we were to live for centuries to come, would it be too much to spend all that time in thanksgiving for so many graces? Now we have but one life of short duration. Can we think of dividing it between God and creatures?

"'If I knew,' said St. Francis de Sales, 'that there was a single fibre in my heart, which did not beat for God, I would tear it out at once; and if I thought that my whole heart did not bear the impress of Jesus crucified for me, I would not keep it in my breast for a moment.'

"'Everyone,' says St. Augustine, 'becomes identified with the object of His love. You are that which you love; if you love earth, you are earth; if you love God, —what shall I say—you are God.'

"The love of a Catholic for God must show itself especially by the spirit of self-sacrifice. This spirit of sacrifice is the very essence of Christianity, and Catholics imbibe it at holy Mass, which is a worship of sacrifice, and a worship of sacrifice implies a life of sacrifice. This is strikingly

illustrated in the lives of the martyrs and the saints.

"St. Lawrence was one of the seven deacons of the city of Rome in the third century of the Christian era. As deacon, it was his office to serve the Mass of St. Xistus, who was at that time Pope. When the persecution broke out under the Emperor Valerius, St. Xistus was seized and carried off to martyrdom. As he was on his way, St. Lawrence followed him weeping and saying: 'Father, where are you going without your son? Whither are you going, O holy priest, without your deacon? You were never wont to offer sacrifice (to celebrate Mass) without me, your minister; wherein have I displeased you? Have you found me wanting in my duty? Try me now, and see whether you have made choice of an unfit minister for dispensing the Blood of the Lord.' And St. Xistus replied: 'I do not leave you, my son; but a greater trial and a more glorious victory are reserved for you who are stout and in the vigor of youth. We are spared on account of our weakness and old age. You shall follow me in three days.'

"And, in fact, three days after St. Lawrence was burnt to death, his faith rendering him joyful, even mirthful, in his sufferings.

"In the words of St. Lawrence we see the sentiments with which he was accustomed to attend Mass. As he knelt at the foot of the altar at which the Pope was celebrating, clothed in the beautiful dress of a deacon, his soul was filled with the thoughts of God's greatness and goodness, and together with the offering of the heavenly Victim, he used to offer his fervent desire to do something to honor the divine Majesty; the color sometimes mounting high in his youthful cheek as he thought how joyfully he would yield his own heart's blood as a sacrifice if the occasion should present itself. Martyrdom to him was but a natural completion of Mass. It was the realization of his habitual worship.

"In the early history of the city of St. Augustine in Florida, it is related that a priest who was attacked by a party of Indians, asked permission to say Mass before he died. This was granted him, and the savages waited quietly till the Mass was ended. Then the priest knelt on the

altar steps and received the death-blow from his murderers. With what sentiments must that priest have said Mass! with what devotion! with what reverence! with what self-oblation! So I suppose St. Lawrence, St. Xistus, and the Christians of the olden time were accustomed always to celebrate and hear Mass with the greatest desire to honor God in the most complete spirit of self-sacrifice."

It was in this spirit of sacrifice that our journalist assisted daily, if possible, at the holy sacrifice of the Mass, and he taught his children to hear Mass in the same spirit. It was from the Mass that he drew that wonderful spirit of sacrifice which detached him from this world. "My Lord, Jesus Christ," said he, "sacrifices himself upon the altar, as he did upon the cross to renew for me His Passion and Death. In exchange for His heart He asks for mine. What can I refuse Him?" Here, from the mystic sacrifice, our journalist derived the strength and purpose of offering to God continual sacrifices—*external* as well as *internal* ones—*external* ones such as the sacrifice of himself for the temporal and spiritual welfare of his children; the sacrifice of domestic comforts by allowing his daughters to go and consecrate themselves to the service of God; the sacrifice of many and serious temporal losses which he bore with resignation to the holy will of God; *internal sacrifices*, such as the sacrifice of the evil propensities of fallen nature by self-denial and mortification; the sacrifice of his own will of submission to the dispensations of divine Providence; the sacrifice of his pride by humility; of his resentment by charity; of his anger by meekness. "By such sacrifices," says St. Paul, "God's favor is obtained." (Heb. xiii, 16.) We here give three letters which he wrote to one of his daughters and which confirm what we have said:

NEW YORK, Sept. 11, 1885.

My dear daughter, Sweet Sister of the Heart of Jesus:

"As often, I am writing from the Astor House—my office closed. But some little letter you must have to-morrow. Too long delayed. You said most truly for me, as for you in a higher sphere,—some weeks ago—Aug. 22nd: 'Wonderfully God helps us each day. How impossible it would be for us to be separated voluntarily from our

loved ones if He did not.' Yes, darling; I, too, have felt it. On the Sunday after I saw you, for the first time in many years, on a day of obligation—I could not attend Mass. I was in bed all day. But it was not that day I missed my loved ones. I was weak and sick, but Phonse was all kindness, and the Keileys and the Denikers trying to do for me. But recovered next day, so as to be out, and continually recovering. I let my laziness yield to the plea that my body was weak, and I did not go to Mass till Saturday. So, too, I much diminished my prayers. Here it came! so soon as I left off visiting our Lord, and constant prayers—my *human* affection for my dearest ones grew on me. Not that I wanted them with me, but I wanted to be *with them*. Loving them, yearning after them, with a merely human affection,—not, as I should, loving them, as I hope to, in the everlasting heavens in our Lord, and for our Lord, who is so much dearer and better than father or mother; or son or daughter. And here my beloved daughter, is where the *last* phase comes, for round hearts like yours—of 'putting off the old man.' Look at that *old life* you led for years. You were always *sacrificing* yourself for others—less or more worthy of you. Our Lord saw that the dispositions of your heart were too generous to be spent on creatures. So he said: 'Give me that heart!' '*Præbe mihi, fili mi, cor tuum!*' 'I want to talk with you about this.'

In another letter he writes:

"And now, take gently, and without being grieved, something I am going to say. You know how sorry I would be to be wealthy, that I would rather be pinched by poverty. But I have the *Freeman's Journal* to keep up and other things I want to do. This has been a year of calamities in most sections of the country. Fields burnt up by drought, tempests, and now earthquakes. To add to it 'strikes' of hundreds of thousands of laborers and mechanics, thereby impoverishing multitudes beyond themselves. Those and other things have fallen heavily on the *Freeman's Journal*, and I ask your good prayers—not for comfort for me—but for succour—that our Lord can send in His own good time to supply resources that are failing. Do not feel badly meantime. God knows what is best, and His Holy Will be done. By the

way does Rev. Mother not want extra copies of the published lists for Mount Carmel? I have any number of them if she wants them.

"POOR PAPA."

About two months later he wrote to the same daughter:

"All the while I have been in bed I have wanted to write to remind you of a letter not two months ago in which I wrote you not to ask especially for prosperity and happiness of this world for me, but rather for *choicer* blessings. As I was writing those words, or their purport, I felt how likely God is to take one *that is sincere* at his word. So, at the moment I fell, while gathering my scattered wits and badly bruised body together, I had the most lively conviction that it was an especial blessing God had granted—if I only was careful to learn all He wanted me to understand by it—and *to act up to it*. Such is still my conviction. I beg you and my dear ones in Carmel to ask this for me, rather than prompt recovery. '*That I may learn the lesson right and act on it.*' What a letter our — wrote me on the 12th. The spirit of wisdom was in it. It was remarkable, very, for its *doctrine*. She had learned it while lying helpless in the torments she had suffered, but her words in that letter brought to me, when I could not hold my thoughts together long enough to say a Hail Mary, light, a guide and great peace during the days of last week in which I was by day as well as night, part of the time a little out of my head. God be blessed. His mercies are over all He does. I cannot and will not try to say in words all the thanks and gratitude I have for Carmel.

"POOR PAPA."

From these letters of McMaster it is evident how much he was detached from everything that was near and dear to him, and that he obtained this spirit of detachment and sacrifice at holy Mass. From these letters it is also evident that when the fire which consumed the holocaust began to smoulder, he knew how to rekindle it at the perpetual sacrifice of the Mass. He returned to the altar where the burring fire of the love of God is kept up. To obtain the spirit of sacrifice and detachment more efficaciously, he used to receive at least once a week, sometimes oftener,

Holy Communion. Many times when at Mass, his eyes shut, tears were seen rolling down his cheeks—tears of sorrow, tears of love, tears of gratitude towards his Divine Shepherd and Master. It was then that our Lord united himself more intimately and more lovingly with his soul, which overflowed with tender and strong love for our Lord Jesus Christ and the Blessed Mother of God. Into empty hearts God pours forth His grace in torrents. To show how liberal God is towards those souls who are detached from all earthly things, St. Vincent de Paul repeatedly related the following of Count Rougemont:

“I knew,” he says, “in the Province of Bresse, the Chevalier Rougemont, who, in his duels, had wounded and killed an almost incredible number. After his conversion to a very edifying life, I had the pleasure of visiting him at his own residence; he began to speak to me about his devout exercises and practices of virtue, and, among others, of trying to acquire a complete detachment from creatures. I feel assured,” said he to me, “that if I am perfectly detached from creatures I will be most perfectly united to my Lord and God; for this reason I often examine my conscience to see whether I entertain some attachment, either to myself, or to my relatives, friends or neighbors; or to the riches and comforts of life, or to any passion or disorderly desire whatsoever that might prevent me from being perfectly united to God, and resting entirely in Him alone. I begin to pray to God, to enable me to root out at once whatever I notice to be an obstacle to my perfect union with Him.”

“I remember,” continues St. Vincent de Paul, “a remarkable act of this count, which he himself related to me, and which shows how earnestly he went to work to gain a complete detachment from everything; an act which I can never think of without admiration.” ‘One day,’ he said to me, ‘I was riding along on horseback. I stopped to make an offering of myself to God. After this I reflected to find out whether there was still something left to which I might have at least some trivial attachment. After having carefully examined all my occupations, recreations, honors, and even the least affections and inclinations of my heart, I found out that

I entertained still some affection for the sword which I wore at my side. Why do you wear this sword? I said to myself. But what evil has it done you? Leave it where it is! It has rendered you many great services; it has enabled you to save yourself in thousands of dangers. Should you again be attacked without it, surely you would be lost; but should you fall out again with your neighbor, would you have sufficient self-command to leave it where it is, and not offend God again? My God! what must I do? Shall I still love the instrument of my confusion, and of so many sins? Alas! I see my heart is yet attached to this miserable instrument! This said, I alighted from my horse, took a stone, and broke my sword into pieces. After this victory over myself I felt completely detached from everything, caring no more for anything in this world, and feeling most powerfully drawn to love God above all things.’ “Behold,” said St. Vincent, “Behold how happy we should be, and what progress we should make in virtue, if, like this nobleman, we would purify our hearts from all earthly affections. If our hearts were completely detached from all creatures, how soon would our souls be united to God!”

Let us then hear Mass daily if possible, in the spirit of sacrifice and detachment, and this spirit will make our prayers all-powerful; it will prevail upon the Lord to grant all our petitions. “If thou hear the voice of the Lord thy God,” (Duet. xxx, 10) or, as Isaias says, “If thou turn away thy foot from doing thy own will,” (lviii, 13) in order to follow mine, I also will listen to thy voice when thou prayest to me. Hence, Cornelius a Lapide says: “If you wish that God should do your will when praying, you must first do what he wishes and commands you. If you wish that he should turn to you, you must go to meet him; if you desire that he should delight in you, you must delight in him.” “Delight in the Lord,” says the Psalmist, “and he will give thee the requests of thy heart.” (Ps. xxvi, 4.)”

THE SECOND SOURCE OF GRACE—HIS LOVE
FOR AND DEVOTION TO THE BLESSED
MOTHER OF GOD.

“It is impossible carefully to study the history of Jesus and Mary, as recorded by

the evangelists, without perceiving a uniform law of Providence, uniting them in the great events of their lives, and exhibiting her as a co-operating instrument in the mission of her Divine Son, the redemption of mankind, and as recognized by him in this intimate relation. (See Vol. Greatest Com. p. 644-659.)

"Whoever therefore considers calmly the whole course of the life of the Blessed Virgin and observes its invariable bearing on the great events of her Son's ministry and its uniform connection with it, cannot doubt that her influence and co-operation are designed to last to the end of time. They are extended too far during her life on earth to make any other conclusions probable.

"If Christ had merely been born to her, and reared by her fostering care, and had then left her to accomplish her mission; if the veil had closed upon her history at Nazareth and no further mention of her had been made in His life, there would even then have been cause enough to deem it prob-

able that more had occurred than had been recorded, and that the term of His childhood was not the end of her union and co-operation with Him. But with the additional information about His maturer years given by the evangelists; with the knowledge that he chose to be subject to her till He was thirty years of age; that He allowed Himself, as it were, to be constrained by her intercession to work His first miracle; that he drew her again to His side and disposed events so as to console her in the time of His agony; and finally, with the recollection that the last time she is mentioned in Holy Scripture, it is in the august society of the eleven apostles; it is impossible to think that her share in the work which brought her Divine Son from heaven is at an end, or that the extension of her influence could have any other termination than the conclusion of the vast undertaking whose beginning depended on her consent.

TO BE CONTINUED.

Prayer for the Reunion of Christendom.



By a decree of the Sacred Congregation of Indulgences, dated February 21, and confirmed by His Holiness, Leo XIII., an Indulgence of 300 days was granted to all who devoutly say the prayers in honor of Our Lady for the re-union of Christendom. This indulgence may be gained once a day. The prayer is as follows:

"O Immaculate Virgin! Thou who, through a singular privilege of grace, wast preserved free from original sin, look down in pity on our dissenting brethren, who are still thy sons, and call them back to the centre of unity. Though far away, they have retained for thee, O Mother! the most tender devotion. Do thou, in thy generosity, reward them for it by interceding for their conversion. Victorious over the infernal serpent from the first moment

of thy existence, now that the necessity presses more urgently, renew thy ancient triumphs! If our unfortunate brethren remain at this moment cut off from the Common Father, it is the work of the enemy. Do thou unmask his snares, and terrify his legions, in order that those who are separated from us may see, at last, that the attainment of salvation is impossible outside of union with the successor of St. Peter.

"O thou who, in the fulness of thy gift, didst glorify from the beginning the power of Him who wrought in thee such great and wonderful things, glorify now thy Son by calling back the straying sheep to His only fold, under the guidance of the universal shepherd, who holds His place on earth. And as it was thy glory, O Virgin, to have exterminated all errors from the world, so may it yet be thine to have extinguished schisms and brought back peace to the universe."

THE SLAVE'S SCAPULAR.

A TALE OF THE DARK CONTINENT.

CHAPTER I.



VER the sea, until we reach Africa and penetrate to its interior.

There, in a beautiful region filled with waving palm trees, in the vicinity of a great lake, the Catholic missionaries had fixed their station. The wooden tower of the little church and the high mission cross in the courtyard gave a familiar look to the peaceful spot. A death-like silence usually reigned during the warm hours of the day; the greater number of the missionaries being then employed with their swarthy pupils in cultivating the surrounding fields of rice and maize.

But on the day when our story opens the usual routine seems to be broken.

The courtyard is filled to overflowing with the missionaries, pupils and negroes from the neighboring Christian villages. All are collected round the mission cross and are fervently reciting the rosary. Anguish and terror are depicted on every face.

The cause of this extraordinary commotion is a report brought by some fugitive negroes a few hours before to the Fathers. A gang of Arab slave hunters had burst into the country, murdering, burning and making slaves of all who fell into their hands. What a terrible prospect for the Christian settlement!

For the moment, however, this seems to be a groundless alarm; no slave trader is yet visible. But, as soon as night falls, here and there on the horizon flames mount towards heaven; these are the negroes' huts on fire—the torches of the barbarous Mussulmans.

At early dawn on the following day the vanguard of the caravan appeared, winding up the steep side of a neighboring valley. The dusky white mantles of the Arab guards stood out clearly beside the colored clothing of the chained blacks. Not far from the mission, in the shade of a mag-

nificent group of banana trees, the camp had been pitched.

When this view met the eyes of the missionaries they began to consider would they be in a condition to fight, and thus attempt the release of the slave gang? But, alas! though their hearts yearned to do so—the voice of reason forbade the attempt.

If the brave Fathers had even a handful of well disciplined European troops; if at the very least they had possessed a small supply of good musketry and ammunition, they would have made the attempt without a moment's hesitation. As it was, however, they must not only let the wretches pass by unquestioned, but they must esteem themselves happy if they and their pupils were spared.

Father Benedict, one of the most courageous amongst the missionaries, finally offered to go into the Arab camp and to expostulate with the leader, threatening him with the anger of the Sultan of Zanzibar, who had taken the settlement of Christian negroes under his protection. The offer was accepted and Father Benedict set out on his mission, accompanied by a single attendant.

Osman, the Arab slave captain, received the missionary with withering contempt.

"You and your proteges are safe for the present," he replied with sarcastic laughter. "Content yourself with this assurance, and don't trouble yourself about what goes on outside the mission."

"But there are many of our former pupils and baptized negroes amongst your slaves; release at least these."

"If you pay me well for them, perhaps I may."

The money which belonged to the mission barely sufficed for its wants. Besides, would not buying slaves from the Arab excite their avarice yet more? Ah! why was not this better understood by the civilized world? Why were these robbers of men allowed to go unpunished!

Loud lamentations at this moment of hesitation broke on the ear.

"Father, Father, release us, buy our freedom, you were always so good to us! Continue to be the same now."

Thus entreated the captives, when they learned the offer of the Arab chief.

The missionary turned away, forcing the tears back from his eyes. Consideration of prudence vanished at the sight of heart-rendering misery. One after another of the negro boys and girls passed into the possession of the good Father, and with benevolent pleasure he himself undid the fetters of the poor captives, who were almost beside themselves with joy.

As the missionary prepared to leave the camp with the released captives, on all sides wailing and lamentation broke forth from those remaining. The Father was forced to turn a deaf ear, though his heart yearned to relieve their misery. He had passed the greater number of the slaves, when his soutane was clutched by a poor negress; he tried to free himself, but in vain; she held him fast.

"Stay, Father, stay! Buy but one more, only one!"

At these words she pointed to a youth who stood at a little distance in deep silence. His hands and feet were burdened with yet heavier chains than all the others. His voice had not mingled in their cries for help. Proud and determined courage seemed stamped on his features.

Sorrowful recognition lit up the missionary's countenance.

"Paul, it is you? My brave youth!" he cried, hastening to the boy. "Would to heaven that I could release you!"

"For that you should pay me treble the number of rupees in your possession," remarked the slave-trader maliciously. "I won't sell this article as cheaply as the others! Just look at these shoulders, this back! He can carry a double load of ivory; and besides, I intend to whet my vengeance on this insolent boy. Thus he is worth more to me than all your gold."

Indignation flashed from the eyes of the youth. He suddenly broke the silence.

"Spare your taunts," said he fiercely to the Arab; "were the Father willing to buy me, I would ask him not. "Yes, Father," as he turned towards the astonished missionary, "I can bear a great deal, I am young; leave me to my fate—but, oh, release her. For the love of our Blessed

Mother in heaven I implore it!" and he pointed to the weeping woman.

A noble strife of love then ensued between the poor negress and her son.

The slave-dealer interfered in favor of the former, for the weakly woman was but a burden on him. So the priest was obliged to yield to the entreaty of the magnanimous youth; he spent his last rupee on the release of the mother.

The moment of parting had come. Dizzy with grief the helpless mother flung herself on the neck of her boy—she glued her lips to his—she strained her eyes gazing into his, as though she could transfer his portrait to her mind.

"Enough, poor woman," at last interrupted the priest, "show that you are a Christian. Remember that if you never again see Paul on earth you will meet him in the kingdom of heaven, of which I have so often told you."

But the unhappy mother heard not these words; she had fallen senseless by the side of her son. The agony of parting, the uncertainty of the future, had robbed her for the moment of consciousness.

"Take this, Paul," whispered the missionary to the youth when the slave-trader was not looking, at the same time slipping into his hand a scapular of Our Lady of Mount Carmel. "It is the livery of the Queen of Heaven. In the moment of danger throw it around your neck. Mary is our refuge! You will experience it. And remain constant and true!"

The youth was about to reply, but at a sign from the leader a guard separated him from the priest.

Father Benedict returned to the mission with the ransomed slaves, amongst them Paul's mother. Joy at their deliverance overflowed the hearts of the rescued prisoners. The inhabitants of the Christian settlement were also rejoiced to hear that no evil should befall them.

But one heart was broken—a mother's heart.

CHAPTER II.

Weeks passed by, during which the slave caravan, to which Paul belonged, gradually approached the coast of East Africa.

Of the bodily sufferings of the slaves during this journey we will not speak. In addition to the ordinary tortures of the gang,

the Christians had to endure others of a more terrible kind. With demoniacal rage and unheard of cruelty, the Arabs sought to force them to accept the religion of Mohammed. Many expired under the lash, with the names of Jesus and Mary on their lips. Other Christian slaves of greater bodily strength survived the martyrdom, but bore on face and body its life-long marks.

Deformed, worn to skeletons, marked with the small-pox which had broken out on the march, the wretched caravan at length reached the coast.

After the horrors of the dark forest, with its sharp, prickly creepers and stinging mosquitoes, the fresh breeze from the blue sea fanned the burning faces of the poor slaves. Ought they to rejoice? Was it to be the end of their sufferings? Alas, no! True, the heavy loads of ivory are removed—but the chains are tightened yet more. A new life, if possible more unendurable than the former, was to be theirs in the future.

An Arab dhow, a kind of sailing vessel, took off the slaves. They were destined for the markets of Arabia, if they could escape the vigilance of the English and German cruisers. For the time being they were huddled together in a corner of the deck; on the first danger of discovery they were to be thrust into the hold.

Silently the wretched captives submitted. When they were brought on board, they saw immense bales of cotton piled on deck. Cotton is an unusual cargo on a slave dhow. What could this mean? Paul, whose mental faculties had not been dulled by his excruciating tortures, asked himself in silence this question, but could find no reply. Soon the reason would be made plain to him.

A fresh breeze swelled the sails. Swift as an arrow the vessel glided over the calm waters. The moonbeams, like molten silver, trembled on the crests of the waves. Numberless stars illumined the heavens with a tropical brilliancy.

Paul looked up. He thought of his mother, he thought of their meeting above, about which the good Father had told them. Oh, if he could only die soon! Not merely to escape bodily sufferings, but to be spared the shame of being brought to market, of being examined and bartered

like a beast. Every breeze which filled the sails brought this doom nearer. Were envy not a sin, he would envy the poor wretch to whom he was chained, for fever would terminate this sufferer's miseries in a few hours.

Paul's hand sought the scapular which was hidden inside of his girdle. Like an electric flash, new courage flowed through his veins; with an effort, but quickly, he succeeded in throwing the scapular round his neck.

Could there be a moment of greater danger than that in which he was tempted to despondency?

In the distance a shot was fired! This was the signal that the slave dhow was perceived by a cruiser. The poor slaves knew this well, and eyes, which the moment before had been dropped in hopeless apathy, suddenly brightened.

Oaths and curses broke from the enraged Arabs. Orders were given in all haste; a double sail was hoisted, and every preparation made that might ensure success.

The chief hurried to his victims.

"Ye dogs," he cried, with a voice of thunder, "you are exulting now because you think that vessel will save you! But harken to me! It will avail you nothing. Should we fail to escape, and should the accursed whites even board us, I command you all to declare that you are here of your own free will. If you disobey me—by Allah, you shall have a punishment till now unheard of! Speak."

A few poor blacks, destitute of the strength given by religion, gave the required promise. But the greater number of Christians stood silent and irresolute. A solitary voice was heard:

"My religion forbids me to lie. I will never do it even to save my life."

"Yes, Paul is right; we trust ourselves to the mercy of our Father in heaven!" cried out other Christians, encouraged by the heroic example of the noble-minded youth.

White foam frothed on the Arab's lips.

"Ha, cursed Christian dogs! dare you answer me so? Then you've sealed your doom. And you first," dragging Paul by the chain towards the hold as he spoke.

A terrible death from suffocation awaited the young convert, but he did not flinch.

The eyes of the enraged Arab fell upon the brown scapular round Paul's neck.

"What is this?" he shouted with fury—then he tore it off and flung it across the ship, where it alighted on a bale of cotton. Paul gave a little cry of grief. But he was soon overpowered by the Arabs—gagged and hurled into the hold.

Over and under him were the other Christians packed. The cargo of cotton was rolled down over them, so as to completely bury the living freight. Now let the Christian cruiser come; the Arabs fear nothing.

The pursuit continued—some shots from the Christian vessel swept the deck and killed several Arabs. The slave-traders, fearing nothing, resolved to let their vessel be searched, and soon the poor slaves buried in the hold heard the poise of strange footsteps passing to and fro.

The steps approach—the hearts of the entombed captives leap for joy. Surely they will soon be free.

Alas! the faint glimmer of hope expires. The Arab chief shows the Christian commander his cargo. The officers and their men, not content with the Arab's prodding of the cotton, probe it deeply with their cutlasses, and turn away without a suspicion that a single human being was in the hold. A few moments more and their footsteps die away in the distance.

But, hark! What is that? Can it be possible that they are returning? Yes—what at first seemed scarcely as reliable as a "Will-o'-the-wisp" is now a reality.

In haste and amid loud "hurrahs!" the bales of cotton are rolled away. Into the dark and stifling hold light and air penetrate; and the cries: "You are free! you are free!" resound like heavenly music in stunned ears. Yet a moment, and many hands loosen the captives' fetters; they

are brought on deck, where the sight of the heavily manacled Arabs removes the faintest doubt of all these marvels!

But how has all this come about? Simply through the agency of Our Lady's scapular.

When the Europeans, deceived by the triumphant Arabs, were about to depart, a European soldier caught sight of Paul's scapular in the moonlight, as it remained stuck to a bale of cotton. A suspicion of the truth flashed across his mind—he whispered his thought to his commander; the latter recalled his orders to leave, and ordered a new search—with what success our readers are aware.

It would be impossible to paint the joy of the poor blacks at their wonderful release. Those who had appeared to be at the gates of death seemed to have a new life infused into them. The night passed amid sounds of rejoicing, in which the Europeans had their full share, happy in the success of their humane undertaking.

The Arabs alone had no part in the general joy. It was now their turn to take their places in the hold, rendered more hideous by their curses and blasphemies. Osman, their chief, met the fate of the cruel unbeliever, for maddened by rage he threw himself into the sea, and was seen no more.

Not many weeks after, Paul arrived, in company of a happy band of liberated slaves, at the mission station where our tale began, and where he was speedily surrounded by the priests and their pupils.

With Father Benedict on one side and his mother on the other, he related the marvelous incidents of his captivity and deliverance, which proved so practically the truth of the missionary's word, "Mary is our Refuge."—*Visitor*.



THE SOCIAL QUESTION.

V.

BY PIUS R. MAYER, O. C. C.



HAVING briefly spoken of the three different branches of Socialism, it remains yet to speak of Christian Socialism, or rather of the measures which the Catholic religion will allow to its votaries to defend their rights and increase their temporal prosperity. For Socialism, in order to be really Christian, must be based upon Christian ethics on both sides. This, however, as we showed heretofore, is a postulate not to be realized outside the Catholic Church, nor in the century of gross materialism. Hence the question can only be, "What may Catholic laborers do in self-defence?"

We spoke sufficiently of the rights of association and of strikes, and explained how far these rights extended and what dangers are to be avoided. International associations are an Utopia, because it is precisely the competition of the several countries that causes the labor troubles, and judging from a nineteenth century standard, laborers of different countries in the same branch of labor are born antagonists, partaking of necessity in the rivalry of their employers. Therefore labor unions ought to confine themselves to their respective country, and if the country be of an extent like the United States it will be well nigh impossible even to comprise the whole country, since the markets, the cost of production and the conditions of life are not identical in all parts of the country, and such identity is indispensable for an united action on the part of the laboring classes.

It is of paramount importance for the employees to select the proper leaders. The men we saw figure as leaders were but too often men who, endowed with "the gift

of the gab," preferred living at the expense of their fellow laborers to earning an honest livelihood by the work of their own hands, and whose interests were many a time not those of their followers, but opposed to them. None can doubt this who follows the history of the convulsions of labor. It is patent. Consequently it would be in our opinion better if the unions elected for their officers men who are sincere and warm friends of the laboring masses, without being of their number. A good deal of mischief could by this be avoided.

In case of difficulties arbitration should be resorted to. But in order to be effective a standing court of arbitrators, composed of a number of men appointed by the employers and elected by the employees, ought to exist. The duty of these arbitrators would be to study the questions of market, of supply and demand, of local conditions and kindred ones, so that they are fully prepared to render a competent judgment, to which both sides pledge themselves to submit. This court might be partially or entirely renewed after a certain period. Live and let live should be the rule of action, and thus many strikes with their subsequent misery might be avoided.

But the principal means of advancing the interest of the laborer we see in *co-operation*. Co-operation finds many enemies among the working men. "What would be the result," asked a leader of the plumbers' association when we spoke to him of this measure, "it would simply mean a multiplication of bosses and capitalists." Just so, but what else can the laborer aspire to but to become a boss and shareholder himself? The working men, especially the young and unmarried ones, should save their wages instead of squandering them foolishly. These savings might by the treasurer of the corporation be placed into savings banks to the credit of the individual depositor, and the joined savings after a few years be employed in

buying coal and ore lands. As the savings increase the mines could be put in operation, factory buildings erected, machinery bought, and thus by and by the works started. The laborers in the work would at the same time be the joint owners of the works, each according to the number of shares he owns, say at \$100 a share. Wages would be paid regularly like in any other factory, and the profits at the end of the year be divided amongst the shareholders, or if the latter consent, be used in enlarging or improving the works. The charter of the union could provide that no shares can ever be held by any but a practical worker of the place, and also the number of shares held by an individual might be limited, thus providing against the concentration in one hand or a few hands.

Possible losses would have to be borne by the shareholders in proportion to their shares.

This plan is feasible if the laborers take care to elect only upright and honest officers. Cases of stubbornness or incompetency could be disposed of by a court of arbitration, and in case of dismissal the workmen on receipt of the equivalent in cash would be bound to give up the shares hitherto held.

At the same time, if a number of Catholic men would form a co-operative corporation for the purpose, they could regulate the work in such a way as not to interfere with their religious duties.

Such co-operative works exist both in America and Europe, and the result is satisfactory. They are able to compete in quality of work and prices, and the people favor them.

Also another kind of co-operation has been successfully tried, especially in France, viz.: The employer considers his property a loan to his laborers, charges interest on the capital invested and divides the net profit among the employees, though the latter are not owners or shareholders. In connection with these works there exist evening schools, hospitals, homes for aged laborers and the like, an irreproachable conduct being the condition of their participation in these blessings. Mutual charity is the shibboleth of the social question.

The troubles arising in the middle ages were easily adjusted, because Christian charity ruled. The religious entanglement led to the disappearance of charity and the troubles have become acute and apparently beyond healing. A return to charity alone will heal them, and when this charity cannot be found among the employers it ought to be revived amongst the employees, and only thus can the tirades of men's inalienable rights, etc., materialize.

Our American workmen have this great advantage over their fellow laborers elsewhere, that lands, etc., can be bought yet at comparatively low prices, so that co-operative works can be started with a capital which would be inadequate in the old world. Also life is cheaper here, and the wages at least as good as in Europe, in many branches of labor considerably higher.

We instanced above only works which in their nature are very large, requiring a large capital and a number of men. But the same plan might be followed in almost every other branch of work, and if these co-operative works are not conspicuous by their size they at least render a certain number of men independent of the large capitalist and allow them to become their own masters.

Such a solution may not be all that could be desired, but it is all that is possible at present and it may form the first step towards decentralization of capital and labor. We fondle the idea of gigantic undertakings, but an healthy man weighing 160 pounds is better off in every way than a man tipping the scales at 350. Besides just as we now have unions of thousands of men, so we might have unions of scores or hundreds of co-operative works, which though not very significant in themselves would be in the aggregate of sufficient momentum to achieve all the laborers could reasonably expect.

With this we dismiss the question. We do not pretend to have solved it. It is hardly ripe for a solution. But by airing the individual views and plans and comparing them the matter becomes clearer and is brought nearer its final and satisfactory solution.

RANOQUE.

Translated from the French of the Abbe Le Seigneur.

BY DOROTHY.

CHAP. I—THE DESERTED CHILD.



UTUMN drew to a close. A veil, calm yet sad, was already drawn over nature, leaves covered the earth, the flowers had disappeared, the light seemed to come through a mist, the sun had lost his strength and heat, streams and rivers flowed idly and heavily. The heart of man also, when he reflected upon the analogy which exists between these scenes of nature and the various phases of human existence, filled with melancholy. Ah! for man also years follow years. They pass and disappear like the seasons, his illusions vanish, his intelligence becomes weakened, all his being grows numb little by little and is paralyzed until the source of life is frozen, then he dies!

This sadness of nature lent an aspect still more imposing to the abrupt summit of the mountain of R—— A solitary and rocky path wound like an enormous serpent around its steep sides, until it joined the highway between Cadiz and Madrid. About two miles from the city of M—— this path enters a narrow gorge, and continuing its windings up the side of the mountain reaches a wild heath covered with brambles and thorny bushes, closed in by a dense forest.

If, on this November evening, a human eye could have penetrated into this narrow gorge in the mountain, one would have seen with suspicion and fear a lamentable group advancing: a man, a woman and a little boy. They walked rapidly. The man was blind; he was a beggar with cruel, repulsive features partially concealed by an old felt hat. He wore a large grey mantle, patched and ragged; one of his sleeves was fastened at the wrist as though to serve

for pocket or purse. Below this strange garment fastened with a belt around the waist might be seen two bare feet nearly black. He carried strung to his shoulder a greasy guitar. With his right hand he leaned upon a knotty stick serving as a crutch, while with his left he clung to the ragged and dirty dress of the woman who led him. The latter seemed as old as the man. Her face, not less repulsive than that of her companion, was deeply marked with smallpox and bore evident traces of vice and misery. Upon her shoulder she carried a large basket which seemed to be filled with old clothes and cooking utensils. She walked like one fatigued and almost in silence. At some distance behind this grotesque couple trotted a little boy about eight years of age, who appeared worn out with fatigue. For clothing this wretched child had but a pair of old trousers supported by a single brace passed crosswise over a torn shirt. He also carried a basket, much too heavy for a child of his age, filled with printed ballads and small wares. In order to keep up with the man and woman, who walked rapidly, he was obliged to run continuously. Panting, bathed in perspiration, his bare feet cut by the stones, he would stop now and then to take breath. At length seeing that his companions would not wait for him nor even slacken their pace, he cried out plaintively:

“Mama! Mama! I can go no farther!”

The woman turned and with a fierce look called out.

“Come along, you little villain! You must!”

The blind man menaced the child with his stick and said to the woman:

“Strangle him, Cachana, and we shall be rid of him!”

They quickened their steps, blaspheming like two demons, while the poor little boy followed them as well as he could.

All at once they stopped and exchanged a few words in a low voice, accompanied by excited gestures. Then leaving the road

they entered upon a narrow, rocky path bordered with bushes and aloe trees.

With renewed effort the little fellow began to run as fast as his legs would carry him, so great was his fear lest he should lose sight of his pitiless guides. Evidently Cachana was familiar with the place, for she advanced with hasty steps, dragging the blind man after her. However, she was obliged to moderate her pace on account of the stones and briars which encumbered the path, and the little boy was better able to keep up.

Reaching the wildest part of the mountain they found themselves before a large cavern between two enormous rocks, which by turn served as a shelter for shepherds and a haunt for gypsies and robbers. The place was surrounded by high hills which permitted only a peep of the sky overhead, now covered with black clouds chased by a violent wind.

On entering the grotto Cachana placed her heavy basket on the ground and began to examine, with a curious earnestness, the interior and exterior of the cave. At the back was an abrupt gorge, at the foot of which flowed a torrent which could only be reached with great difficulty by sliding down a narrow furrow hollowed out in the almost perpendicular rock down the steep sides of the mountain. But the first shades of night which began to fall rendered this examination difficult.

After a few moments Cachana returned with an armful of dry wood which she threw upon the ground and began to make a fire. The man, in the meanwhile, seated himself upon a projecting rock in the interior of the cave and proceeded to light an old pipe, stuffed with bad tobacco, with a tinder which he carried in a leather pouch hanging from his belt.

At this moment the little boy reached the place. Utterly worn out, he let himself fall heavily upon the ground and began to cry. Instantly Cachana seized him by the hair and pulled him up.

"Silence, Ranoque! Not a word! Do you hear!" she cried taking his heavy basket.

But pain caused him to redouble his cries, while the old man gesticulated furiously like one possessed, and Cachana cursing and swearing drew from her basket a

few crusts of dry bread and a cracked water pitcher.

"Here, little good for nothing," she said to him harshly, "take this and go fetch me some water from the stream."

"I won't go," replied the child, and threw himself upon the ground again.

"Ah! you will not go!" she cried with a menacing voice, kicking him. "Get up and go at once, if not!—"

"I won't go, I'm afraid."

"Afraid! Look here, you're not afraid when you don't want to be."

"I can't go, mama. I can't go!" groaned the unfortunate little one, showing his bleeding feet.

"All right! If you can't walk creep on your hands and knees."

"I can't go, mama. I won't go. It's too dark along that path."

"Ranoque, I'll twist your neck," shouted the vixen.

During this violent altercation the old man had been quiet. But when he heard the child repeat in a determined tone "I will not go," he uttered a horrible imprecation and threw his stick at him with such force that it was broken against the opposite wall of the cave. Then he groped towards Ranoque as though he would strike him, but the frightened child rushed outside.

Cachana suddenly turned like a tigress upon the old man, and pushing him violently down upon the stone from which he had risen.

"Leave him alone," she shouted. "I will do as I please with him, but you, you old wretch, touch him if you dare."

Terrified at the scene, the poor little boy took the pitcher and weeping with anger and pain descended with great difficulty the steep path towards the stream at the bottom of the ravine.

When he reached the stream fear had calmed his anger and benumbed his pain. The rocks, crowned with sombre bushes, rising on each side like menacing sentinels, the wild solitude broken now and then by the distant roaring of the wind, the black clouds and dull rumblings of thunder, with now and then a sudden flash of lightning, would have been enough to cast fear upon a stronger heart than that of a child of eight years.

Fear gave him strength. Quickly he

filled the pitcher at the stream, and trembling remounted the steep path. When he reached the narrow platform on the summit a terrible anguish was depicted on his face.

Eagerly his terrified eyes searched all around—the cavern was deserted.

Alas! no one was there, nothing but the armful of dry wood and the blind man's broken crutch.

The child placed the pitcher on the ground, his heart fainted within him, a violent trembling shook his tired limbs, and wild with terror he cried:

"Mama! Mama! Uncle Canijo! where are you?"

No answer.

Poor little deserted one! How describe his despair?

He joined his hands tightly and burst into tears. Then rushing from the cave he filled the air with his repeated cries:

"Mama! Mama! Uncle Canijo!"

He could see nothing, his only answer a distant echo from the solitary mountain.

Beside himself with anguish, he ran here and there without knowing where he ran, until he lost his way and was swallowed up in the forest, always repeating his plaintive cries in the vain hope of getting a reply.

The obscurity of the night enveloped him, the trees and rocks even disappeared in the darkness, and the child continued his rambling course, ever sending into the surrounding echoes his sorrowful cry: "Mama, Mama! Where are you?" Hope gave him courage; in his innocent simplicity he thought to find her he called his mother. It never entered into his mind that this heartless woman could abandon her poor child in this frightful solitude.

Suddenly a sound louder than the wind is heard in the underbrush. Something enormous and black passes through the thicket grunting hoarsely, and the child is thrown roughly upon the rock by a large soft mass. Petrified with fear, the poor little boy kept quiet and dumb, expecting a terrible attack, but the monster passed on. Afraid to move, Ranoque strained his ear to catch the slightest sound, but he heard nothing but the tempest, which sometimes hissed like a serpent through the branches, sometimes roared like a lion in the midst of the rocks, or again lamented plaintively in the large trees like a soul in distress.

CHAPTER II.

HAPPY DELIVERANCE.

Dawn discovered Ranoque lying unconscious at the foot of the rock against which a wild boar had thrown him the night before.

When the warm rays of the sun gilded the tops of the mountains the poor child recovered consciousness and tried to rise. After many efforts he succeeded in regaining his feet and gazed around him like one awakening from a sleep peopled with nightmares.

At first he was not conscious of his miserable plight, but little by little he recalled the terrible events of the preceding night and began again to weep, calling out in a feeble voice:

"Mama! Mama! Uncle Canijo! Come back!"

He tried to walk, to run, but his limbs refused to support him and he fell exhausted upon the ground.

Soon the delirium of fever seized upon him, the objects around him seemed to become animated, trees, rocks, bushes, clouds appeared in his troubled eyes to be so many fantastic beings with gigantic arms, whose enormous hands joined as they whirled round and round more rapidly. Madly they circled before him, keeping time with a thousand strange echoes, mingled with which he seemed to distinguish the discordant tones of Canijo's guitar and Cachana's tipsy voice calling him to quicken his steps.

All at once, in the midst of these fantastic sounds, he heard a clear silvery note so distinctly that there was no mistaking it; it was the tinkling of a little bell. At the same moment the head of a white goat appeared over a bush not far from the little boy.

The child stretched out both hands towards the animal with a cry of joy and made a supreme effort to rise. The startled animal fled. Again Ranoque fell unconscious to the ground.

Suddenly the thicket was parted and a shepherd's dog appeared, nose in the air. He stopped astonished before the child, sniffed around two or three times, then raising his head with pricked ears began to bark noisily.

In a few moments an old shepherd pushed through the bushes. Seeing Ran-

oque stretched lifeless upon the ground he gave a cry of surprise. Drawing near he felt the hands and face of the boy, and being assured that he was not dead, he placed his mantle under his head and disappeared behind the trees. In a few moments he returned bearing a cup of

fresh milk. After making the child swallow a few mouthfuls, he wrapped him in a cloak and raised him all unconscious as he was in his arms and bore him away in the direction whence he and his dog had come.

TO BE CONTINUED.

BITS OF TALK WITH OTHER WOMEN.

XI.

OF SIMPLE CHEERFULNESS.

BY MARIE LOUISE SANDROCK REDMOND.



HERE are a number of women in the world who are fond of heroics. They are the people who exhaust themselves with unnecessary work, and take upon themselves a vast amount of suffering,

physical and mental, that could readily be eliminated from their lives. In general, they keep themselves and all surrounding them in a tense state of mind and nerve, creditable, or at least excusable, in an early martyr, but decidedly uncalled for in the ordinary cares of ordinary life.

"If conditions were different!" sighs some careworn individual. "If this load of trouble were off my shoulders or if it were not just what it is, I could afford to be cheerful and jolly. But what can one do when one's life is nothing but worry, worry from morning till night?"

And so the worry of the world goes on, eating into the sweet, bright flowers of cheerfulness that ought to bloom in every soil.

And yet, it was a great saint, that most amiable St. Francis of Sales, who said: "Anxiety of mind is the greatest of all evils except sin."

A great modern poet says in a line of

verse what could be taken as a supplement to the saint's dictum:

"The common problem, yours, mine, everyone's,
Is—not to fancy what were fair in life,
Provided it could be,—but, finding first
What may be, then find how to make it fair
Up to our means—a very different thing!"

To discuss the subject in plain prose one must candidly remark that looking around upon any group of women, chosen at random from any class of society, one perceives that the quality they most do lack is cheerfulness. Higher qualities they are sure to possess and nobler virtues are apt to shine in them when the occasion arises, but the capacity of being jolly under difficulties, of looking for the funny side of things, of thoroughly enjoying, as often as possible, a hearty laugh, is mostly conspicuously absent. Exceptions there are to be sure. I have known women, long past their youth, who had known sorrow and poverty and care in heavy measures, who had the gay and happy laugh of a child and more than a child's happy merriment.

I have always had a notion that the finest character Dickens ever created is that of Mark Tapley, whose one study in life was to be cheerful under all circumstances. It is worth reading and re-reading *Martin Chuzzlewit* to learn the lesson of the acquisition of sunshine that this character gives us.

Why is it that we women either work ourselves to death or do so little that we

take to cultivating our health and our nerves? Why do we weigh ourselves down with the worries of our friends and kindred? Why do we devote so much more time to discontent with what we haven't got rather than content with the gifts, numerous enough in every case, the gods have provided us?

Is there not a good deal of caustic truth in George Eliot's saying of a discontented heroine: "You are discontented with the world because you can't get just the small things that suit your pleasure, not because it's a world where myriads of men and women are ground by misery and wrong, and tainted with pollution."

I remember that interrogation points are always vexing, and also, that negations never made a creed or a convert. By way of affirmations that are doubtless as true of the world at large as of that portion of it coming under my immediate observation, let me express my earnest conviction that there is no tonic, no amusement, no exercise, mental or physical, better for the preservation of the health of soul, mind and body than a ringing, hearty laugh. The talent of enjoying and laughing at trifles is not to be despised nor set below less useful accomplishments.

Happiness lies within the reach of everybody. Let a woman have enough occupation, of the manual order as well as mental, and *not* too much; enough exercise in the open air; enough trust in Providence to believe that problems beyond her solution are given her for the exercise of faith and patience, and not as causes of worry and mental torment. Then that plain and unpretending virtue of simple cheerfulness will seem to her a thing to be admired and hoarded.

Then, if you will permit me another quotation, she will not think it a mere rhetorical flight of poetic fancy when Father Faber, in his *Creator and Creature*, exclaims: "In God's wide world there is no room for sin, no provision for sorrow, not a corner for unhappiness. Every created intelligence drinks its fill of the fountains of His gladness. Every instinct of animals beats with a pulsation of divine enjoyment. Every tree uplifts its head and flings out its branches, every flower blooms and sheds sweet odor, every mineral glances and sparkles, just as the clouds sail, and the waters flow, and the planet turns, in the excess of the happiness of God."

HOLY WATER FOR THE POOR SOULS.



WHENEVER you feel yourself tempted to sin," says Saint Teresa, "make an act of contrition and sprinkle yourself with holy-water for the benefit of the souls in Purgatory." A holy monk,

Father Dominic of Jesus, always had a human skull in his cell. It is related that on one occasion after the father, according to custom, had sprinkled the skull with the blessed water, this relic of a departed soul addressed Father Dominic, exclaiming in a loud and pitiful tone: "More holy-water!" "This blessed water, indeed, quenches the dreadful fire and mitigates our suffering." Yes, in truth a drop of holy-water is more efficacious than a long prayer. Our prayers are often said in a lukewarm and distracted manner. It is different with the prayers of the Church

used in the blessing of water. This prayer of the Church is always pleasing to God, in all places irrespective of the person by whom it is said provided it is offered in the name of Holy Church. How often do we not leave or enter a room, and would it inconvenience us if each time we took holy-water and allowed a drop to fall as it were into the purgatorian fire! If a holy-water font, which costs but a trifle, was hung in a convenient place in every Catholic house many would be induced to help some suffering soul. How thankful the poor souls would be! They are not ungrateful or forgetful of those who help them. They raise their hands to heaven on behalf of us the very moment we help them, and God hears the prayer of His suffering friends. It is an easy and simple custom to take holy-water. Let us practice it, and thus help the souls in Purgatory.

—From the *Sendbote*.

Favors Obtained Through the Intercession of Our Lady of Mount Carmel.



GENERAL CHARTON, a Republican senator, became seriously ill, and asked for the last sacraments, which he received with the greatest devotion. Two of his companions, senators also, visited him and gave expression to their surprise in hearing of his conversion, for he had not shown any particular signs of a religious disposition during his life-time. The General answered them in all meekness, saying, "Do as I did; for if I have been converted, I attribute it altogether to the scapular of Our Lady of Mt. Carmel. I am wearing it ever since the Crimean war. Yes, do as I did; wear the scapular, and without doubt you will have the same blessings."

He died a happy death shortly after.—*San Juan de la Cruz.*

* * *

Not long ago in an important town a wonderful case of conversion took place on account of the scapular. A Carmelite Father heard that a man who should have been a Catholic was lying grievously ill, and refused absolutely to see a priest, or to receive the sacraments. He had not been to confession for more than twenty years. The Carmelite Father, full of zeal, went to visit the sick man, but found all his efforts useless. The dying man would not hear of confession. He begged the priest to leave him in peace. "Well, allow me at least to give you the scapular," said the Carmelite Father. "Very well," answered the sick man, "I can do that, if there is no obligation attached to it." The father told him about the Sabbatine privileges, and asked

him to say one Hail Mary each day to gain them. Then he left the sick man, confident that he would not be allowed to die in his unrepentant state. His hopes were fully realized. Only a few days afterwards the sick man called for a priest, and in the most fervent disposition received all the last sacraments, after having made a most contrite confession. He died as one of the predestined, and thus added another triumph to the many achieved by Our Lady of the Scapular.—*San Juan de la Cruz.*

* * *

In one of the papers of Granada, Spain, we read the following:

"A wonderful fact has attracted the attention of all pious people on account of the circumstances surrounding it. It is said that a person well known in this city had for a long time suffered the greatest misfortunes in his temporal affairs. He was completely bankrupt and reduced to extreme want. Abandoned by all his former friends, and not being able to find any means to better his condition, he despaired and tried to put an end to his life. Three times he attempted suicide, but each time he failed in some way to attain his object. His fatal intention being thus frustrated in most unexpected ways, he began to wonder at, what seemed to him, almost a supernatural intervention. Finally he remembered that he was accustomed always to wear a scapular, and that he had often heard that no one wearing the scapular could die in mortal sin. This reflection caused him to see the enormity of his intended sin of suicide, and induced him to lead a life of penance thereafter. He left the world, and succeeded in obtaining admission into a religious order. He is now a member of the Redemptorist order, founded by St. Alphonsus Liguori, that great lover of the Blessed Virgin Mary."

FOR OUR YOUNG PEOPLE.

EDITED BY MISS MATILDA CUMMINGS.

[All communications to this department to be addressed to Miss M. Cummings,
1588 Madison Avenue, New York City.]

SECRETARY'S LETTER.

NOVEMBER, 1896.

MY DEAR YOUNG FRIENDS,—

It seems almost out of place to talk to you about "Melancholy days"—and yet many of you will read about them in William Cullen Bryant's poem in which he calls the autumn days "the saddest of the year." No doubt many of you have lots of fun nutting and gathering leaves and taking long, delightful walks through the woods in those very same days. No—there are no sad or melancholy days for the young. God is so good to them that He fills their lives with beauty and happiness, and their hearts are as light as a feather—except when sin comes and hangs like a leaden weight, the very foot of the evil one—on the heart.

Now, although there is no need for you dear children to be sad or gloomy in November, yet there is some serious work for you to do in this month, which, as many of you may know, is called the month of the holy souls. Perhaps some of you may have a dear friend among the dead, and so you have already learned to cultivate a devotion to the souls in purgatory. Let me tell you something you can all do for them. Talk about it to your parents, your teachers, your pastor, and if it is thought well of—here is something you may all do for the poor souls: It is called "The Heroic Act of Charity."

"This devotion," says the author of the "Young Girl's Book of Piety," "consists in offering to God, through the Blessed Virgin, all our good works for the deliverance of the holy souls; that is to say, to make a free gift in their behalf of the satisfactory part of our good works, and all that others may do for us during life or after our death. This offering does not bind under pain of sin, and may be revoked at will."

There is a little formula given in the Book of Piety, as follows: "I desire and

intend to gain all the indulgences I can possibly gain, and I resign them into the hands of the ever Blessed Virgin, that she may dispose of them as she sees best for the relief of the souls in purgatory, in whose favor I resign and give up all of my works of which I can dispose, and all that may be given me by others during my life, at my death, or after my death."

This is an act of perfect charity. Oh! when it is made with sincerity! When it is frequently renewed! When on account of it we multiply our good works and prayers, what matters thoughts of self? for it will be asked—*What of yourself?* For myself I confide in the divine goodness and providence which has said: "Give and it shall be given to you, all that you shall do for others, through love of me, I will return it to you."

Dear children, you often hear people talking of saving money—of the necessity of being thrifty, of putting something away for a rainy day, for old age, etc. Well, here is a golden opportunity to bank money for eternity. Give all you have to the poor souls. They will see to it that interest, compound [interest is added over and over again to the principal, and then when your turn comes for purgatory, who knows, perhaps you will only just pass through it on the bridge of the "Heroic Act" made long years before—perhaps in Nov. 1896.

Yes, dear children, say the beautiful aspiration, "My Jesus, Mercy!" (100 days indulgence) over and over again this month for the poor souls. You don't like long prayers? Well, neither does the secretary—but when you are praying and get tired, as we sometimes do, take your beads. Before you feel yourself you will have said "My Jesus, Mercy," nearly sixty times, just passing the grains through your fingers. Be generous to the dear holy dead. Take your beads to bed at night—then more aspirations will be said—so easy, so sweet and so helpful. Don't make a burden

of your prayers. When you get tired, stop! Tell our Lord you will come back soon. He does not want you to tire yourself. Doesn't your dear mother love to see you play, watching you from the window and nodding her head and smiling at you? What mother so tender as our dear Lord! So all November offer your play as well as your prayers for the holy souls. Yes, and be missionaries for them too. Bishop Grant, of England, used to teach his little ones to say: "Dear Immaculate Mother, open the door of heaven to the poor suffering souls in purgatory." Hundreds of English children have said that little prayer. The secretary knew of one sodality of Junior Children of Mary that wrote a great many copies of it—each child wrote ten, and sent them around to people, big and little, to say in November. There's work for you to do. Get someone to use the typewriter for the poor souls, and so spread the holy bishop's dear little prayer. Up to the time of writing this letter only two little friends have written to the secretary for a pair of beads, Miss Lizzie McGill, Hamilton, Ont., and Miss Annie O'Connor, Stratford, Ont. Both sent pretty little letters, and a very nice Rosary story came from Annie. It is a story of a penitent who was converted through the holy Rosary. Both of the little ladies have been sent the promised beads, blessed by the Dominicans. There are other pairs waiting. Who wants them to help the holy souls? It were a pity to let them lie idle, while the poor souls are crying; "Have pity on me, at least ye, oh! my friends." We expect much from those who love us and whom we love. So let us prove our friendship for those who are calling for our truest sympathy. Prayer is its highest form; and one of the surest proofs of fidelity to our friends is persevering in prayer for them. November is the time for paying many debts. Let us be generous in helping the poor suffering ones who are in debt to the mercy of God, assured that the bread which we cast upon the waters will come back to us after many days.

A LETTER FROM A LITTLE ONE.

LEWISTON, N. Y., Oct. 11, '96.

DEAR SECRETARY,—I have always taken great interest in reading the letters which

you write for the young people's corner in Our Lady's magazine, and I have never yet read them without feeling better and happier. I love to read this month's letter for it is about that which of all prayers I love best—the Rosary. I can't tell you a true story which I have ever seen brought about by the Rosary. I have read a great many and I believe them all. I know that no matter what troubles me, as soon as I say the Rosary I feel much lighter. I love to say the Rosary for two reasons. First—Because I imagine I am kneeling at her feet just as Jesus used to kneel. Secondly—Because I feel that every Hail Mary is woven into a crown which I can lay at Mary's feet in heaven. I say the Rosary every day for a happy death, and I know that Mary will obtain it for me. I would love to write you a much longer letter, for I feel as if I were writing to a friend I had known for ever so long, but I will wait until next time, when I will tell you about my home and myself.

Your little friend,

B. M. A.

[Several letters from the little ones came too late for insertion. Among those were Annie Black's, Sterling, Ont., and Joseph H. Ronan's, St. Marys, Ont.,—both very interesting little letters and very pleasing to the secretary, who will send all the writers the promised beads. Hereafter the children must write before the 10th of each month to secure mention in the next month's REVIEW.—SECRETARY.]

FOR THE PUZZLERS.

1. Subtract forty-five from forty-five and have forty-five left.
2. When is a baggage wagon like a forest?
3. Why does a duck go under water?
4. Add one thousand, one and fifty to a note in music and have a measure.
5. What would become shorter by adding a syllable?

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES.

(IN OCTOBER NUMBER.)

1. A river.
2. The road to heaven.
3. Because they are good book-keepers.
4. Put them into hot water.
5. Mercy.

FOR THE THINKERS.

1. Who is called the poet of the loving heart?
2. In what country are their neither clocks or time pieces?
3. In what body of water can you not sink?
4. What is it well to burn before sending it?
5. What musician wrote his own requiem?

Answers to Questions for the Thinkers.

(IN OCTOBER NUMBER.)

1. Guido, an Italian Monk, in 1124.
2. Father Marquette, in 1673.
3. Father Kirscher, a Jesuit, in 1652.
4. Father Hennepin.
5. Paulinus, Bishop of Nola, in Campania, A. D. 400.

MAXIMS FOR NOVEMBER.

1. We do not sufficiently remember our dead, our faithful departed.

—ST. FRANCIS DE SALES.

2. Loving souls are like paupers, they live on what is given them.

—MME. SWETCHINE.

3. O, poor butterfly! thou art bound by many chains, which will not allow thee to fly as far as thou desirest.

—ST. TERESA.

4. After crosses and losses we become humbler and wiser.

—FRANKLIN.

5. The innocent seldom find an uneasy pillow.

—COWPER.

FOR THE LITTLE ONES.

ON SEEING A PICTURE OF ST. CATHARINE OF SIENNA.

I've heard there were, long years ago,

Many who could not read;

When this dear picture met my gaze,
I thought they scarce had need.

For more than book could ever tell,

It said full plain to me;

The robe of serge, the crown of thorns,

The veil, the rosary;

The eyes so fixed upon the cross,

(One felt that tears were there,)

The hands so close together joined

In supplicating prayer;

The lips—I seemed to hear them say,

“My God, I love but Thee!”

Till, touched by grace, my heart responds,

“Beg for such love for me.”

Yes, more than book could ever say,

Thy picture says full plain;

Gazing, I only long to weep,

And at *His* feet remain.

HOW THE BLESSED HENRY SUSO LOVED THE HOLY CHILD.

EARLY in the morning, before any one had gone into the church, he knelt before the high altar, contemplating the august Mother with her heavenly treasure. He saluted her in his heart, singing, as lovingly as he could, “O, spotless one! O, gracious one!” Then he begged her, with uplifted hands and eyes, to show him how to worship the Holy Child. He took the Child, as it were, from her arms, and embraced it a thousand times in one hour. He contemplated its beautiful little eyes; he looked upon its little hands; he gazed again and again at all the infant members of the heavenly treasure. Then lifting up his eyes, he uttered a cry of amazement in his heart that He who bears up the heavens is so great and yet so small; so beautiful in Heaven and so childlike upon earth; and as the Divine Infant moved him, so did he act, now singing, now weeping, until at last, giving it back to its mother, he joined his heart with hers in a hymn of joy and thanksgiving.

WHAT CAN LITTLE CHILDREN DO?

What can little children do,

Day by day, to make to you

Some return of love, dear Jesus,

What can little children do?

Little children, love each other,

Love most tenderly your neighbor,

So will love for me grow stronger,

This can little children do.

Tell us something more, to do,

Dearest Lord, for love of you:

Hear the prayer we make, sweet Jesus,

What can little children do?

They can reverence give and honor,

Unto father and to mother;

So will love for Me grow stronger:
This can little children do.

Thanks, dear Lord, we give to you,
Help us by Thy grace to do
All that you have said, sweet Jesus,
And increase our love for you.

Help us all to love each other,
And to truly love our neighbor,
So, when life on earth is over,
We may go to dwell with you.

Poor little, bored little Dorothy True!
A sad little maiden with nothing to do.
There's a room to be dusted, a bed to be
made,
And the eggs to be found which the bantam
has laid.
There's a wee little boy, in the nursery
near,
Who's sobbing and crying with no one to
hear.
But poor little, bored little Dorothy True
Still sits and laments that she's nothing
to do.

MATTIE.

Every one said that little blue-eyed Mat-
tie was an angel, and no wonder! A ten-
der little heart was hers, and our Lord,
loving such little ones, made her indeed
His angel of love.

When a wee little baby, her mother was
in prison among wicked women, and Mat-
tie was in prison too.

A golden-haired blue-eyed baby in prison,
where she saw only stone walls—no fields,
no flowers, no sunshine!

Why was she in so dismal a place? you
ask.

Her mother was there for being wicked,
and her baby was too little to be taken
from her; and the good matron saw how all
the rude women loved the little girl, and
she hoped to do them good by leaving her
with them, and she was quite right. Our
Lord had sent her there to touch the
hearts of the poor women.

Her sweet, cheery voice echoed through
the long halls, and brought smiles where
before there was sadness.

The poor women vied with each other to
win Mattie's caresses, and when she twined
her little arms around their necks and

beamed on them with her loving blue eyes,
the hardest heart was softened.

One day Mattie fell ill. With what
anxiety they all watched over their prison
flower! For the first time in years, many
knelt in prayer for Mattie's recovery. Our
dear Lord, seeing what a good work His
little one was doing, spared her life a little
longer. Once more the joyous voice glad-
dened the dull hearts and made the prison
walls seem pleasant.

The doctor said she must go away from
her dreary home, and must play in the
fields and sunshine, where, like you, dear
children, she could grow strong again.

A good lady came for her, and the poor
mother shed many tears at parting; but in
her repentance she wanted to do something
for our Lord, so without a murmur she gave
Him her little child.

In Mattie's new home was a father who
had fallen into evil ways and was quite
changed by drink. The first person Mattie
clung to was this unfortunate man.

In her own angelic way she crept into
his arms and heart. She never forgot to
smile upon him. When he spoke harshly
to his children, her soft little hand rested
upon his lips; when his hand was raised to
strike, she folded it in her two little arms
and kissed it; when restless and about to
go to the inn to join his bad companions,
she clung about his neck and begged for a
"story" till sleep closed her heavenly blue
eyes, and he forgot all save the lovely face
reposing on his bosom. So the days went
on. Again she fell ill, and no skill could
save her. The poor friend was nearly
heartbroken. His angel going from him!
Day and night he was by her side. One
long night of pain seemed to Mattie very
dark and tedious.

"New papa," she cried, "I guess God has
forgotten to open the doors of Heaven, it
is dark so long. No! no! new papa, he
hasn't forgotten, after all. He *never* for-
gets; the bright day will come by and by."

"Ah," sobbed her friend, "*my* night has
been long, but like this little one, I will
say, 'He never forgets.' He has sent my
darling to open the door."

While musing thus the day dawned.
The spirit of Mattie had gone to Heaven,
but left the light shining in the soul of
her friend kneeling at her feet, and
Mattie's work was done.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

BY THE EDITOR.

THE harvest is over. We have gathered the treasures of nature and garnered them for our use during the winter months, when nature rests to recuperate its forces for another spring. May we not neglect to lay up treasures for that world whose eternal spring is the delight of All Saints.

* * *

As nature is sinking into its winter sleep, it shows signs of decay and death. The bleak and dreary aspect it wears reminds us of our own sleep in death. An apparent sleep, in truth, as we are only awaiting the resurrection, but one which is an eternal death for those who have borne no fruit. It is the sleep of peace for those who die in the Lord. "Precious in the sight of the Lord is the death of His saints."

* * *

OUR thoughts, after dwelling on the glories of the blessed in heaven naturally revert to those saints who are not yet enjoying the bliss of beholding God's countenance. We commemorate All Souls immediately after honoring All Saints. And justly so. They, too, are Saints, and appeal all the more to our sympathy, as we ourselves dare hardly hope to reach any more blissful state immediately after our death than that of the sufferings of purgatory. Let us not forget those who have gone before us, and who at this very moment may be depending on our merits to gain relief from their torments.

* * *

DURING the ecclesiastical year, we have inhaled the fragrance and feasted our eyes on the lovely beauty of many a flower grown on the fertile slopes of Mount Carmel. But it was impossible to venerate the thousands of Carmelite Saints who have flourished in the vineyard of the Queen. Therefore, during this month, when nature ceases to flower, we gather an immense bouquet of the flowers of Carmel on the feast of All Carmelite Saints to offer it at the throne of Her, who is pre-eminently the

Flos et Decor Carmeli, the Flower and Beauty of Carmel.

* * *

NOR do we forget the souls of the departed members of that great confraternity of Carmel, the greatest in the Catholic Church. All masses said for these souls, have the indulgence of the privileged altar attached to them. Lovers of Carmel will, therefore, have as many masses said as their means allow, seeing that the Church puts such a premium, as it were, on their generosity.

* * *

WHILE this number is under press, the General Chapter of the Carmelite Order is being held in Rome. We shall not be able to announce the results of its elections and deliberations until our next issue, but this much we can now state, that never in the history of the Order have the various provinces been able to report such progress. The Order is flourishing at all points. Among the provinces represented in this chapter, there are some which have not been represented for centuries, or which have never existed before. Thus the American province is represented for the first time by its canonically elected Provincial. Several South American provinces will be represented, and many new foundations will be reported.

* * *

AT a time when all around us people are in the highest state of political excitement, because the questions at issue are of such immense importance to the temporal interests of a nation, we should without neglecting our duties as citizens, consider the folly of being indifferent to questions of far higher importance. We should thank God that He has in His supreme wisdom, taught His Holy Church how to provide for every possible need of the soul. There are no two parties in the church, disputing about the way to pay our spiritual debts. We know what means to employ to provide for all our spiritual necessi-

ties. And when our patriotic love for our heavenly country impels us to come to the relief of those, who in the battle for eternal life, have dropped by the wayside, we know how to aid them and help them to the full fruits of their citizenship. The treasury of the Church is over-flowing with riches, which are free to all. And they can nearly all be applied to the poor souls. Let us show our loyalty to our country and our King, by aiding His favorite friends to gain their heavenly citizenship at the earliest possible day.

* * *

THE editor, having been called to the Chapter at Rome, has taken the opportunity to visit the Discalced Carmelites of England, and the Irish Carmelites of both branches. He writes to us that our readers may expect most interesting accounts, not only of the present establishments of the Order in Great Britain and Ireland, but also of the most famous Carmelite Convents of old in these countries. We are doubly glad to be able to announce this as one of the most precious features of the REVIEW for next year, because it is natural that we should love to hear of the glories of our Queen, and because it will be another proof of the truth, in answer to so many historical calumnies.

* * *

THOSE who have accustomed themselves to the beautiful practice of saying the rosary daily during October, should not abandon this meritorious prayer during this month of the poor souls. Let them offer it up daily for their departed relatives and friends, and for all the poor souls. There are many who never allow a day to pass without saying their beads, and their number is daily on the increase. All our readers know that our Holy Father, one of the wisest of living men, believes that the rosary will save modern society. We may not think our own little share as of great importance, but prayer is the most powerful factor of welfare and prosperity that the world has ever known.

* * *

FRANCE was almost intoxicated with delight at the visit of the Russian Emperor. Paris was decorated in his honor, as it never had been before. Hundreds of thousands

of dollars were spent in transient show. And what was the cause of this enthusiastic display of friendship for an emperor, against whose ancestor the French fought so valiantly within the memory of living men? As far as we can see, the Emperor of Russia has, so far, done nothing for France, excepting to do her the honor of borrowing money from her. At the very same time, that all this display was made in honor of a despot, the centenary anniversary of the baptism of Clovis took place at Rheims. It was only with difficulty that the bishops were allowed to assemble for the purpose. It had actually been forbidden by a minister, who, however, has since owing to the frequent changes, been deposed. But Clovis was only the first of the Franks to bend his head under the sweet yoke of Christ. Nowadays the Franks love to bend their necks in doing homage to a persecutor of the Church of Clovis.

* * *

THE Holy Father, as a sequel to his excellent and exhaustive encyclical on the reunion of Christian churches, has published a bull respecting the validity of Anglican Orders. The careful investigation by an impartial commission of these claims, which preceded this papal declaration, and of the results of which it is a summary, precludes all possibility of setting aside its authority, even by those who do not acknowledge the Pope as the Vicar of Christ. As was to be foreseen, it will effect but very few changes at present. The party which was mainly desirous to obtain a recognition of Anglican Orders by the Holy See, is composed of an evanescent minority of English clergymen. Nor is their good faith so very evident. At least, we have not heard of a single one of them so far, who, convinced as he must be after such a competent decision of the illegality of his ministry, has refrained from exercising his so-called priestly offices. But, in common with all the public utterances of Our Holy Father, this last one could not have come at a more opportune moment. It takes away the last subterfuge of the half-hearted seekers for truth, and settles their doubts finally.

* * *

ST. JOHN of the Cross, whose feast we celebrate on the 24th of November, is one of the most heroic saints of Mount Carmel.

He is acknowledged by all those who are versed in theological lore, to have been one of the greatest doctors of what is called Mystic or Ascetic theology. It is not to be wondered that the order of contemplative prayer should have produced such great teachers of Asceticism, as St. Mary Magdalen de Pazzi, St. Teresa and St. John of the Cross. Their lives prove that familiarity with the crucified Lord is and can only be based on crucifixion and mortification. "If any one will follow me, let him deny himself and take up his cross." St. Mary Magdalen de Pazzi, in answer to this invitation, said: "O Lord, I desire not to die, but to suffer continually for Thee." St. Teresa exclaimed: "To suffer or to die for Thee." St. John of the Cross, when asked by Our Lord what reward he desired for his labors, replied: "To suffer and to be despised for Thy sake." The gospel of the cross is the same now as in the days of St. Paul, who preached Christ Crucified. We cannot expect to love Christ and fear the cross. Only in proportion to our love for the cross do we draw nearer to Jesus, "who," as St. Francis of Sales says, "blesses his friends by sending them more crosses."

* * *

THE life of Christ, painted by M. Tissot, is on exhibition in London. In spite of the fact that art in England has, since the Reformation never been in touch with true religious feeling, and has on that account been doomed to marked inferiority, these paintings are attracting great notice. We hope that they will be brought across the ocean to make a triumphal march through America similar to that of another painting also inspired by deep religious feeling, the Angelus. These beautiful paintings, about 350 in number, were produced by the artist after a prolonged study of the Holy Land, of every scene in the life of the Blessed Virgin and Our Lord, and a careful and exhaustive study of holy writ, and even of the private revelations made to saints. They betray an intimate acquaintance with the revelations of St. Bridget and blessed Anne Katherine Emmerich. At first sight they impress one with a curious feeling of strangeness, for they are at total variance with the usual conventional treatment of the subjects. But this

feeling soon makes room for one of the highest awe and reverence, as we begin to realize that the real life of Our Lord must have been in accordance to what is here represented. The dress, the interior of houses, the surrounding scenery of lake and mountain, the physiognomies of his hearers, his friends and enemies, the peculiar customs at weddings and funerals, the well authenticated observances at banquets and feasts, all these are represented as they were in the times of Our Lord. Some of the scenes of the Passion are overpowering in their intense realism. No one can behold the scenes of the flagellation and crucifixion without the deepest emotion. But it will be a difficult matter to reproduce them for popular use. Unlike the drawings of Dore, they depend entirely upon their coloring for their effects. We have seen reproductions in black and white, but they had lost their charm and their truth. A copy of these paintings, complete and exact as to size and color, is being prepared, but the price of subscription, sixty dollars, puts it beyond the reach of ordinary mortals. With our great modern facilities it ought to be possible in the near future to multiply these remarkable paintings in all their realistic beauty to such an extent that all can profit by their divine lessons.

WEARERS OF THE BROWN.

NAMES have been received at our Monastery at Falls View, Ont., for the scapular registry from Formosa, Ont.; Alexandria, Ont.; Uptergrove, Ont.; Saranac Lake, N. Y.; Drayton, Ont.; Williamstown, Ont.; Watertown, N. Y.; St. Agnes Church, Debec, N. B.; Moncton, N. B.; Alexandria, Ont.

At St. John's Monastery, New Baltimore, Pa., from Mt. Calvary, Wis.; Annunciation Church, New Albany, Ind.; St. Bridget's Church, Wayne, Wis.; Holy Trinity Church, Kewaskum, Wis.; Holy Saviour Church, Wilkesbarre, Pa.; Knottsville, Ky.

At Holy Trinity Monastery, Pittsburg, Pa., from St. Alphonsus Hospital, Boni, Idaho; Menominee, Ill.; St. Joseph's Church, Indiana; St. Agnes' Church, Brighton Park, Chicago, Ill.; St. Agnes' Church, St. Paul, Minn.; St. Ignatius'

College, Cleveland, Ohio; St. Malachy's Church, Brownsburg, Ind.; St. Peter's Church, Wheelersburg, Ohio; St. Michael's Church, Buffalo, N. Y.; Holy Family Church, Brooklyn, N. Y.; All Saints' Church, Madison Lake; SS. Peter and Paul's Church, Mankato, Minn.; Holy Rosary Church, Minneapolis, Minn.; St. Mary's Church, Cleveland, Ohio; St. John's Church, Slatersville, R. I.; St. Mary's Church, Phoenix, Arizona; St. Cecilia's Church, Rochester, Pa.; St. Joseph's Church, Covington, Ky.; Salem, Ohio; Richton, Ill.; Perrysville, Pa.; Ruth, Mich.

THANKSGIVING.

STRATFORD, Ont.

Dear Rev. Father:

Please accept amount enclosed as a gift of thanks to our Lady of Mount Carmel for favor received through her intercession.

K. M. C.

STIRLING, Ont.

Rev. and Dear Father:

Please have my sincere thanks published in the CARMELITE REVIEW for the vast improvement of my child's eyes through the intercession of our Blessed Lady.

Mrs. H. B.

CARMEL RE-VISITED.



NEVER tire of such a subject as Mount Carmel. Some time ago the readers of the REVIEW were treated to some interesting letters on the subject written for them by Father Brown, of Akron, O.

Another pilgrim to the Holy Land from Rome, N. Y., has been describing in the *Sendbote* a second visit he paid to Palestine. Among other interesting things he says:

"The roads entering Nazareth are hardly passable for wagons." After a couple hours we come near Mount Carmel, whose welcome shade protected us from the burning rays of the noon-day sun. We met a large troupe of Arabs quenching their thirst at one of the old wells. Our guides, who were parched with thirst begged them for a drink. But these Arabians had not the compassion of Rebecca at the well and refused the refreshing liquid unless they received money in return.

"I soon reached the monastery of the Carmelites, where I was received kindly. It was refreshing to be able to dine in the cool refectory. Suddenly I heard singing with organ accompaniment. I listened. It was the Litany of Loretto being sung on the opening of the May devotions. What more appropriate than that this litany should be sung in the convent of Our Lady of Mount Carmel?"

"The new monastery itself is built of massive stone in the Italian-Renaissance style. It was erected in 1827. The church has a large cupola which can be seen at a long distance. Over the altar is the statue (dressed in precious silk) of Our Lady holding the Holy Infant.

"I could not resist the temptation to again receive a blessed scapular from one of the fathers in this place so dear to Our Lady of Mount Carmel. In the monastery there is a community of 21, including 12 priests. Often do my thoughts revert to that hallowed sanctuary of Our Dear Lady of Mount Carmel."





The Madonna, with the Infant Jesus and St. John.

BY RAPHAEL.



“ONE HUNDRED YEARS AGO.”

BY SUE X. BLAKELY.

I.



IN musing moments oft we wonder
 Back to days of yore,
 And many long departed scenes
 In fancy we explore ;
 We think of stately palaces,
 Now ruined piles they stand,
 And those who tenanted their walls
 Dwell in the “silent land.”
 Yet hearts beat high with joyous hopes,
 Or throbbed in bitter woe,
 Men lived, and loved, and died as now
 One hundred years ago.

II.

Dear Lord! Where are those precious souls
 Redeemed at such a cost ?
 O! dreadful thought, to thy blest view,
 What countless ones are lost!
 But those who bravely fought and won
 Are blest forever more,
 With fadeless crowns adorned they stand
 On the “Eternal Shore.”
 Ah! may their prayers Thy pity move
 Towards us who here below
 Are striving as *they* strove on earth
 One hundred years ago.

III.

At early dawn the King of day
 Illumed the world below,
 The castle grand, the tiny cot,
 Alike in splendor glow.
 The silvery moon pursued her course
 Through realms of ether blue,

THE CARMELITE REVIEW;

Whilst brilliant stars lit up the sky
 Like gems of golden hue.
 O! mighty Lord, Thy glorious works
 A glorious halo throw
 About Thy name, as did they then,
 One hundred years ago.

IV.

Yes! as we view those vanished years,
 We find the same to-day;
 Here happy hearts, there bitter tears,
 Along life's toilsome way.
 The poor lived on in misery,
 The rich in grandeur dwelt,
 In many a convent cell at prayer
 The gentle sisters knelt.
 Their sacred chant arose to God
 In accents soft and low,
 For He was loved by faithful hearts
 One hundred years ago.

V.

But darker scenes than these were oft
 Enacted in the past,
 And crime its sombre shade o'er many
 A reckless creature cast.
 Men walked the earth in arrogance,
 With haughty mien they trod,
 Spurning religion's gentle sway,
 Forgetful of their God.
 And oft the earth was moistened
 With the life tide's crimson flow,
 For man destroyed his fellow man
 One hundred years ago.

VI.

Such is this world—the joys and fears
 Of those who lived before
 Are all forgot—as ours shall be
 Ere yet a few years more.
 Then why, O! mortals, toil for fame,
 For fading laurels here,
 When death may tear us from our prize
 Before another year?
 The mighty heroes of the past, the rich,
 The great, the low,
 All, all are gone who lived on earth
 One hundred years ago.

LIFE AND CATHOLIC JOURNALISM

—OF THE LATE—

JAMES A. McMASTER,

EDITOR OF THE NEW YORK FREEMAN'S JOURNAL AND CATHOLIC REGISTER.

EDITED BY VERY REV. MARK S. GROSS.

CHAPTER XIII—CONTINUED.



HE prophecy spoken by God to the deceiver of our race, also points to the union of the woman and her seed in their hostility to the devil and his seed. The devil and his seed are inseparable enemies of the woman and her seed. By parity of conclusion, therefore, the woman and her seed must also be inseparable. Even the variety of expression, 'She shall bruise,' or 'it shall bruise thy head,' illustrates the identity of operation that unites the woman of prophecy and her seed. The woman is to triumph in her seed, and neither her seed nor his triumph is to be without her co-operation. As long as the deceiver and his seed are not destroyed, it is clear that the woman and her seed must co-exist as the divinely appointed agents of that destruction. The first words of the prediction admit of no equivocal interpretation. 'I will put enmities between thee and the woman, between thy seed and her seed.' As long as hostility is possible between sin and holiness, between God and the devil, so long must Mary and her Son co-operate in sustaining the hostility, in pushing it to extremity and finally in destroying its objects. The only term of her influence and united action is the term of which St. Paul speaks when he says: 'Afterwards the end, when Christ shall have delivered up the kingdom to God and the Father, when he shall have brought to nought all principality and all authority and power, and the enemy, death shall be destroyed.' (1 Cor. xv., 24, 26.)

"Hence it is that the Church has always regarded Mary's influence as powerfully affecting her own destiny. She does not assign to the Blessed Virgin a merely his-

torical position in the Christian religion; she does not regard her as one who has merited great honor only as the author of Christ's being in time. Mary is regarded by the Church as the centre of a living energy; as exercising a protecting and fostering care over the representative of her Son on earth. Her position of superintendence over the destinies of the Church is the divine appointment of Christ himself, who chose to be subject to her during thirty years of His life; it is the reward of her singular conformity to the will of His heavenly Father. The Church, therefore, believes that Mary's patronage is just as much consistent with the supreme majesty of God as was the subjection of that very God to her while He lived on earth. God willed it to be so then as he wills it now that Mary should co-operate with Him in the care of His Church. Now, if it is His will, who can call it in question, or who can suggest an arrangement more in harmony with His revealed word, or one which redounds more to His sovereign honor?

But what need is there of Mary's interposition at the present day? Does it not seem to disparage the power and mercy of God? The need of her interposition is neither less nor greater than it was in the beginning of the Church. God so willed it *then* that the Incarnation should, in a measure, depend on her. If He still wills that the full accomplishment of all the results of the Incarnation should, in part at least, depend on her, then her interposition is still needful. The disparagement to His mercy and power is not greater now than it was *then*. Mary was created by His power as the chief instrument of His mercy. All that her influence now accomplishes and all that it shall obtain till the end of the world, is therefore due to His infinite and omnipotent goodness as to its first cause.

"We read in Holy Scripture that as soon as 'Elizabeth heard the salutation of Mary, the infant leaped in her womb. And Elizabeth was filled with the Holy Ghost.' (Luke, i, 41.) Mary had then conceived the Holy One. Her chaste womb then embraced Him who is the source of all grace. She was, therefore, at that moment, the treasury of grace. Through her, grace flowed in a plentiful stream upon all who approached her. Hence has risen the universal opinion that she has become, from that moment, the great channel of grace to the Church, sending along its blessed stream from the fountain-head which is God to refresh and fructify the garden of the Lord. As sin came into the world through Eve, so grace came through Mary, with Jesus Christ who was born of her and ever remains her Son.

"Sin would not have entered the world had Eve not listened to the serpent and furthered his wicked designs by her wilful co-operation. In like manner, had Mary not listened favorably to the angel, and thus co-operated with God in the work of the Incarnation, Christ would not have been born of her; the fountain of grace would have remained sealed. He who gave His Son to the world through the agency of Mary, has with him given all things to the world through her. If, therefore, we believe that Jesus Christ came to us through Mary, we should also believe that the graces which he merited for us must come to us through His mother. If we believe that Mary was a help in our redemption, we should also believe that she is a help in our sanctification. If we believe that without her we were not redeemed, we should also believe that without her we shall not be saved. If we believe that without Mary we would not have a Redeemer to open heaven to us, we should also believe that without Mary's assistance we cannot obtain heaven. If we believe that the Redeemer came to us through Mary we should also believe that it is through Mary that we must come to behold the Redeemer in his heavenly glory.

"If we believe in the beautiful order of nature, we must also believe in the order of grace, or to speak more plainly, if we believe that God wished that Mary should be His own mother, we must also believe that she should be our mother, not by name

only, but in very deed; that she should be looked upon and honored as the perpetual help or intercessor for the welfare of the whole world—the help of sinners to obtain for them the grace of conversion, and the help of the just to obtain for them the grace to advance and persevere in justice and holiness of life.

"From what has been said we draw with St. Alphonsus and other saints the conclusion that the invocation of the Blessed Virgin Mary is not only useful, but even necessary for our salvation; necessary, not indeed absolutely, but morally. This necessity arises from the will of God, who has ordained, says St. Bernard, that all graces should come to us through Mary. This is the common doctrine of doctors and theologians of the Church—a doctrine entirely in conformity with the sentiments of the Church.

"The Church honors the Blessed Virgin with special reverence. She offers the '*cultus of hyperdulia*,' a reverence far surpassing the honor she pays to the other saints and even to the highest angels. '*Debetur Beatæ Virgini*,' says St. Thomas, '*veneratio dulciæ eminentius tamen quam cæteris creaturis, in quantum ipsa est Mater Dei. Inde dicitur quod debetur ei non qualiscunque dulcia, sed hyperdulia.* (3 *Quest. 25, a. 5.*) The same saint says elsewhere: '*Beata virgo ex hoc quod est Mater Dei habet quandam dignitatem infinitam ex bono infinito quod est Deus.*' (1 *Qu. 25, a. 6.*)

"The Church displays everywhere in her *liturgy* this special reverence for the Blessed Virgin. The rubrics require that the priest must *bow his head every time* her name is mentioned; he must even show greater reverence than when the name of any other saint is mentioned.

"The Church has approved the *litany* of the Blessed Virgin, which contains so many glorious titles of this Blessed Mother.

"In the *Litany of the Saints* the *name* of the Blessed Virgin immediately *follows* that of the Holy Trinity and precedes all the other saints, precedes even the highest angels.

"The *divine office* is always preceded by Hail Mary and followed by an antiphon in her honor.

"In the *suffragia* the Blessed Virgin has again the first place.

“Every Saturday is specially consecrated to the honor of the Blessed Virgin.

“During the year there are several feasts in her honor celebrated in the most solemn manner, and some of them are to be kept holy like Sundays.

“Three times a day the Church publicly invokes the Blessed Virgin by the beautiful devotion of the *Angelus*.

“In every Church there is an altar erected in honor of the Blessed Mother of God.

“The Church invokes the Blessed Virgin as the ‘Mother of mercy, our Life, our Sweetness, and our Hope.’ She entreats the Blessed Mother of God to avert every evil, to ask for every blessing. ‘*Mala nostra pelle, bona cuncta posce.*’

“While hanging on the cross our dear Lord recommended to His Blessed Mother the beloved disciple. ‘*Ecce filius tuus.*’ And not St. John alone, every priest especially, every true disciple of Jesus became at that moment the adopted child of Mary.

“Why did our Lord, who loved His mother so dearly, suffer her to remain so long on earth after His ascension? ‘*Volo,*’ he says, ‘*ut, ubi ego sum, illic et sit minister meus.*’ Why then did not His dearest servant, His own fond mother ascend with Him to heaven? Ah! it was on our account. On our account He came down from heaven: ‘*Propter nos homines et propter nostram salutem*’; and on our account, too, He left His Blessed Mother so long on earth. ‘I will not leave you orphans,’ He says to His apostles and to all the faithful. ‘I go to prepare a place for you,’ but meanwhile I leave you in charge of My mother: ‘*Ecce mater tua.*’

“The earth is indeed a place of exile for Mary, but the Church is in its infancy and needs a mother! The Blessed Virgin remains on earth to encourage all, but especially the apostles by her presence and by her example. She remains to teach the apostles and evangelists so many of those beautiful and consoling truths that we find in the gospel. And now that she has been taken, body and soul, to heaven, she there intercedes constantly for the welfare of the Church.

“The Blessed Virgin has ever been the advocate and protector of the Church in her struggles with tyranny and heresy. ‘*Cunctas hereses sola interemisti in universo*

mundo.’ She is the chosen one foretold by God Himself in the garden of Eden. ‘*Ipsa conteret caput tuum.*’ ‘*Magnum est in quolibet sancto,*’ says St. Thomas, ‘*quando habet tantum de gratia quod sufficit ad salutem multorum. Sed quando haberet tantum quod sufficeret ad salutem omnium hominum, hoc esset maximum. Et hoc est in Christo et in Beata Virgine. Nam in omni periculo potes salutem obtinere ab ipsa Virgine gloriosa. Unde in Cantico: ‘Mille clypei,’ id est remedia contra pericula, ‘pendent ab ea.*’

“But here a certain author remarks: ‘If all graces pass through Mary, then if we implore the intercession of other saints, they too must have recourse to the mediation of Mary to obtain for us the graces we ask through their intercession.’ This, however, he says, ‘no one believes, or has ever thought of.’

“‘I reply,’ says St. Alphonsus, ‘that there can be no error or difficulty in believing this. As Almighty God has crowned His mother as the queen of the saints, and ordained that all graces should be bestowed by her hands, what difficulty can there be in saying that God also, in order to honor His mother, should also wish the saints to invoke her to obtain favors for their clients? To say that no one ever thought of such a thing is to show much ignorance,’ for St. Bernard, St. Anselm, St. Bonaventure, Father Suarez and others make this assertion: ‘In vain,’ says St. Bernard, ‘would any one pray to the other saints for a favor, if Mary did not intercede to obtain it for him.’” (Glories of Mary, Chap. V.)

This being the case, the question of the moral necessity of Mary’s intercession for our salvation and sanctification is evidently not one of mere theory, nor an abstract matter with which we have no practical concern; which may be accepted or not, indifferently; whose reception will do no good, or whose rejection will be harmless. If the whole tenor of our Lord’s life, if the universal and immemorial practice of the Church, if the pious custom of millions of good Christians all coincide in attributing to the Mother of Jesus an uninterrupted fellowship with her Son in the great work of the Redemption and in everything that tends to its final accomplishment, then the establishment of such a fact must impress every mind with the relative importance of availing ourselves of this divine

institution of the intercession of the Blessed Mother of God.

There are many who cannot understand this moral necessity of the intercession of the Blessed Mother of God for our salvation and sanctification. James A. McMaster, however, understood it from the beginning of his conversion. It was through the intercession of Mary that he obtained the gift of the true faith in a high degree. From that time he always entertained a tender devotion to the Blessed Mother of God and put himself always under her special protection.

The book, "The Glories of Mary," by St. Alphonsus, he kept on his large writing table, and made a practice of reading some portion of it daily. His devotion to the great Mother of God was his great devotion; he never wearied speaking in her praise and his prayers to her were continual. On the death of his wife he knelt down before the image of the Blessed Virgin and committed his little ones to her care, begging her henceforth to be more than ever their mother.

In the markets he generally made his purchases from poor Catholics, and took the occasion of saying a few words to them about God and to encourage them to fidelity in the practice of their religion. He would persuade men in this way to wear the scapular to which he himself had such great devotion. He used to say that it was "his devotion," and he declared that Our Lady had worked miracles for him when he invoked her power through the scapular of Mt. Carmel, which he called "*the scapular.*" He said that before reading the history of the scapular he never realized that it was less a token of our devotion to the Mother of God than a sign of her never-failing love and protection of her clients. "*Regina decor Carmeli, dedisti nobis signum protectionis tue.*"

He always wore two pair of scapulars, for fear the strings of one might break; and he kept a box supplied with scapulars and rosaries, so that his children could have no excuse for being without either. Often in the day and even at night he thought of the Blessed Mother of God. "Last night," he one day wrote to one of his daughters, "the thought came over me so forcibly: What will it be in heaven to hear Our Lady sing her own song—the *Magnificat*—

with her own mouth, her own voice. For accompaniment — never interrupting or jarring on it—all the choirs of angels. But, with her, the *voices of Virgins*. She, carrying in her breast the Lamb; they following the Lamb whithersoever He goeth—for they are Virgins! There is a thought for you for Our Divine Mother's birthday!"

Whenever he left the house he said the *Salve Regina*. He said the rosary every day. It was his devotion of predilection. He used to say it in the morning, because, as he said, he then could say it with greater recollection and devotion. Every day of the month of May he bought flowers to decorate the altar which he had erected in his house in honor of the Blessed Mother of God. His love for and his devotion to the ever Blessed Virgin Mary reached an eminent degree with the latter years of his life. This came to pass in the following manner:

"In the first years of the eighteenth century God raised up several remarkable men to be the light and consolation of that desolate period. Among these was one named Grignon de Montfort. He founded two religious Congregations in France—one for men, called the *Congregation of Missioners of the Holy Ghost of St. Laurent-Sur-Sevre*; the other for women, devoted to nursing the sick and promoting Christian education, and called the *Daughters of Wisdom*. Clement XI. made him a missionary apostolic throughout France, giving him a special mission to combat Jansenism. The holy man, whose process of canonization is now far advanced, wrote a remarkable work on *True Devotion to the Blessed Virgin*. It was translated into English some twenty years ago by Father Faber. The Venerable Grignon de Montfort seems to have possessed, among other gifts, that of prophecy; and we read in the above-named treatise such sentences as the following:

"The greatest saints, the souls richest in graces and virtues, shall be the most assiduous in praying to Our Blessed Lady. . . . I have said that this would come to pass, particularly at the end of the world, and indeed *presently*, because the Most High, with His holy mother, has to form for Himself great saints, who shall surpass most of the other saints in sanctity, as much as the cedars of Lebanon outgrow the little shrubs, as has been revealed to a

holy soul, whose life has been written by a great servant of God. . . . These great souls, full of zeal and grace, shall be chosen to match themselves against the enemies of God, who shall rage on all sides; and they shall be singularly devout to Our Blessed Lady. . . . by their words and examples they shall bend the whole world to true devotion to Mary. . . . This shall bring upon them many enemies; but it shall also bring many victories and much glory to God alone. God wishes to reveal and make known Mary, the masterpiece of His hands, in these latter times. . . . Mary must shine forth more than ever in mercy, in might, and in grace, in these latter times. The power of Mary over all the devils will especially break out in the latter times, when Satan will lay his snares against her heel."

McMaster was deeply impressed by the reading of this little book. It brought about the great event of his inner and spiritual life during his last year, "*the solemn consecration of himself and all he possessed to the Mother of God,*" according to the method given by the Blessed Grignon de Montfort in his *True Devotion to the Blessed Virgin*. In February, 1885, McMaster mentions this little work in a letter written to the Mother Prioress of the Baltimore Carmel, in which he expresses gratitude to her for having taught him to read it. The following is an extract from this letter:

"I cannot thank you enough for having forced on my reluctant attention the wonderful book—really, considering when written, a prophecy of Grignon de Montfort on devotion to the Blessed Virgin."

Again on Jan. 15th, 1886, he writes:

"It seems to me these days as if Sister Gertrude's guardian angel were hovering around my rooms. It is as if she were here with me herself. May God grant her a more and more perfect union with her Lord, and a more complete detachment from all that is not of God. How wonderfully touching are the words of De Montfort—in that little book you taught me to read—on page 171, and again on page 178. I know you will train Gertrude more and more to do all her works in Mary—to whose order you so pre-eminently belong."

These extracts show how quickly he imbibed the spirit of the "devotion." But it was not until the Feast of the Annun-

ciation, 1886, that his formal consecration took place. He made with great earnestness the full three weeks preparation, recommended by the Blessed Grignon de Montfort. On the eve of the feast he drew up his act of consecration in the form of a will. He realized how great a deed he was undertaking—that henceforth he would be his own master no longer—but the slave of Mary, his mother and mistress. Once more he was bathed in a cold sweat as on that night in 1845, when he read the treatise of the great St. Eprem, which secured his conversion.

He received Holy Communion the next morning in the chapel of the Carmel of Baltimore, and after Mass made the Act of Consecration he had written the night before—then signed it in that convent which was to him the brightest spot on earth. One who knew and loved him made a beautiful comparison between the nine months he lived after his consecration and the months that our Divine Lord dwelt in His mother's womb. She said of McMaster that Our Blessed Mother had conceived him on that day and given him birth in heaven at Christmas. We here give McMaster's act of consecration to the Blessed Virgin:

"O Eternal and Incarnate Wisdom! O sweetest and most adorable Jesus! True God and True Man, only Son of the Eternal Father and of Mary always Virgin! I adore Thee profoundly in the bosom and splendors of Thy Father during eternity; and I adore Thee also in the bosom of Mary, Thy most worthy mother, in the time of Thine Incarnation. I give Thee thanks for that Thou hast annihilated Thyself in taking the form of a slave in order to rescue me from the cruel slavery of the devil. I praise and glorify Thee for that Thou hast been pleased to subject Thyself to Mary, Thy Holy Mother, in all things, in order to make me Thy faithful slave through her. But alas! ungrateful and faithless as I have been, I have not kept the promises which I made so solemnly to Thee in my baptism; I have not fulfilled my obligations; I do not deserve to be called Thy son nor yet Thy slave; and as there is nothing in me that does not merit Thine anger and Thy repulse, I dare no more come by myself before Thy Most Holy and

August Majesty. It is on this account that I have recourse to the intercession of Thy most Holy Mother, whom Thou hast given me for a mediatrix with Thee. It is through that I hope to obtain from Thee contrition, and the pardon of my sins, true wisdom and the preservation of it. I salute Thee, then, O Immaculate Mary, living tabernacle of the Divinity, where the Eternal Wisdom willed to be hidden, and to be adored by angels and by men. I hail, Thee, O Queen of heaven and earth, to whose empire everything is subject which is under God.

"I salute Thee, O sure refuge of sinners, whose mercy fails to no one. Hear the desires which I have of the Divine Wisdom; and for that end receive the vows and offerings which my lowliness presents to Thee. I, James Alphonsus McMaster, a faithless sinner—I renew and ratify to-day in Thy hands the vows of my baptism; I renounce forever Satan, his pomps and works; and I give myself entirely to Jesus Christ, the Incarnate Wisdom, to carry my cross after Him all the days of my life, and to be more faithful than I have ever been before.

"In the presence of all the heavenly court I choose Thee this day for my Mother and Mistress. I deliver and consecrate to Thee, as Thy slave, my body and soul, my goods, both interior and exterior, and even the value of all my good actions, past, present and future; leaving to Thee the entire and full right of disposing of me, and all that belongs to me, without exception, according to Thy good pleasure, to the greatest glory of God, in time and in eternity.

"Receive, O benignant Virgin, this little offering of slavery, in honor of, and in union with, that subjection which the Eternal Wisdom designed to have to Thy maternity, in homage to the power which both the Son and the Mother have over this little worm and miserable sinner, and in thanksgiving for the privileges with which the Holy Trinity hath favored Thee. I protest that I wish henceforth, as Thy true slave, to seek Thy honor and to obey Thee in all things.

"O admirable Mother, present me to Thy dear Son as His eternal slave, so that as He hath redeemed me by Thee, by Thee He may receive me! O Mother of Mercy, get me the grace to obtain the true wisdom

of God; and for that end put me in the number of those whom Thou lovest, whom Thou teachest, whom Thou conductest, and whom Thou nourishest and protectest, as Thy children and Thy slaves.

"O faithful Virgin, make me in all things so perfect a disciple, imitator, and slave of the Incarnate Wisdom, Jesus Christ thy Son, that I may attain by Thy intercession, and by Thy example, to the fullness of His age on earth and His glory in heaven. *Amen.*

"JAS. A. McMASTER.

"Mt. Carmel, Baltimore,

"March 25th, 1886."

The change which this great act wrought in him was most striking. He who had been by nature so impetuous, became mild and gentle, full of sweetness and kindness towards all. His letters at this time overflow with the love and gratitude of his heart.

After his death no will could be found, although he had written one at different periods. One of his daughters felt an interior conviction that he had destroyed it after his solemn act of consecration to Mary, desiring, as her slave, to leave all to her disposal.

One more task he had yet to fulfil for his Mother Mary and his life-work was done. The Fathers on Mt. Carmel, at Palestine were threatened by the Lutherans dwelling near by with invasion of that hallowed spot; they needed money in order to pay for their defence. McMaster learning of this, made an appeal in the columns of the *Freeman's Journal*, and realized quite a handsome sum. Great was the consolation afforded him in being thus enabled to procure relief for the Sons of Our Lady of Mount Carmel; and likewise in the increase of devotion to the Brown Scapular, which his articles enkindled. It may be that the joy experienced in this, was the reward of his beginning, and his desire of continuing, a work, which another was destined to complete. When in 1884, he undertook the defence of the Scapular, against the assertions set forth in the "Catholic Dictionary," he did not meet with the encouragement he had looked for. It may have been on account of more vital points at issue, or because it was not the will of Divine Providence that he should experience this consolation; but then

Father Clark, of the *Month*, continued the battle for it on the other side of the Atlantic.

Those who truly understand what Mary is in heaven in our regard,—a most merciful and powerful Mother with God—are not astonished at the wonderful effects brought about in souls by the powerful intercession of Mary.

“The Church of God is ruled, neither by diplomacy alone, nor by learning alone. The world is converted and the Church extended by that invisible power of the grace of God which enlightens the mind to know the true religion, strengthens the will to follow and inflames the heart with love for it. This invisible power is brought down from heaven, and preserved and propagated chiefly through prayer, and devotion to the ever Blessed Mother of God.

“That Mary is our mother we were told by Jesus Himself when hanging on the cross: ‘Behold thy Mother.’ (John, XIX, 27.) By His all-powerful word God created the heavens and the earth; by His word he changed water into wine at the wedding feast; by His word He gave life to the dead; by His word He changed bread and wine into His own body and blood; and by the same word He made His own beloved mother to be truly and really our mother also. Mary, then, is our mother, as Jesus willed and declared; and Mary, our mother, is an all-powerful mother; she is an all-merciful mother.

“God alone is all-powerful by nature, but Mary is all-powerful by her prayers.

“The public manifestations of Mary’s power recorded in the history of the church are indeed wonderful; but her secret influence—the influence which she exerts over the hearts of men, over human passions and motives of action, over the invisible enemies of our salvation—is even more wonderful, more comprehensive still. This influence is felt through the whole Church; it is of hourly occurrence. Those who have felt its gentle operation can bear witness to the truth of its existence. How many of the just have become perfect through Mary; how many there are who have received the grace of purity through her; how many there are who have obtained through her the grace to overcome their passions; how many who have already obtained through her the crown of

life everlasting! Behold a St. Augustine, a St. John Damascene, a St. Germanus, a St. Anselm, a St. Bonaventure, a St. Bernard, a St. Dominic, a St. Vincent Ferrer, a St. Xavier, a St. Alphonsus; behold the countless multitude of saints who for their sanctity have shone like suns in the heavens. Was it not through Mary that they became holy? Have they passed through any other gate than through that opened by Mary? Think of all the sinners who have been converted through Mary. The hourly conversions of such numbers are the hourly triumphs of Mary’s power; they are the secret but most conclusive evidence of the queenly authority with which she is invested for the welfare of all men.

“Nothing is too great for Mary’s power. And as there is nothing too great for her power, so there is nothing too insignificant for her notice. While she fights the battles of the universal Church, she cares for the salvation of the least of Christ’s little ones. She is always ready to console and refresh their fainting spirits, to procure for them even the smallest actual grace. From the holy virgin martyr who in the first ages of the Church invoked the aid of Mary against the demon of impurity to the youth who kneels to-day before her altar, imploring the preservation of his innocence or the restoration of lost virtue, it has never been heard that any one who fled to her protection, implored her assistance, or asked her prayers was left unheeded. One, for instance, sets his heart upon obtaining from the Blessed Virgin the recovery or conversion of a dear friend; another prays for the clear manifestation of the divine will in his regard at some critical period of his life; another prays for some special favor; they begin a novena to Mary, and ere it is ended their prayer is heard. In the daily strife with sin and temptation the name of Mary acts as a spell upon the spirits of evil. If men at times give way to pride and contempt of others, they invoke the aid of Mary, and their hearts become kind and humble. Does the thought of impurity cross their mind, they call upon her name; they raise their eyes towards her throne, and the demon flies from them. Whilst Mary, this loving mother, was on earth, her heart was full of mercy and compassion towards all men. Destined from all

eternity to be the Mother of God of mercy, Mary received a heart like unto the heart of her divine Son Jesus—a heart that was free from every stain of sin and overflowing with burning charity.

“Since God has endowed the Blessed Mother of His only-begotten Son with such power and dominion, and with such charity and mercy towards us, we ought to rejoice in the name, in the dignity, in the glory, in the power, and mercy of Mary? It would be strange indeed, were we to be slow in proclaiming her praise, and power, and mercy?

“St. Anselm, St. Francis, St. Bonaventure, St. Peter Damian, St. Bernard, and, in these latter days, St. Alphonsus, stand as witnesses to the great spiritual law that the love of the Virgin Mother of God is not a sentiment or a poetry in religion, which may or may not be encouraged by individuals at their will, but that love and veneration, second only to the love and veneration paid to her divine Son, is due to her by a law which springs from the very substance of the faith. It is impossible to realize the Incarnation as we ought, and not to love and venerate the Mother of God; it is impossible to love the Son without loving the Mother. In proportion to our love to the Son will be our love to the Mother who bore Him; in so far as we are conformed to the likeness of the Son we shall love the Mother, who, next to the Eternal Persons, the Father and the Holy Ghost, is the dearest object of the love of the Eternal Son. The love of the Mother of God is the overflow of the love we bear to her divine Son; it descends from Him to her, and we may ask a grace of Mary without being heard. In heaven her love and mercy towards us has only become more ardent, more efficacious. Every century, nay, every year, every day, every hour, especially the dying hour of so many sinners, bears witness to Mary’s undying love and inexhaustible mercy.

“St. Teresa gives us an account of a merchant of Valladolid who did not live as a good Christian should live. However, he had some devotion to the Blessed Virgin. One day St. Teresa went to Valladolid to find a house for her nuns. The merchant, hearing that Teresa was seeking a house, went to her and offered to give her one of his houses, saying that he would give it

in honor of the Blessed Virgin Mary. St. Teresa thanked him and took the house. Two months after, the gentleman was suddenly taken so very ill that he was not able to speak or make his confession. He could only show by signs that he wished to beg pardon of our Lord for his sins, and died soon after. ‘After his death,’ says St. Teresa, ‘I saw our Lord. He told me that this gentleman had been very near losing his soul. But He had mercy on him because of the service he did to his Blessed Mother by giving the house in her honor. She obtained for him, in the hour of death, the grace of true contrition for his sins. I was glad that his soul was saved: for I was very much afraid it would have been lost on account of his bad life.’

“Ah! how great is the power and mercy of Mary! How kind, how solicitous, how merciful, how careful and compassionate is the Mother of God! How often are we ignorant of the troubles that await us! Mary, however, knows them, and hastens to our assistance. How often are we unconscious of the dangers that surround us? Mary perceives them, and protects us from all harm. How often does this good Mother pray for us when we do not think of asking her prayers! Let us treasure up those words in our hearts: ‘Dear Son, they have no wine.’ They will console us in the hour of affliction. When a sense of utter loneliness oppresses us, when we seem abandoned by all the world, then is the time to remember that we have a Mother in heaven. The Blessed Virgin Mary has not forgotten us. How often has she already prayed for us to her divine Son: ‘My dear Son, see, my servant stands sorely in need of the virtue of a lively faith, charity, and holy purity.’ How often has Mary changed the waters of pain and sorrow into the cheering wine of joy and gladness! When we stood on the brink of the precipice, and stretched forth our hands to sin, Mary, like a tender mother, stretched forth her arms to save us. When, by our sins, we cruelly pierced the Sacred Heart of Jesus, then it was that Mary offered up for us the precious blood that gushed forth from the gaping wound.

“The saints have always made Christ’s love for His Blessed Mother the model of their love for that most holy Virgin. To name the saints who were deeply devoted

to Mary would be to name them all. The more they strove to love God, the more they felt drawn to love Mary; or, to speak more correctly, the more they increased in love of Mary, the more they increased also in love for God.

“‘How often,’ said Mrs. J. D. Keiley, ‘have I seen great tears course down the dear face of Mr. McMaster when speaking of the Blessed Virgin.’ She also remarked that he had been in the habit of using the

Carmelite phrase: ‘God reward you—in expressing His thanks for the attentions He received during His sickness.’

“‘May the Lord, in His infinite mercy, bestow upon every reader of these words, a great increase of love for His ever Blessed Mother, and ere long rest assured the devout reader will, like McMaster, feel a great change for the better wrought by the intercession of the Blessed Virgin Mary.’”

END OF CHAPTER XIII.

RANOQUE.

Translated from the French of the Abbe Le Seigneur.

BY DOROTHY.

CHAP. III—THE WIDOW'S VOW.



NOTHER night had descended upon the earth, silent and fresh as the evenings of November usually are in Andalusia. A profound calm enveloped the great farm of D—, whose im-

mense fields ascended the hill sides, and stretching away in the distance were lost in the winding mazes of the mountain.

A faint ray of light escaped from one of the principle buildings of the farm, and a man's voice might be heard from within singing as he accompanied himself on a guitar. The peasants of Andalusia are accustomed, when their day's work is over, to recreate themselves by singing original compositions, usually improvised by the performer to the melodious tones of his guitar.

It was in 1854. Socialistic agitators and journals had not yet spread their subversive ideas through the country. This peaceful life, these simple and rustic amusements, sufficed for the peasants of that time, and days tranquil and happy glided peacefully away.

In the farm house, at an immense oven, where was baking the brown bread, coarse but always wholesome, the farmer's wife prepared supper for her husband and four rosy children.

When they took their places at table a woman of mature age in deep mourning seated herself with them; upon her countenance of rare sweetness appeared the expression of profound sorrow. She was the farmer's sister. Her husband and two children had recently died of cholera, which that summer had claimed so many victims in the towns of Andalusia. She, herself, having been attacked by the terrible scourge, had escaped as by miracle, and had come to dwell in her brother's family. She had lived in the town of N—, where for several years she and her husband, a basketmaker by trade, had dealt in mats. For people in their station they were comfortably well off.

On this evening she seemed even more sad than usual. The overseer of the flocks of the farm, an old acquaintance, entered suddenly, and on seeing him for the first time since her bereavement she burst into tears.

“Come! come! dear madame,” said the good old man, “don't weep so; remember you are named ‘Consolata,’ after our Lady of Consolation! You must take things as they come, be they good or bad. Better

days will come which will make you forget your misfortunes."

"Forget!" cried the poor widow. "Nothing but death will make me forget! The agony of losing my three loved ones has made a wound in my heart that nothing will heal; it will lead me to the grave, where I shall rejoin them."

"Believe me, madame, I have lived longer than you. Weeping will not remedy our sorrow. All the tears in the world might be exhausted and we would not be at the end of our troubles. We have all of us our own trials."

"All you say is true, but I cannot help weeping. I seem to have those three coffins ever before my eyes. Ah! Ventura, how my loneliness presses upon my heart and crushes it! What a day! O Holy Virgin! what a terrible day! My poor husband was stricken first; an hour or two after my son Ramon, who had gone to take home some work, returned prostrated with the merciless malady. My dear daughter was already sick. I was alone, Ventura, all alone! Not a soul to help me to nurse them, no remedies in the house, impossible to find a doctor or medicine, not a neighbor to come to my assistance; men fell like flies. My three sick ones, who were all my life, tossed upon their beds of pain in agonies, imploring me for the love of God to get a priest and not let them die without the sacraments. O Virgin of Consolation! in what a sea of sorrow I was plunged! There were but two priests in the town, and over three hundred persons were attacked with cholera! I turned towards a statue of St. Joseph which was in a niche over the bed and in my distress I uttered this prayer: 'Blessed St. Joseph! God gave them to me; if it be His will to take them from me this day I will not murmur against His holy will. But do you, O patron of a good death, aid me to procure a confessor for them. I desire they should die in a state of grace; bring them a priest. If I must lose them may God's will be done, but at last do you console and sanctify their last moments!'"

The poor woman paused as though she feared to say more. After a moment she resumed:

"I then made a vow to St. Joseph that if he helped me to find a priest at once I—. But no, I cannot reveal what I promised.

I threw my shawl over my shoulders and prepared to go out, when, O miracle! I met on the stairway a priest of middle age whom I did not know, and whom certainly I had never seen before. I drew back surprised, but he asked me at once if there were any sick in the house.

"'There are three in agony, Father,' I replied. He entered the room, confessed my three loved ones one after the other and administered the last sacraments. After that they were quiet as lambs and perfectly resigned to the will of God. I watched them all night: My poor husband died about one o'clock; Ramon lasted until three o'clock, and my little girl, my treasure, yielded her last breath at five o'clock, at the moment the morning *Angelus* sounded. Ah! Ventura, what a night of agony! What sorrow for a mother!"

Great burning tears streamed down the emaciated features of the sorrow-stricken woman; her hearers were visibly affected.

She continued.

"Two days after I also was attacked with the terrible malady—"

"Now, dear madame," interrupted Ventura, "tell us rather that you recovered, and that here at the farm you will become quite well. Only, try not to dwell so much on your sorrow."

"True, Ventura. Blessed be holy St. Joseph, who never abandons his devout clients."

"Ah! you made a good choice in your patron; he is the best in all the calendar. There is not in heaven so powerful a saint as he. Do you know what this holy Patriarch did one day when 'His Divine Majesty'* refused him a favor?" asked the old man to rouse the widow from her sad thoughts.

"Good!" cried the farmer in a joyous voice. "Father Ventura is going to relate to us one of his stories. He has not spent all his life among the inhabitants of the country without making a great collection of legends."

"Call it a legend if you will," replied the old overseer, "there are those who say it is true. Whatever it may be, this is my

* It is customary in Spain when one would speak of God to make use of this expression, *Su Divina Majestad*, His Divine Majesty. Also in speaking of the Blessed Sacrament, the Spanish say *Su Divina Majestad*. This is the most respectful way in which to speak of the Divinity.—Translator's note.

story. One day a client of St. Joseph presented himself at the gates of Paradise asking admittance. But, alas! it was impossible to admit him! He was covered with ink stains; it must certainly have been the soul of some writer not over scrupulous. St. Peter therefore found himself under the sad necessity of refusing him, and he had to wait outside. In some way or another St. Joseph heard of what had happened, and he went at once to 'His Divine Majesty' to intercede in favor of his client, but his request was refused. 'He was one of my devout servants,' pleaded the holy Patriarch. 'Yes, that is too true,' returned the Divine Master, 'he burned tapers in your honor, but he did not imitate your virtues. Before entering into my kingdom your client must spend some time in Purgatory to be purified.' Still St. Joseph insisted. He offered to the Divine Justice for his protegee all his acts of prompt obedience to the commands of Heaven, while he was upon earth, and his faithful correspondence to grace. He begged that the soul of his devout servant should be delivered without delay from the purifying flames on account of his confidence in his intercession. Unable to resist further, our Lord permitted His Foster Father to go at once and release this soul from Purgatory. Thus you see, my dear lady," he concluded "St. Joseph never abandons his faithful servants in their difficulties."

At this moment a large dog burst into the room and began to bound around the farmer and the children.

"Why it is Bartolo's dog," they all exclaimed at once, "and here he is himself."

"May God protect all here!" pronounced a man's voice from the doorway.

"Amen!" replied those in the house.

The newcomer was the old shepherd whom we saw upon the hill side. He advanced towards the table as though he had something to say to the farmer and his wife.

"Will you have something to eat Bartolo?" they asked him.

"No, thank you," he replied, "I cannot wait at present."

"How are the flocks in the mountains?" inquired the farmer.

"Well, master, listen: I found this morning in the hills a tender lamb without mother, and I had to bring it to the house

for none of my sheep can nourish it. It is a poor little orphan that I picked up nearly dead among the rocks, and I have brought him here to be cared for," replied the good shepherd, laying his burden on the floor and uncovering our little hero, Ranoque.

All the family pressed around the orphan, still unconscious, with cries of surprise and pity, as they saw his handsome face flushed with fever and his emaciated little body, bearing the marks of bad treatment.

Bartolo related how and when he found the child, adding a few details he had been able to gather from Ranoque in his rational moments. His father had died in prison; his mother was called Cachana; she accompanied in his rounds an old blind man named Canijo, who made his living by playing the guitar in the streets. "Uncle Canijo," he said, "had a spite against me, and wanted to kill me; that is why he and my mother brought me to the mountains and ran away leaving me alone."

They all listened with sympathy and emotion to the old shepherd's relation, but Consolata, the farmer's sister, seemed to take an interest which increased as Bartolo proceeded in his tale. When the old man had finished she left her place and leaned over the child.

"It is a miracle! a true miracle!" she cried like one beside herself. "This is my child! St. Joseph has sent him to me; I shall adopt him!"

And taking the child in her arms she pressed him to her bosom.

"Take care, Consolata!" said her astonished sister-in-law. "what you are saying? Pay attention to your words."

"Have I not told you," replied the widow, "that I made a vow to St. Joseph in the hour of my great distress? This is precisely what I promised. I vowed to adopt for life the first abandoned orphan who stretched his helpless hands towards me. And do you not see how this little angel of God supplicates me now to accomplish my vow?" she added, while the child, half conscious, rested his head gently upon her shoulder and wound his little arms around her neck, repeating in a faint voice:

"Mama! Mama! Uncle Canijo!"

"Your mother, my poor darling! Yes, call me your mother," replied the generous widow. "A mother has abandoned you,

but another adopts you now. I lost two children; St. Joseph returns me one."

The farmer shook his head and begged his sister not to act rashly. He had hoped that the modest fortune of his sister would descend to his children and he began to be alarmed.

"Let her do as she pleases," interposed Ventura, as though he had read like an open book the farmer's thought. "Do you remember the words of holy scripture: 'My father and my mother have abandoned me, but the Lord has protected me.'"

Three months later the widow, completely restored, returned to the town, taking our little Ranoque with her. The evening before her departure her brother took her aside and said:

"Have you sufficiently reflected upon what you are about to do? The child's father died in prison; his mother is a monster! Evil trees do not produce good fruit."

For a moment the pious widow appeared to be disturbed.

"What do you propose to do with this little wolf?" continued the farmer.

"What do you hope for from the son of a criminal?"

"I shall teach him to fear God," she replied simply, "and make him learn my trade. The poor little one did not choose his parents, so far as I know."

"He did not choose them, it is true, but he inherits their blood," replied the farmer.

"One day a swine-herd took home a wolf's cub. He fed it and brought it up with his dogs in the hope that he might tame it and make it as obedient and faithful as they were, but the wolf ended by flying to the mountains howling, after having torn one of the swine-herd's children in pieces. Be sure, Consolata, bad blood will reveal itself sooner or later."

"Tell me, brother," asked the widow, looking at him earnestly, "did the swine-herd try to teach his wolf's cub the doctrine of Christ?"

"Oh, no," replied the farmer, laughing, "we do not teach wolves to read."

"Ah! but we may teach children to read and to pray! I shall teach my little wolf to be a good Christian, and, with God's

grace, he will be the consolation of my old age."

CHAPTER IV.

A SONS DEVOTION.

The widow kept her word and succeeded in her undertaking, but not without great difficulty, for Ranoque certainly had a wild, untamed nature. The recollection of his father's crimes, the depraved conduct of his mother, and the pernicious example of old Canijo, had awakened in him, even at his tender age, evil instincts and precocious passions. Nevertheless this excellent woman, without other knowledge than that of her humble trade, or other science than that of religion, had found the means to form the heart and intelligence of her adopted son. Under the gentle influence of religion and labor the character of Ranoque had become completely changed.

Consolata possessed, by instinct, that tact and wisdom that persons devoted to the education of the young frequently acquire only by observation and experience. She had this advantage over many instructors that she understood the necessity of leaning upon prayer, that cry of the soul which brings divine grace down from heaven. For, if it be true that a wise and prudent method will tame a rude and savage nature, this precious gift from heaven, which is the supernatural life of the soul, can alone operate the transformation of evil into good.

This is how the pious widow understood the task she had assumed, and she acted accordingly. Her prayers drew down the life giving dew of divine grace upon the soul of the abandoned child; her charity and patience prepared the way, and grace seconded her efforts. Thus little by little the germs of vice were eradicated, and virtue took root and developed in him.

Consolata carried out her plan with gentle perseverance; she taught the child his catechism and gave him a useful trade, so that in less than ten years Ranoque had become not only a skilful workman, but also a model of piety and prudence, whose honest industry contributed to the success and good reputation of his adopted mother's shop.

TO BE CONTINUED.

BITS OF TALK WITH OTHER WOMEN.

XII.

OF THE HOME FESTIVAL.

BY MARIE LOUISE SANDROCK REDMOND.



AS the birthday of the Christ-child is pre-eminently the feast of little children, and as children are the heart of the home, we ought to regard Christmas as the family festival, par excellence.

Ideally, we do regard it as such. Practically, some people regard it as a tax-levying period, some as a returning obligations party, some—of the rich and good-natured order—as a paradise of shopping, and some—of the poor and affectionate order—as a purgatory of unfulfilled desires.

“It does seem too bad to have to give up one month out of every twelve to Christmas shopping—especially as, now-a-days, life has become so luxurious that all one’s friends are sure to possess all the pretty novelties in silver and china!”

So sighed a woman whose face looked careworn and petulant as she bent over a counter laden with glittering trifles in a jeweler’s shop.

Yet, one said long ago, “the poor ye have always with you!”

They will not disappear from among us, probably, even in the tide of McKinley prosperity. I confess, on hearing the remarks quoted above, I would have been inclined, had my advice been asked, to suggest that good wishes be sent to the luxurious friends and gifts to the less exacting poor.

But there are degrees of poverty and, as few of us are millionaires, the poor are also the gift-givers. I think, therefore, we would be approaching a step to the ideal Christmas if we did our Christmas shopping and accepted the gifts that come our way with a sincere conviction that the only thing worth considering is not “the gift

of the lover but the love of the giver.” True friendship could have no stronger test. Gifts, unaccompanied by real affection, are a profanation of the spirit of Christmas. If an obligation must be returned, let it be at some other time. Good taste does not justify a duty gift becoming a precedent for the exchange of presents.

The courage to offer a very simple gift, looking not to its material value but considering it chiefly as a symbol of affectionate thought, is a quality that many women lack. The courage to deny themselves the pleasure of burning the midnight oil, and more important vital flame in elaborate needle work for presents, is also a lacking quality.

The effort to be conventional, to do what she thinks her friends expect of her, leaves a busy woman little time to devote to the two classes of people who have most claim upon Christmas, viz.: the children and the poor. It is worth considering which way of using time and strength and money best pays.

It is very easy to make children happy, when one sets the right way about it. I have always felt that for every unhappy child in the world some one is answerable.

Let the children do something towards making the other members of the home circle happy. Don’t begrudge them time and thought and attention when they ask help in making or selecting their little gifts. Spend a day if need be, when the little ones set out, with their carefully hoarded pennies, to buy everything within the magic precincts of down town, in escorting them upon their shopping tour. You were never fatigued in a better cause than in cheerfully waiting for them as they linger over the fascinating counters.

Santa Claus and his Christmas tree make up a delightful mystery and surprise that

give a child in after years happy memories of early Christmastides. Let the children believe, therefore, in the beautiful myth of Santa Claus. The woman who is too practical and conscientious to allow her children to cherish a belief in this benevolent old gentleman, will be apt, when she reaches Heaven, to look out for any possible door knobs to polish.

The child whose every desire is gratified and who is not taught to sometimes sacrifice a pleasure to help others, is pretty sure to become a very selfish man or woman. I would suggest that the little people be shown how they may do without some little thing, and by so doing help to make Christmas a little brighter for one or two poor children. Permit them to distribute their little gifts personally, and thus learn the simple, friendly charity, without condemnation or stand-offishness, that is so difficult to acquire later on.

If it were possible for every family in comfortable circumstances, to make a happy Christmas for one poor family, we would be advancing several steps towards

the ideal family festival. A little reasonableness in the avoidance of unnecessary expense, in weighing the pros and cons of economy versus extravagance, in spending less money and more thought and care in the selection of gifts for our dear ones, would make this possible.

If at no other time of the year, at least on Christmas day, let us enjoy peaceful, happy homes, forgetful, for the time, of care and sorrow and worry. The candles of the Christmas tree ought to illumine smiling, happy faces of big people as well as little.

Surely the Babe in the Manger wishes us to celebrate His Birthday in gaiety and amiability of heart and of manner. It is a fitting time for the family circle to forget and forgive mutual annoyances and irritabilities, if any exist, for the home that is filled with strife is not a home but an amateur hell.

In the peaceful, joyful family reunion, let us hope for a taste of the "Peace on earth, good will to men," which the Christ-child came to bring us.

LORETTO.



N that place where the angels last rested with the holy House of Nazareth, now stands with its beautiful church the town of Loretto. The town, situated on the brow of a green hill, is seen from a great distance.

High above the walls of Loretto rise the slender spire and majestic looking cupola. Over the Roman gate of the town a carved figure of the Blessed Virgin represented as the Queen of the town. A long and broad street (and the only street) leads to the church. On both sides of this street are booths in which the pilgrims can purchase rosaries, medals and other devotional articles. You enter the grand temple through a beautiful bronze door. When inside you stand under the great dome of the chapel which encircles the holy house of Loretto.

In this house then—such are the thoughts of every pilgrim who enters—there at one time lived a humble maiden. There was she born, there she lived, and there had lived her ancestors, and the name of this holy virgin was Mary.

The angel, having reverently saluted Mary, announced to her the divine will, and the holy virgin obeyed the heavenly message, and the Word was made flesh in her womb in *this house*. And the divine Word, Jesus Christ, who created and redeemed the world, visibly dwelt amongst men and lived in this house with Mary and Joseph, and was obedient to them, and this is the same house! Those are the doors through which Jesus came in and went out. Those very walls are the same which witnessed His daily labors, His obedience and poverty. Those walls have heard the voices of Jesus, Mary and Joseph.

On the altar, where even the holy

apostles, and many holy priests and bishops, have offered up the Holy Sacrifice, there appears, in large gilded letters, the words: *Hic Verbum Caro factum est.* "Here the Word was made flesh." The church, in which the holy house stands, was built under Pope Paul II (died A. D. 1471) from the rich offerings of thousands of pious pilgrims. The church is cruciform. In the centre covering the house rises the imposing dome. There are twelve altars in the approach to the house of Mary. Besides these there are nine other side altars. Every side altar is a piece of art in itself. The holy house forms the main chapel, which is built of beautiful marble. On all sides are the panels enriched with rich paintings representing the mysteries of the Incarnation. On the walls can be seen the descriptions of the holy prophets who spoke of Christ and His holy mother, and of the things which have since come to pass in that holy house which now stands in the church at Loretto.

The house of Nazareth measures in length 29 feet and 8 inches, 12 feet and 8 inches in breadth and 13 feet 3 inches in height. The walls one foot and two inches thick. They are of quarry stone, through which run thin yellow veins. There is no foundation, the walls resting on the bare earth. The old roof is gone, the tiles are now resting under the plaster. The woodwork is all of cedar, which only grows in the Holyland. Notwithstanding its age the house instead of showing signs of decay looks as good as new. In the center of the holy house is an altar. Through a little door can be seen the old altar of hewed stone, which stood in the house when it was yet in Nazareth. On the left is seen a cupboard, in which are seen the small earthen vessels once used by the holy family. The dishes are

made of white clay colored red. Rosaries, medals, etc., are placed in these utensils by the devout pilgrims, so that afterwards they can say that their articles of devotion had touched those objects once used by Jesus and Mary—under the altar is a grate called *Il santo camino.* The hearth is four feet, three inches high, two feet wide and sixteen inches deep. Here it was where Mary prepared the meals. Over the fireplace in a niche is a statue of the holy Virgin, formerly covered with gold and precious stones. The statue is made of cedar wood from Mount Lebanon. Near the sacristy of the church a heavy iron door leads to the safe vaults, or treasury built by Pope Paul V. It contains 69 cabinets made of walnut. Twenty of these cabinets are empty for which we can thank the campaigns of the French armies. Yet there can be seen an almost innumerable collection of gold and silver hearts, candelabra, crosses, statues, remonstrances, lamps, chalices, necklaces, censers and other costly objects the votive offerings of kings, queens, princes, popes, bishops and others who desired to thus express their gratitude for some grace they received at the holy house.

It is almost impossible to describe all the great wonders wrought through our Lady's intercession at Loretto. Let one example suffice for the present.

The predecessor of Pope Leo XIII, Pius IX, who was much devoted to the Blessed Virgin, had the misfortune during his young days to fall into an incurable disease. Nobody could help him. He therefore went on a pilgrimage to Loretto. Our Lady heard his prayer and he returned completely cured. After that the holy pope went often to the shrine to thank his benefactress.



COUNTESS EUGENIE.

A STORY FOR CHRISTMAS.

BY P. A. B.



PROBABLY very few persons knew anything of the personal history of the lady in b'ack, who, in rain or shine, was for years a daily attendant at Holy Mass in the little church in C. She was known as Frau Schwarzscheier, but in reality, her full and proper name was the Countess Eugenie von Irgendwo. I am reminded of the Countess at this season, because on Christmas Day the church invokes a virgin martyr under the name of St. Eugenie.

We have only to deal with one incident in the early life of Countess Eugenie. It all occurred in the seventies, immediately after the Franco-Prussian war.

The Countess had been a widow for many years. Her only hope and comfort was centered in her son, the young Count Gottlieb. The latter was one of the most dashing young officers in the imperial cavalry. He had many a narrow escape, but happily came out of the bloody strife without a scratch, but not without glory. At the time I speak of, the young Count was doing duty at one of the garrisons. He was now commencing to think of the happy holidays to be spent with his mother.

Countess Eugenie sat quietly in her apartments that Christmas eve. The room itself was an index of the richness and beauty seen throughout her palatial dwelling. Heavy silk curtains were drawn before the windows; here and there on the walls were hung works of the old masters; immense mirrors, encircled in gorgeous frames, reached from ceiling to floor; costly tapestry hung as a background to several lovely groups in marble, and silver lamps and chandeliers hung from their bronze supports. The whole room was a dream of beauty.

The Countess arose from the richly upholstered chair and walked towards a corner room, into which the light shone through the richest of stained glass. The room served as an observatory. From the main window a most extensive view could be had of the whole capital. Moreover, no one could enter the palace without being seen from this point of vantage.

As Eugenie threw back the damask portier, she stood out in bold relief as the rays of light fell on her face. Her countenance was rather pale, and the bloom of youth had long since departed from it. Her's was a proud, imposing figure, and the head firmly poised on the shoulders seemed made to wear the coronet. The alabaster forehead, oval countenance, the Greek nose and shining black eyes bespoke nobility. In the dark flowing hair could be traced several silver threads. The mouth was small and determined. The general appearance gave the impression of a person of conscious beauty, the habit of commanding and great reserve. On the present occasion there was a trace of anxiety and expectation in the face of the Countess.

Eugenie lingered longer than usual at the window. She was much interested in the great crowd passing beneath her. Everybody was carrying home something for the Christmas feast—fowl, fruit, and other dainties. Some carried large baskets with their mysterious contents. Others had bundles and packages for dear ones at home. Here and there could be seen, on the shoulders of some, small green pine or cedar trees, which made a very picturesque contrast along the snow-covered streets.

A halt had been called to the monotonous work—the daily toil for bread. A truce was made and by common consent all other business ceased, and the day for once in the year was given to the comforts of home.

"This is the real poetry of life," murmured the Countess, as she looked along the crowded ways. "Yes, this is surely an

oasis in the desert of our material world. For a moment they stop in the noisy turmoil in this matter-of-fact century. A day of rest has come—the wheels of machinery must stop—and the poor people shall enjoy themselves.”

From the window she went towards a great hall, in the middle of which stood a huge Christmas-tree. Two butlers and a maid servant were busy trimming the tree with gold and silver flags and thousands of rich and tempting gifts. On a long table were numerous bundles containing presents for the many relations of the proud and wealthy Countess von Irgendwo. The countess herself had personally purchased the presents, the choicest of which was for her darling boy and only child, Gottlieb.

Count Gottlieb was the last child of which death had not robbed her. Was his mother's pet and pride, and was to be the sole heir of the father's vast estate. As was said, Gottlieb was with his regiment in the nearest garrison town, about twenty miles from the capital. He had just written to his mother, saying he could be expected early on Christmas eve.

The Countess held her son's letter in her hand, and was nervously fondling it, as she stood near the Christmas tree. She was in a very nervous mood. Addressing the servants, she said testily:

“Try to finish everything quickly. All must be in order when Count Gottlieb arrives. He may come at any moment.”

Almost at this moment the door opened, and a servant approached bearing on a silver tray an urgent dispatch for the Countess.

“An urgent dispatch! Surely Gottlieb is not delayed at the last moment?” said the Countess, as she unfolded the paper.

The Countess turned ghastly pale and with a piercing cry fell helpless on the floor, while from her trembling hands fell the telegram on which read:

“I have the unpleasant duty to inform your excellency that Lieutenant Gottlieb Count von Irgendwo was to-day mortally wounded in a duel. He now lies in the small village of V—, a mile north of the garrison. You will find him at the hotel Frieden-hof. He asks for his mother, the countess.

“Von Schneider, Army Surgeon.”

The servants were thunderstruck. They carried the Countess to a lounge and did all

they could to console her. When she was somewhat quieted, the Countess ordered the carriage to be prepared immediately. In a very short time, in company of one of the maid servants, she was aboard the fast express train which left for the garrison town.

At the hotel the Countess first met the proprietor.

“How is my son?” were her first words.

“Very low, I hear. Here's the doctor. He will know, your excellency,” said the hotel-keeper.

“The Countess von Irgendwo?” asked the doctor as he approached with a deep bow.

“Yes, I am the mother of the count. Does he live?” asked the weeping countess.

“He lives, your excellency,—but whether he will recover—?” and the physician stopped short. The look in his face sent a tremor through the whole body of the countess, who said:

“Lead me at once to my son!”

The physician led the way to a small room where the young Count lay as if lifeless on a couch. His face had the pallor of death and the eyes were closed.

“O my child! my son Gottlieb!” exclaimed the Countess as she took both hands of her son.

“Was it a pistol duel, doctor?” asked the countess.

“Yes,” said the doctor, “and the ball is still lodged in the breast.”

“Is there no hope for him?”

“I fear not,” said the doctor.

“I thank you, doctor, for all your trouble and now I wish to be left with my son.”

For fully an hour the Countess knelt at the bedside hoping to get a word or a sign from her son. During this time she noticed that the boy still wore inside his shirt a little golden locket, a souvenir from his mother, and also some religious article.

“That's a scapular, your excellency, my father told me to put about him,” explained a servant who answered the little bell rung by the Countess.

The end was near. Gottlieb came to his senses for a short while and several times repeated “Mother, forgive me!” He soon after quietly breathed his last. Almost until midnight the grief-stricken mother sat by the body of her son. Then for sheer

distracted she asked her maid to watch while she herself walked forth into the cold night air.

It was near the time for the midnight Mass, and the villagers were all wending their way to the little church. The light in the church seemed inviting and the countess decided to enter, to avoid the chilly atmosphere and to find some relief from her overpowering and sorrowful thoughts.

In front of the countess walked two villagers chatting gaily. They could be heard distinctly, but the darkness hid them almost from view. They seemed happy and were discussing the pleasure they would have at home during Christmastide.

"Its too bad about the Countess and her poor son," said one of the peasants. The news of the Count's death had spread like wild-fire.

"Yes," said the other, "he was wild like the rest of his kind; but he will after all enjoy his Christmas in heaven, I heard that he asked Fraulein Philippa (the wife of the hotel-keeper) to baptize him, and she did so before the Countess arrived. The pastor was away on a sick-call, otherwise he would have done it."

"Thanks be to God!" said the first, "and does the Countess know it?"

"No, she doesn't," said the other. "She may be angry if she hears it. She is a Catholic though, but for years a bad one. They say she is a proud and haughty woman. Well, she has her trouble."

"After all, Rosaline," said the first of the girls, as they came near the Church, "after all, they are not as happy as we are. Palaces, riches and titles do not bring joy."

The Countess found the church packed, but she found a seat near the door. As she entered the priest was just intoning the words, "*Gloria in excelsis Deo et in terra pax hominibus.*" The poor, simple worshippers wondered who was the strange lady dressed in rich furs. She was a stranger indeed. Many a year it was since Eugenie von Irgendwo had bent her knees before God's altar.

The sermon was short and to the point. The priest spoke of the peace which God gives to men, and of the gospel of love preached at the crib.

After Mass the Countess, bathed in tears, knelt near the confessional and entered it as soon as a chance presented itself. She left the church with the same pale countenance but with a lighter and happier heart.

After the Count's funeral all the gifts and ornaments at the palace were distributed to the poor peasants in the village where Gottlieb died.

Humanly speaking, it was an unhappy Christmas for the Countess. It was happy too, because by the death of her son did the Countess von Irgendwo receive back the life of her soul. Faith was born again. Another sinner was brought to penance and the angels sang "Glory to God in the highest."

HEIGHTS AND DEEPS.

BY CAROLINE D. SWAN.

O life, thou art stretching amain
 Into glorious reaches of sun,
 To the asphodel-glittering plain
 Of eternity's sweetness begun.
 That sweetness, O Lord, is the sight of Thy face,
 The peace of Thy presence, the touch of Thy grace.

O life, thou art swinging oppressed
 To dreary, discouraging days,
 Where sorrow's sea-moaning unrest
 In shivering minors delays.
 Yet the deep is a-gleam with the love-light of Thee,
 Draw nearer, sweet Saviour, the darker it be!

UNDER OUR LADY'S CARE.

Her Promise Fulfilled in a Miraculous Manner.



THE monks of Mount Carmel are perhaps the oldest religious order in the church, as they are said to have been founded by Elias the prophet, and to have embraced christianity under the apostles, devotion to the Blessed Virgin being one of their chief rules. It was to St. Simon Stock, an English member of the order, that Our Blessed Lady revealed her desire for the institution of the Scapular in 1251, appearing to him in a vision holding the Scapular in her hand. "My beloved," she said, "receive this Scapular as the livery of my confraternity. It is a privilege granted to you and to all Carmelites; it shall be a mark of predestination, a safeguard in danger, a pledge of peace and of eternal alliance. Whoever shall be so happy as to die wearing this garment shall not suffer the eternal flames of hell." Since St. Simon preached its adoption many Popes have especially favored the devotion, and many miracles testify to the power of Our Lady's protection against evil spirits in the hour of death. None, however, could be more wonderful nor more merciful than the incident which follows:

What we are about to relate was told to Manly Tello, Esq., some few years ago by Rev. Edward J. Conway, now pastor of St. Mary's, at Painesville, O.

In 1872 the Youngstown and Pittsburg railroad was being constructed from Ash-tabula, O., to Ashtabula Harbor. Engaged in the construction of this stretch of road, was one Finnell, about sixty-six years of age. He had been quite well-to-do somewhere in the neighborhood of Pittsburg, but became reduced in circumstances owing to generous indorsations he had extended to friends. In those more prosperous days he had held a higher position on the road.

When Finnell first came as superin-

tendent, he at once introduced himself and a nephew to Father Conway, then pastor at Ashtabula, informing him that as Catholics they had come to pay their respects to the priest, and to subordinate themselves as new members of his flock.

On Saturday, about noon, in June (or possibly July), Finnell's nephew came rushing in hot haste to Father Conway. His uncle saw a man falling off the construction train, and was hastening back to his assistance on the track of the Lake Shore R. R., which ran alongside. In performing this act of humanity, and ignorant of his own danger, Finnell was run down by another train and was dying.

The distance to be covered was a good half mile, and Father Conway and his companion made it in their best time. Arrived at the place of the accident the priest found from thirty to forty men standing around—what shall we say? the remains of poor Finnell on the track. He had been *cut in two* by the cars. The trunk of the body lay at least eighteen inches from the abdomen and lower limbs.

Father Conway turned to the nephew: "The sacraments are for the living, not for the dead. I can do nothing here." Then after mental prayer for the deceased and some words of commiseration, the priest prepared to go, when a by-stander remarked that the doctor was coming, and Father Conway, through an impulse of curiosity, waited as a locomotive came thundering along, bearing Dr. William Ames, a leading practitioner of Ashtabula. (The doctor is since dead; the present Dr. Ames of that city is his son.)

The doctor and the priest had often met at sick calls. Dr. Ames saluted Father Conway; picked up one of the organs of poor Finnell, from where it lay detached on the ground, then stooped over, placed his hand upon Finnell's breast, and removing from it a *Scapular of Mount Carmel*, held it up, saying: "Father Conway, what's this?" The priest cared to make no further explanation under the circumstances than that it was a Catholic article of de-

votion. And then Dr. Ames, kneeling, placed his ear over Finnell's heart, looked up quickly and said: "Why, Father Conway, the heart is beating!"

"Impossible, doctor," was Father Conway's instant reply. "That man has been cut into halves for three-quarters of an hour."

The doctor bent and again applied his ears: "Father Conway, the heart is beating." "Impossible, doctor," was again the involuntary reply of the priest.

Dr. Ames, who was a man of great dignity and force of character, (though unhappily an infidel), resented the remark and answered with some asperity:

"I'll count the beats for you, sir. One, two, three, four, five—" "Enough, doctor," said Father Conway, hastily. "I'll anoint that man."

Instantly all heads were uncovered as Father Conway donned his stole and proceeded to absolve and anoint the dying Finnell.

The heart that was true to Mary had never ceased to beat until that was consummated which every faithful Catholic prays for—the priest and the sacraments at the last moment of life.—*Catholic Columbian*.

ADVENT.

BY PIUS R. MAYER, O. C. C.



All the seasons of the ecclesiastical year scarcely one appeals more to the heart and is so completely in accord with our thoughts and feelings as Advent, because it is a time of preparation and expectancy.

The world was sighing for the Redeemer. When He came unto His own, His own would not receive Him, and even those who have received Him have occasionally experienced a chilling of their first fervor. Gradually thoughts, desires and habits introduce themselves into man's life which are not in consonance with the adhesion given previously to God. And therefore the incarnation taking place *once* in body continues spiritually whenever a man estranged from his Saviour turns back to Him with the sincere yearning of a sore heart. This class of people comprises not those only who broke with God altogether, but counts amongst its numbers all but the saints.

"Art Thou He that is to come, or shall we wait for another?" is a question which presents itself to us whenever we are in temptation. For our choice may lead us from God. Thus our life is as it were a constant repetition of and a response to this question.

When children, our expectations ran high and the nearer Christmas approached the more excited we became in our conjectures what Christmas would bring to us. As men we conjecture also, but the object is changed. Then we looked for the gifts of loving parents and friends, hallowed because they were given in the name of the Christ-child. Now our eyes turn upon the Divine Babe Himself and the question is, what will He give us on the anniversary of His birth? A correlative question also presents itself: What shall we give Him? and will our gifts be acceptable? Our peace and happiness here and hereafter depend on the answers to these questions.

Besides in these latter times the world at large is more inclined to turn from God than to Him, and though miseries of war, revolution, famine, sickness and elementary catastrophies have multiplied in our century, the warning thus given has not only not been heeded, but these very warnings were given as reasons for further estrangement from God.

The leaven of Freemasonry is pervading everything. The governments unwittingly legislate in the spirit of the lodge and the consequences make themselves felt in all the walks of life. The people in the Catholic countries of Europe find their faith weakened, their devotion chilled, luxury,

extravagance and immorality on the increase, the esteem for parents, teachers and superiors well nigh obliterated, and in Protestant countries only a semblance of religion and conscience left.

Thus Advent becomes a necessity. It is not merely a holy season of fond recollections, but a time for earnest aspirations and preparations for a change of life. God turns from the world, because the world turned from Him and made itself wretched by doing so. The hour has come to retrieve our misfortunes by turn-

ing back to God, calling into life once more the feelings of our youth, paving the way of the spiritual incarnation by bringing low the hills of our pride and filling up the valleys of our sensuality. The hour has come to turn from the idols of an infatuated mankind to the true living God, to seek consolation where alone it can be found, to seek the gratifications that do not leave bitter dregs in our cups, and if we use Advent in this manner the prophecy will be fulfilled: "All flesh shall see the salvation of the Lord."

CHRISTMAS, 1896.

BY ENFANT DE MARIE.



SONGS in the star-lit heavens,
 Light o'er the virgin snow,
 "Gloria in excelsis!"
 Peace to all hearts below!
 Tidings of holy gladness,
 See the fair Mother mild,
 Clasp our God eternal
 Now as a little child!
 Ring out, sweet bells, soft music,
 Greeting the Prince of Peace;
 Here at His lowly manger,
 May all our sorrows cease.
 Still, 'neath the Host's white veiling,
 Jesus, by faith, we see;
 Pray on this Christmas morning,
 "Come and abide in me!"
 Make all our hearts, Lord Jesus,
 Humble and meek like Thine!
 May all their ardent longings
 Rest in Thy peace divine!

FOR OUR YOUNG PEOPLE.

EDITED BY MISS MATILDA CUMMINGS.

[All communications to this department to be addressed to Miss M. Cummings,
1588 Madison Avenue, New York City.]

SECRETARY'S LETTER.

DECEMBER, 1896.

MY DEAR YOUNG FRIENDS,—

The words of St. Teresa came to mind as "December" was written at the head of this letter.

She says, "All things come to an end," and *we* have come to the end of our year's correspondence. Well, let us hope that some of us are wiser, happier and better than we were a year ago, and that our letters have helped us even a little. As the year comes to a close nearly all of us do a little serious thinking about the days that are gone forever. If it were not for the thought of God's great mercy, I fear many of us would be very much afraid to look back. But then we are told to leave it all to Him, and only look to the future, to fill it with love and gratitude for the past. Is there anything in the whole world so comfortable and comforting as being a Catholic? We are all children, keeping tight hold of the hand of holy mother Church, looking to her for guidance and then going on our way gayly and gladly, without a fear. Isn't it a glorious thing! Yes, we find mean spirited Catholics, poor, cowardly creatures, who are always questioning the Church and finding fault with her laws. They go through life with a question mark in their mouths, and a perpetual war in their hearts. Poor forlorn souls! Let us pray for them, for we all know many such, and let us train ourselves as soldiers to a willing, whole-souled, cheerful obedience, wherever the laws of the Church are concerned. On December 8th we will celebrate the feast of our Blessed Lady's Immaculate Conception. Her greatest feast; the only one which proclaims her free from all sin. How do we know it? The Church says so. That settles it. It is really droll to hear people talking about things of which they know particularly nothing.

When one is ill he consults a doctor,

when he is in business trouble he finds a lawyer and puts himself in his hands. When he wants a house built he finds an architect and asks for a plan. In all worldly affairs men find their superiors, their masters, their teachers, and submit to them. But when there is question of religion, when God and the soul and eternity and Heaven and hell are in question, why then every man is his own theologian. Isn't it absurd? Yet that is just what some Catholics do and say. We know better, dear young friends, and so we are silent and safe and submissive to the teaching of the only infallible voice upon earth, that of the Roman Catholic Church. It seems early to talk of Xmas in the beginning of December, but we may talk of Advent. It is such a beautiful season that we can fill our minds with the sweetest thoughts about our dear Blessed Mother waiting so lovingly and longingly for God's greatest gift to her and us, the divine Infant Saviour, Christ the Lord, who became that for us. December mornings are cold and dark, and one's bed is deliciously warm and comfortable. Do we not want to do something for the dear Christ Child to prove our love and gratitude? It is no easy thing to go to daily Mass in winter, but we *will* go just because Xmas is coming. Lo? It will pay to make the sacrifice, and after all it need only be a half hour earlier. Try it and write to the Secretary and tell her how you enjoyed it. When we come to die it will be a high mountain of comfort to look back at the Masses we heard *on week days*. Sunday Masses we *owe* to God, week day Masses we *give* to Him. Remember He is God, and repays like a God. So few go to Mass on week days that it really makes one sad to think how ungenerous we all are. Now, dear children, bring your offering of masses to the crib of Bethlehem. The angels will count your steps and the blackboards of eternity are all marked with indelible ink—not chalk. See to it that

the ciphers are very few. One word about the poor. Don't forget them this Xmas. Oh! how selfish people are around the holidays. Presents for every one but God's poor. Put aside something for them—let each child find out a poor family and make a personal offering. Go yourself with a bright cheery face and kind words to make a Xmas gift, if it were only a little package of groceries. Money is good. Yes, but a kind visit is a *thousand* times better. Dear children, there are hearts starving for kindness. Give of your store. The young are naturally kind, and there is something very beautiful in a child's love for the poor. Wouldn't the Secretary like to collect all the boys and girls who read the CARMELITE REVIEW and talk to them face to face about the poor? We would make a Salvation Army of our own in no time. The letters poured in up to the very last day of October, and the beads were sent off by the dozen. This month two letters from little boys will be published, as the very nicest received. The Secretary invites all to write and to ask for whatever they want in the Sunday school line, and if it is possible it shall be sent to them. May all the dear children of the CARMELITE REVIEW have a very happy Xmas, and the brightest of New Years, and visits from St. Nicholas to their heart's content.

HAWTHORNE, N. J., Oct. 20, 1896.

DEAR SECRETARY:—

The following story is true, and took place in New York City:

At a baseball game between the New Yorks and Clevelands a certain Cleveland player was trying to excite the New York's pitcher so as to rattle him, and in the course of his remarks he said among other things that all that was left for him to do was to take out his beads and count them. Now, if anything could arise that would give strength to the New York pitcher it was to have his religion assailed, especially his beads, and with renewed energy, he grew strong in faith and also in arm and defeated the other side, which before that had stood a good chance of winning the game. Indeed he must be a lover of and believer in his beads, and would not be ashamed to appeal to them and to the Blessed Mother, in whose honor he would

count them. Trusting you will receive many stories that are far better than mine, I remain, hoping my faith will be as strong as the New York pitcher's,

Yours truly,
CHARLES ANDREW HODGES.

A LETTER FROM A LITTLE ONE.

SYRACUSE, N. Y., Oct. 23, 1896.

DEAR SECRETARY:—

I am a little boy eight years old. I go to St. Lucy's Academy, and my teacher's name is Sister Cherubim. There are seven sisters in the academy, but I like mother best. She has such kind ways. I was an altar boy for the first time last Sunday. I say my prayers on my mother's rosary. She has a white pearl one. I have not any of my own yet. My mama read me your letter in the CARMELITE REVIEW and I liked it very much. I must close with love to you. This is the first letter. The next will be better and longer.

ARTHUR WELCH.

FOR THE PUZZLERS.

1. Nothing, twice yourself and fifty.
2. Why are poor musicians murderers?
3. What kind of portrait can you spell with three letters?
4. Why is a selfish friend like the letter P?
5. What organ is hardest to tune?

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES.

(IN NOVEMBER NUMBER.)

1. 987654321=45
123456789=45
864197532=45
2. When it is full of trunks.
3. For divers reasons.
4. M I L E
1000 1 50
5. Short.

FOR THE THINKERS.

1. Who was the great Swiss Naturalist?
2. Who was the first Apostle of the Iroquois Indians?
3. In what country is there only one Catholic family?
4. In what church and country has the Blessed Sacrament been worshipped perpetually for one thousand years?
5. Which country is called the Eucharistic Nation?

Answers to Questions for the Thinkers.

(IN NOVEMBER NUMBER.)

1. Robt. Louis Stevenson.
2. Liberia (time noted only by the sun.)
3. Salt Lake (too buoyant.)
4. An angry letter.
5. Mozart.

MAXIMS FOR DECEMBER.

1. Judge before friendship, then confide till death.

—YOUNG.

2. We fancy happiness lies in independence, and lo! the contrary is the truth.

—EUGENIE DE GUÉRIN.

3. God is not dead, nor doth He sleep;
The wrong shall fail,
The right prevail
With peace on earth, good will to men.

—H. W. LONGFELLOW.

4. We speak of a Merry Christmas,
And many a Happy New Year;
But each in his heart is thinking
Of those who are not here.

—H. W. LONGFELLOW.

5. God! our first beginning our last end.

FOR THE LITTLE ONES.

LITTLE JOANNA'S CHRISTMAS MORNING.

My baby Jesus! Thee I love,
And kiss Thy precious feet;
I rose up early Christmas morn
Thy Holy Day to greet.

I knelt before the pretty shrine
All wreathed with Christmas green,
Where, held high in Thy Mother's arms,
Thy baby form was seen.

I put my two hands up before,
I bent my head adown;
I like that image, Oh, much more
Than the one that wears a crown!

I know but two prayers in the world,
And when I had done those,
The grown-up people crowded in
And bustled round me close.

But I crept up between them all,
And kept my station where
I still could see the baby Christ
Smile on me soft and fair.

And soon the priest began the Mass;
The people all were still,

And I could peep between the rails
Whene'er I had a will.

I saw the boys hold up his robe;
I heard the clear bell ring;
Oh, then I bent myself all down,
And wished that I could sing.

Or see the angels, who, they say,
Assist at every Mass;
Their white wings must have brushed by
me,
But I didn't feel them pass.

And then communion-time it came,
And I must move aside,
And those big people from my view
The baby Christ did hide.

But soon I saw a joyful sight:
The priest from his golden cup
Drew forth a circle round and white
And held it careful up.

And I knew it was the real Christ
He held up in his arm,
And he would give Him to them all,
To keep their souls from harm.

And so I was quite happy then,
And nestled, soft and warm,
To feel the passing over me
Of the Saviour's sacred form.

The priest went up the altar stairs;
The Mass was over then;
He gave his blessing, and the boys
Answered their loud "Amen."

But I still knelt to see them all
With Christmas offerings come;
Filled mother's bottle at the font,
And then walked slowly home.

Thank God, who made me small and poor,
Like the little Saviour mild;
Thank God, who opens His church door
To every Christian child.

Flower in the crannied wall,
I pluck you out of the crannies,
Hold you here, root and all, in my hand;
Little flower, but if I could understand
What you are, root and all, and all in all,
I should know what God and man is.

—TENNYSON.

ONE great mystical theologian calls the gifts of the Holy Ghost the seven sails of the soul, in which it catches the various breezes of inspiration, and so navigates the sea of perfection.—FATHER FABER.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

BY THE EDITOR.

WE wish all our readers a most happy and joyful Christmas.

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LOOK out for new features and great improvements in the CARMELITE REVIEW for 1897.

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HELP us along with our contemplated improvements by forwarding your subscriptions, and by making a Christmas present of a year's subscription to some friend of yours.

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BOOKS received for review will be noticed and reviewed in January. All the publications sent in exchange will please continue.

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THE general chapter of the Carmelite Order took place in Rome during the month of October. It was held at the mother house of the Order, Santa Maria in Traspontina. The opening session was held on the 10th of October. On the 14th of the same month, under the presidency of Cardinal Vincent Vannutelli, Protector of the Order, the election of a new General took place. The Most Rev. Aloysius M. Galli was almost unanimously reelected to the high office, which he had held for one term with such good results for the Order. The Very Rev. Father Provincial of the American province also obtained some votes, showing the high esteem in which he is held by his brethren in other countries.

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ON Sunday, October 25th, the Holy Father, Pope Leo XIII., gave an audience to all the members of the Carmelite general chapter. Among the Capitulars present were also the Provincial of the American province and the editor of the CARMELITE REVIEW. When the Holy Father saw the newly-elected Father General and the other Carmelites approaching in the beautiful brown and white garb of the Order, he welcomed them in the heartiest manner, and in eloquent words, uttered in a strong voice, he pronounced a eulogy of the new

General, and of the great progress of this illustrious Order of the Church during his past administration.

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AFTER the close of the Holy Father's fervent speech, each Capitular was asked to approach him and kiss his hand. When the editor of the CARMELITE REVIEW knelt before him, the Holy Father, having been informed of his place of residence, Niagara Falls, gave a proof of his excellent memory by asking news of the Hospice and its progress. He graciously renewed the Apostolic blessing given before to all its benefactors and to all the readers of the REVIEW, and hoped that all the works undertaken in America by the great order of Our Lady of Mt. Carmel might prosper and lead to its solid and permanent establishment in the New World.

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IT is no wonder that the Holy Father should look to the New World for the spread of religious orders and communities so dear to his heart. In Italy every convent or monastery of any size has been confiscated by the government. Our readers will find in another paragraph the sad history of the old community of St. Mary Magdalen de Pazzi. The mother house of the order is a barracks. The beautiful monastery of San Martino, in Monte, had been changed into a barrack also, until part of the building fell in, killing two of the soldiers and wounding many others. Since then, filled with awe at what seemed a visitation from above, they have abandoned the building, which is as strong as any building in Rome.

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NOT only in Rome, but in all other parts of Italy, the old Carmelite houses have been profaned. The large royal Convent of the Carmine in Naples, which at one time was the home of a hundred monks, now is an asylum for insane women. The Carmine at Florence is a barrack, the one in Pisa a home for old and chronic invalids. Of the fifty-four convents of Sicily only three are

still in the hands of the Carmelites, and these three have been repurchased as private property. Yet in spite of all these confiscations and the consequent increase of government revenues, there is no country in Europe so poor and wretched as Italy. Everybody expects a catastrophe in the near future.

* *

THE marriage of the Crown Prince of Italy and Princess Helen of Montenegro took place in Rome on the 24th of October. The princess had made a solemn profession of faith, after abjuring the Greek schism. The marriage ceremony took place in a Catholic Church and during a Nuptial Mass. But the otherwise beautiful Christian ceremony could not escape profanation. The church of St. Mary of the Angels, which had some centuries ago been formed out of one of the large halls of the baths of Emperor Diocletian, was selected for the occasion. As it was still without a facade, a tasteless front was built, forming a curved recess between two broad pilasters. Over the main door the escutcheons of the house of Savoy and the house of Montenegro were displayed, surmounted by an angel, on whose forehead shone the Masonic star of five points. On the face of the two pilasters large inscriptions were placed, taken from the Canticle of Canticles, with blasphemous references to the marriage. Thus on one side is the inscription: *Inveni quem diligit anima mea*. On the other one the inscription: *Ego dilecto meo, et dilectus meus mihi*. It is to be hoped that this disgraceful travesty of holy things will not be allowed to remain, although the inscriptions seem to be intended as a permanent record of the day.

* *

No previous presidential election in the United States awakened so much interest in Europe as the late one. Nearly all European papers devoted much space and many leading articles to the questions at issue. Now that the elections are over, and the maintenance of the gold standard is assured, everyone seems to breathe more freely, although there is a widespread opinion that the United States are only entering upon a period of gradual disruption. This feeling is heightened by the many educated Americans traveling or residing in Europe who very unpatriot-

ically, to say the least, talk of American institutions in a despairing way.

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As is usual, there is talk of a revival of business and better times now that the elections are over. But we hope our readers will not lose sight of the widespread distress among the poor people, who have been out of employment for months, who have contracted debts for food and clothing, and who will suffer for days to come from the bad times. Let every generous Christian look around to find an opportunity for well-timed aid. If our laboring people as a rule are shy in the matter of accepting alms, they will certainly not refuse help given them under the guise of a Christmas donation.

* *

It has been our custom to announce the features of the coming year in the December issue of the CARMELITE REVIEW. Owing to the absence of the editor we shall postpone the announcement of the contemplated improvements until next month. We can, however, assure our readers before hand that the REVIEW will make another step in advance with the coming year. The January number itself will be a sufficient guarantee of the many treats in store for the ever increasing circle of our subscribers. It is owing to the widespread interest taken in our humble efforts that we are enabled to continue the publication of our dear little monthly, and year by year to make it more worthy of Our Queen, the "Flower of Carmel."

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THE season of Advent, the Advent-tide, is symbolical of the time of expectation which preceded the coming of Christ the Redeemer. The four weeks of Advent represent the four thousand years of weary waiting and longing. The heavens were closed, even to the just. The shadow of death had fallen upon all the nations of the earth. The night of idolatry had filled the world with its gloom. The chosen people alone had not lost hope. And therefore the Church at the threshold of this season of penance celebrates the feast of the Immaculate Conception, the rising of the morning-star which was to herald the coming day. The Immaculate Mother, the first fruit of the approaching redemp-

tion, welcomes us to come and partake with her of the heavenly joys which Christmas will provide for us all.

* * *

DURING this season of Advent we are also invited by the Church to pay a visit to the Holy House of Nazareth. The Virgin who inhabits it is espoused to a man named Joseph, and the name of the Virgin is Mary. The angel who stands before the face of the Most High has announced to her the wonderful mysteries of her motherhood. She is in prayerful Expectation of the fullness of time, when the Son of the Most High shall be born of her and the word of God shall become flesh. The house which shelters her will be the home of Jesus for thirty years. Holy house indeed, which by divine power to escape profanation has been brought to Loretto in Italy. It is now called the Holy House of Loretto, and although we may not have the Blessed privilege of visiting it, we must not forget to be there in spirit on the day of the feast of Our Lady of Loretto.

* * *

IN one of the newly formed piazzas of the beautiful city of Florence in Italy there is a convent of Carmelite Nuns. There are 43 nuns living in it. The convent is new and the chapel unfinished. But the chapel contains a great treasure, the body of St. Mary Magdalen de Pazzi, who was once a member of this selfsame community. The good nuns, as all other religious communities of Italy, have been gradually forced out of their old convent. Part of it had been taken from them to make a public school of it, then, when they complained of the injustice of being deprived of the necessary room and quiet, they were assigned another building, somewhat larger, but so dilapidated that at the time of the earthquake a few years ago it became uninhabitable. The Italian Government, however, paid no heed to the danger of the community, and the nuns found themselves compelled to purchase a site and build a new monastery for themselves. They are in a condition of extreme poverty and can hardly pay the interest on the heavy debt incurred. But one consolation was afforded them. They obtained the necessary permission to take the incorrupt body of St. Mary Magdalen with them to their new

chapel. It is true, the translation of this precious treasure could not be made with the pomp and solemnity due to it—it was done secretly in the dark hours of the night in order to escape insult and profanation—but the saint rests among her own, under the altar of the poor, unpretentious chapel of the new convent. The body is still intact, entire and without a trace of decay.

NEW BOOKS.

THE Redemptorist Fathers of 173 East 3rd street, New York, have published a second edition of the life of the holy brother of their congregation, Bl. Gerard Maggilla. The book is handsomely bound in cloth, red edges, printed on finely calendered paper, and is a work well worth buying. It is being sold at 75 cents a copy, which is just half what it is worth, and special rates are made for those ordering a dozen. Such may be had for 50 cents each. The life of Bl. Gerard is ably translated from the German of Rev. Chas Dilgskron, C. SS. R., and is a most interesting work. Religious communities would do well to order it for spiritual reading, as it is a life of a perfect religious and is so charmingly told that one is entertained as if by a story, while edified by a saintly life. Orders can be sent direct to Redemptorist Fathers, 173 East 3rd Street, New York.

OBITUARY.

WE earnestly recommend to the pious prayers of our charitable readers the repose of the souls of the following: Miss May Callaban, London, Ont.; Edward P. Fullen, Paterson, N. J.; Mrs. H. McNamara, who died at Thorold, Ont., on Sept. 24th, 1896; Miss Marg. Kelly, one of our solicitors, who died Oct. 13th, 1896, at Newark, N. J.; Mrs. M. A. McHugh, Philadelphia, Pa.; Miss Katie Brannon, who died Oct. 25th, 1896, at Philadelphia, Pa.; Mrs. Bridget Carberry, Worcester, Mass.; Patrick Gannon, Brooklyn, N. Y.; Aug. Vollmer, died Oct. 18th, 1896, at Pittsburg, Pa.; Mrs. J. Keogh, Guelph, Ont.; Mr. John J. Ryan, of Rochester, N. Y.; Mr. and Mrs. John Downey, Dunkirk, N. Y.; Mr. Thomas Cummings, Dunkirk, N. Y.; Joseph Bartholomew, died June 21st, 1896, at Chicago, Ill.; Miss Louise O'Brien, died June 5th, 1896, at Andover, Mass.

WEARERS OF THE BROWN.

NAMES have been received at our Monastery, Falls View, Ont., for the scapular registry from St. Edward's Church, Westport, Ont.; St. John's Presbytery, Dundalk, Ont.; St. Mary's Church, Niagara Falls, N. Y.; Bridgeport, C. B.; Watertown, N. Y.; Convent of St. Joseph, St. Thomas, Ont.; St. Isidore's Church, Chaperito, N. Mex.; Belle River, Ont.; Walkerville, Ont.; Brantford, Ont.; St. Mary's Church, Toronto, Ont.; St. Patrick's Church, St. John, N. B.; Amherstburg, Ont.

At St. John's Monastery, New Baltimore, Pa., from Alpsville, Pa.; Sutter, Pa.; Freeport, Pa.; Lancaster, Wis.; New Baltimore, Pa.

At St. Caecilia's Priory, Englewood, N. J. from Sacred Heart Church, East Orange, N. J.; St. Francis' Hospital, Jersey City, N. J.! Our Lady of Sorrows' Church, South Orange, N. J.; Villanova College, Villanova, Pa.; San Andreas, Calaverasbo, Cal.

At Holy Trinity Monastery, Pittsburg, Pa., from Holy Trinity Church, Dodon P. O., Md.; St. Jerome's Church, Charleroy, Pa.; St. Ignatius' College, Cleveland, O.; St. Andrew's Church, Nelsonville, O.; St. Paul's Cathedral, Pittsburg, Pa.; All Saints' Church, Bridesburg, Pa.; St. Jerome's Church, Columbus, O.; Franciscan Residence, Herman, Gasconade Co., Mo.; St. Mary's Church, Clyde, O.; St. Louis' University, St. Louis, Mo.

LETTER OF THANKSGIVING.

NEW YORK, Oct. 30, 1896.

REV. FATHER,—

DEAR SIR,—Will you kindly publish in the CARMELITE REVIEW "thanksgiving" to St. Anthony for favor obtained through his intercession, in return for which I promised to have same appear, with your permission, in your valuable little book.

Sincerely yours,

A. C., "C. of M."

Our Lady of the Immaculate Conception.

Dawn of the perfect day,
 Maria, hear, we pray,
 What loving hearts would say
 In thy sweet praise!
 Fairest among the fair,

O, radiant morning star,
 Beam on us from afar
 With thy soft rays.

No stain of sin was thine,
 But, by a grace divine,
 Thy soul did ever shine,
 Immaculate!
 Humanity in thee
 Did full perfection see,
 Whi'e sweet humility
 As crown was set.

Remember, us we pray,
 To thy dear Son each day,
 In whom we hope always
 At last to rest;
 Beholding thy sweet face,
 Oh, Mary, "full of grace,"
 Joy of the human race,
 Purest and best!

MISCHIEVOUS HANS.

"Hans, my son, what art thou doing?"
 "Studying, father dear."
 "Then, thou hast not seen my glasses,
 That I laid just here?"

"Seen them, father? yes, I believe so,
 'Bout an hour ago;
 They were lying on the table,
 Near some books, I know."

"Gretchen, come and help me find them;
 Thou hast bright, sharp eyes,
 And thy brother Hans is studying—
 —(A good son and wise.)—

Look well on the floor; most likely—
 Hans, you rogue, come here!
 Since *my eyes* alone content thee
 I would have thy ear."

"Oh, dear father, please forgive me,
 For I would but see,
 If I could not, by thy glasses
 Grow as wise as thee."

"Stop thy trifling, good-for-nothing;
 Take thyself to bed.
 Faith! my glasses and my nightcap
 Perched upon thy head."

THE reward of being gentle is to become more gentle. The reward of being liberal is to become more liberal; of controlling temper is to become more sweet-tempered. The penalty of being hard is to become hardened, of being unforgiving is to become cruel.

